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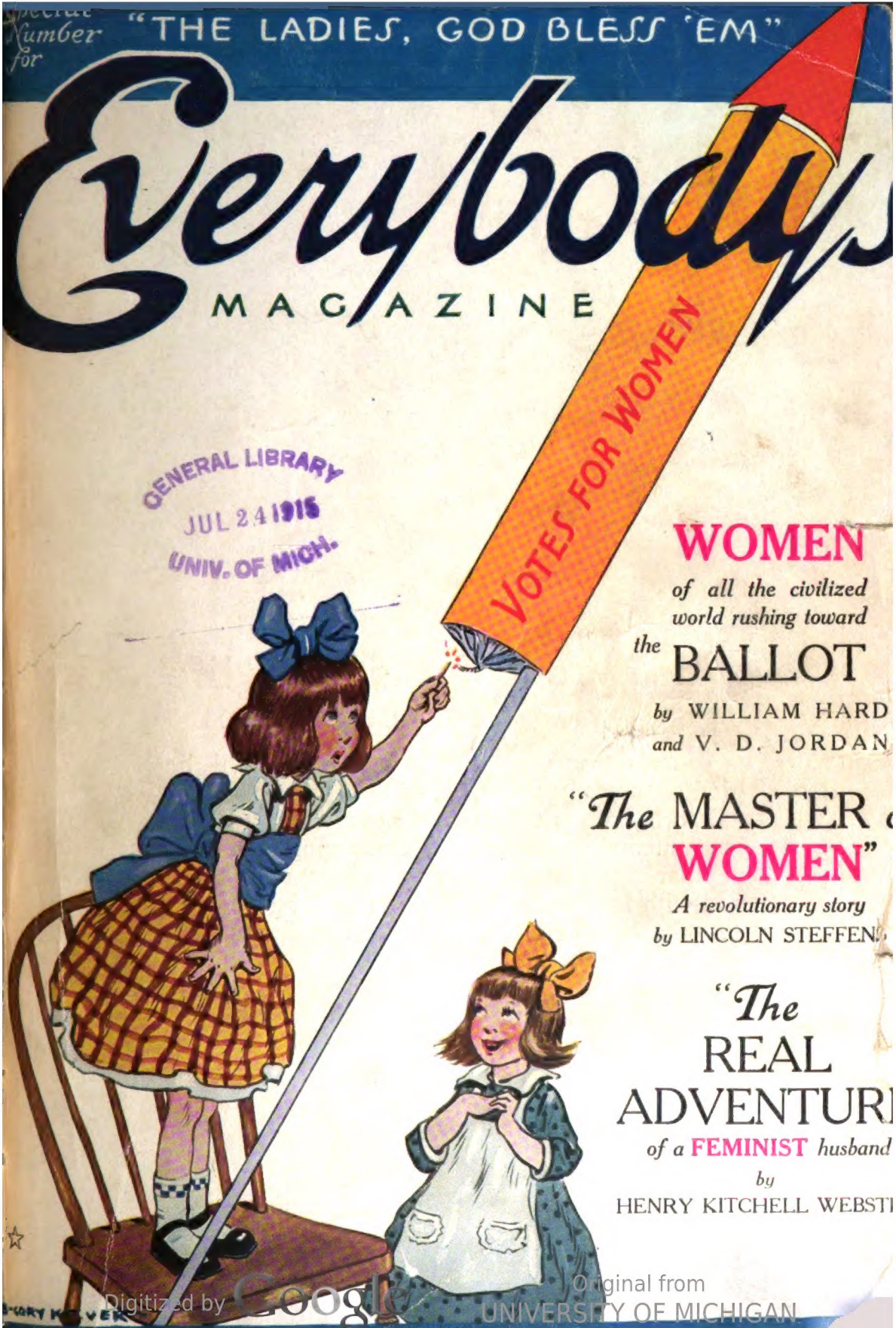

WOMEN
of all the civilized world rushing toward the **BALLOT**
by WILLIAM HARD *and* V. D. JORDAN

"The MASTER of WOMEN"
A revolutionary story
by LINCOLN STEFFENS

"The REAL ADVENTURE"
of a **FEMINIST** *husband*
by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

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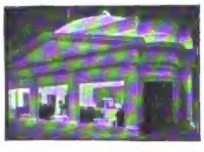

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Everybody's MAGAZINE

JULY, 1915 VOL. 33 NO. 1

Suffrage A World Wave

by

WILLIAM HARD and V. D. JORDAN

IN THE whole English-speaking world the only states—or provinces—or other large political divisions—in which women have absolutely no suffrage rights whatsoever are certain states in the United States!

If you knew that, you knew more than we did when we started to dig out the facts. We have consulted several hundred sources of information—books and reports and people. We wanted to know just how far this "votes for women" idea had gone, all over the world.

Nell Gwyn put new votes into the British House of Lords.

Was it just a few crazy women and a few crazy communities? Or was the whole world headed toward the same asylum?

We regret to report that even the safest and sanest parts of the world—that is, even the most masculinist parts of it—are doing considerable mental tottering. For an example (it's a small one, but there are lots of others coming), the Grand Duchy of Oldenburg.

Oldenburg is one of the sovereign states of the German Empire. It touches the North Sea near Bremen. Like all the other sovereign states of the German Empire, it has "communes." These are small local-government subdivisions.

Now Oldenburg has recently enacted a suffrage law. Women twenty-four years of age may vote for the members of the communal councils. And more, women may themselves become members of those councils.

It didn't go into effect. The Imperial Government at Berlin vetoed it. But the point is that Oldenburg wanted it and enacted it. In Germany!

However, it isn't really so surprising as it seems. Germany isn't quite so unshakenly masculinist as we are inclined to think. Women—a few women—certain property-owning women—are already voting for members of the communal councils in many of the sovereign states of the German Empire.

They do it, for instance, in Saxe Altenburg. And in Lippe-Detmold. And in the proud sovereign principalities of Schwartzburg-Rudolstadt and Schwartzburg-Sonderhausen.

These principalities, it is true, are of the size which led one of the German comic papers to publish the following report supposed to have been made by the Lord High Chamberlain to the Sovereign Ruler of a German Sovereign State:

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"Sire, I have the honor to inform you that the famous bicycle-rider, Rudolph Schmidt, has just completed the circuit of our national boundaries in eighteen minutes and forty-one seconds. Shall we decorate him with the blue eagle of the second class or the first?"

But many of the German states in which women have certain suffrage rights are among the very largest. Bavaria is one of them. Another is Saxony. Another is Prussia itself.

In some states the women vote by proxy. In others, in person. In some they vote only in the *rural* communes. In others, in the *city* communes, too. It can be summed up like this:

Just about five-sixths of the population of Germany lives in states in which communal voting rights of some sort are exercised by women.

Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.
Mrs. Garret Anderson is mayor of Aldeburgh, England.

The fact is that there are no first-rank countries in Europe—and mighty few second-rank ones—in which certain sproutings of suffrage are not to be found.

Even in Rumania and in Bulgaria, so recently delivered from the Asiatic influence of the Turk, there are women who have the right to vote for certain educational bodies which we would call "school boards."

And we must observe a still more upsetting fact. Even in countries in which the voting rights of women are small, there are women *politicians* whose power is large.

In Germany, for instance, there is a delicate, slight, lame woman who has just been rescued from a great political career, temporarily, by the German Government. This rescuing was done by means of a prison cell.

Her name is Rosa Luxemburg. She is one of the most influential Socialist leaders of Germany. Which is to say that she is one of the most influential leaders of Germany's largest political party.

She was born in Austria. She went to Russia. She was expelled from Russia. She managed to get into Germany through having married a German. She is lame because of injuries received in riots. She has been in prison before. This time it was the war that got her in. She said something about it that the Government didn't like. And Rosa Luxemburg is influential. And therefore in prison.

She is very poor. She is a thrilling speaker. She is often referred to as "the idol of the German working-woman."

Rosa Luxemburg is a public person, just as much as Liebknecht is—or any other German man politician. Which we report, without prejudice, as a fact tending to show that the days of purely masculinist political leadership of Germany have passed.

So much for Germany, for the present. We count it as a "minor suffrage" country. By minor suffrage we mean voting for such things as communes and school boards and poor-relief boards, and so on. We proceed now to say a word or two about real *municipal* suffrage.

By municipal suffrage we mean voting for the chief officials of complete municipal areas such as the City of Copenhagen or the County of London.

So how far has municipal suffrage gone?

In the world to-day, outside the United States and therefore not counting the inhabitants of any of our own suffrage communities, there are *just about one hundred million people living in countries in which women are found voting in municipal elections.*

This includes, by the way, some very odd instances of political feminism. The city of Belize, in British Honduras in Central America! The city of Rangoon, in Burma! The cities of Bombay and of Baroda, in India! In all of them a woman who can meet a certain property qualification may cast a municipal vote.

But what are the real, regular countries in which municipal suffrage is upon us? We attach a list of them. And you will notice at once that it is the Scandinavian and English-speaking peoples who are peculiarly weak in resisting the political ambitions of their women.

These municipal suffrage countries are:

Scandinavian:	Denmark
	Sweden
English-speaking:	England
	Wales
	Scotland
	Ireland
	Canada
	The Union of South Africa.

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MRS. PANKHURST HAS TRANSFERRED HER MILITANT ATTENTIONS FROM MR. ASQUITH TO THE KAISER AND HAS BECOME ONE OF ENGLAND'S MOST SUCCESSFUL RECRUITING OFFICERS. SHE NOW HAS ENORMOUS NATIONAL POLITICAL INFLUENCE. SHE IS THE FIRST GREAT DEMOCRATIC WOMAN POLITICIAN IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

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In many of them it is a very *limited* municipal suffrage. But it exists. We will give details later. And also, later, we will speak of the countries in which women have *full* suffrage—the right to vote for members of the sovereign legislative body, such as the Parliament or the Diet.

Here, first, we want to go deeper than lists and statistics.

What *is* it that gets women started toward politics? What *is* it that produces a suffrage movement, a *real* suffrage movement, in every country that has one?

We answer, unhesitatingly, *schools — book-learning.*

If you will start on a little feminist tour of Europe you will immediately perceive that the only way to preserve any country from a suffrage movement is to keep the books in one compartment and the women in another.

Germany. Fifty years ago, when our American suffrage movement was well under way, there was no suffrage movement in Germany at all. The German General Woman's Club, founded in 1865, didn't want suffrage. Only schools. More schools. That's what they said.

Well, they got the schools. There was a slaughterous verbal struggle about it. But the men finally established regular gymnasiums —high schools—for girls. And in some states (such as Baden and Württemberg) they even admitted the girls to the gymnasiums of the boys.

Rosa Luxemburg, in jail, is the most influential woman in German politics.

Gratitude? Not at all. In 1901 the women proceeded to organize the German Woman Suffrage Society.

In the meantime there had been a struggle, equally full of violent language, about the universities. The men yielded. First in Baden and Württemberg. The south of Germany is milder than the north. But the north yielded, too. In 1908 the universities of Prussia were opened to women.

Gratitude? No more than before. In that very year of 1908 the women secured a new law from the Imperial Government permitting them to become members of political organizations.

Accordingly, at the time of the last elections to the Reichstag women were appointed to membership in party committees and they acted officially in the party management of the campaign!

You can see it in Austria, too. In Austria, in the 'eighties, women were content. But they got a high school in Vienna. And then, in the next decade, they got the right to go to the universities. Whereupon, in the succeeding decade, in 1905, they established a Woman Suffrage Committee with permanent headquarters at Vienna.

We could run through this same series of events in every other country of Europe. There is just one apparent exception. And it is only an apparent one—France.

France, in suffrage as in everything else, is the cradle—or, when not the cradle, the mirror—of all the revolutionary thoughts ever thought in the world.

The first great book for suffrage was written by a Frenchman, Condorcet, a great mathematician and philosopher. He wrote his suffrage book in 1787, a few years before the French Revolution. And nothing new, worth saying, has been said about suffrage since. Into one simple sentence Condorcet put the whole of the only real argument—good or bad, as may be—for suffrage. He said:

"Either no individual member of the human race has any real rights or else all have the same."

And just as France produced the first great suffrage book, so it also produced the first political women's clubs. In the early days of the Revolution these clubs were so large that one of them had two thousand members in Bordeaux alone. And they were exceedingly numerous. And, finally, they had women leaders of great political prominence.

And they made life miserable for the members of the revolutionary National Assembly—*a hundred and twenty-five years ago—demanding suffrage.*

We should remember the name of their greatest leader—Olympe de Gouges. And a saying of hers: "If woman has the right to mount the scaffold, she has the right to mount the speaker's platform in the halls of legislation."

She did not get that second right. She got the first. They guillotined her. She asked for mercy for the king when he was condemned to die.

Now this suffrage movement in France

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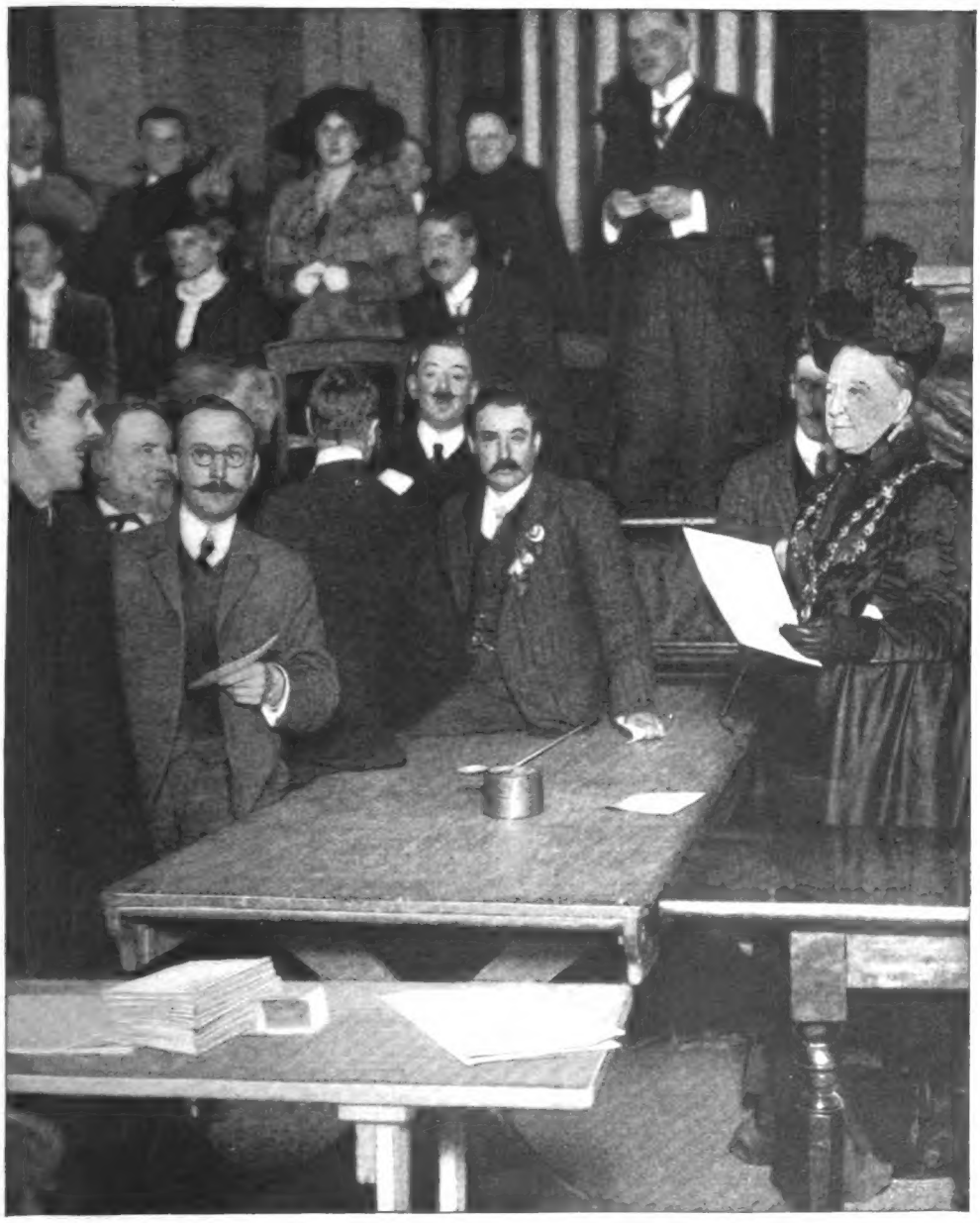

Photograph by Brown Bros., N. Y.

MRS. SARA ANN LEES CAN NOT VOTE FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT. BUT SHE CAN BE MAYOR OF OLDHAM—AND IS. AND SHE IS HERE ANNOUNCING THE RESULTS OF A PARLIAMENTARY ELECTION HELD IN OLDHAM. HER GOOD WORKS HAVE MADE HER KNOWN AS OLDHAM'S "MUNICIPAL MOTHER."

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looks as if it came before education. And it did. And that was why it failed. The men in the national legislature ordered the women's clubs to dissolve. They dissolved. The talk for suffrage ceased. And there was no body of educated women—no mass of them—to revive it. Suffrage in France, as a real movement, was dead for almost a hundred years.

But the Frenchmen began to make the same mistake that the Germans and the Austrians made.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century education — higher education — for masses of women began to appear in France. Since 1880 France has had large numbers of high schools for girls.

It was enough. Suffrage began to raise its head again. And the National Council of French Women finally established a suffrage department. And France to-day has a genuine suffrage movement, just like the suffrage movements of other countries.

This calamity was hastened by the behavior of the Frenchmen in freeing married women from some of their financial matrimonial "wrongs." For instance, in 1907, they said officially that hereafter if a French married woman earns any money it shall belong to her and not to her husband.

Did this generosity disarm the women? Quite to the contrary. The very woman—Madame Schall—who had personally got it from the French Parliament, went ahead and, just two years later, organized the "Union française pour le souffrage des femmes," which, in turn, is a member of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance.

There is nothing—just nothing—in the idea that women get *political* rights and then get their educational and financial *personal* rights. The historical fact is that they get their personal rights and then get so strong that they go and get suffrage.

Women do a little voting in France to-day. France is divided into "departments." In each of these departments there are certain "councils." For instance, there is a Council of Conciliation—for labor disputes. By law women may vote for the members of those councils. And they may themselves become members. One woman has even been elected president—and another one vice-president—of a Council of Conciliation. Women may also vote in France for judges of the commercial courts.

And we forgot to say that women have a considerable amount of "minor" suffrage in the Austrian Empire. In the communes of most of the provinces of that empire women have just about the same voting rights that they have in the communes of most of the states of Germany.

But in the Austrian Empire there is a bit more of suffrage than there is in Germany. Women who can meet a certain property qualification can vote, in most of the provinces of the Austrian Empire, for the members of the provincial legislatures.

Further, in Bohemia, which is the most radical of the Austrian provinces, women have the municipal franchise (except in two cities) and can themselves be elected to the provincial legislature. One woman has been elected to it already.

This seems to be the farthest fling of suffrage on the continent of Europe, outside of the Scandinavian countries and Finland.

The remaining countries on the Continent have gone just about far enough to have swallowed little doses of "minor" suffrage.

In Belgium, for instance, women can vote, as in France, for the Councils of Conciliation. In Italy they can vote for school-boards and poor-relief boards and some other such things. In Russia they can vote (under a property qualification, of course) for certain very important local-government bodies called "territorial assemblies." In Holland they can vote for the official Chambers of Commerce and the official Church Councils and the Dike Associations. In Switzerland they can vote, here and there, for school boards and poor-relief boards and be elected to them.

And full suffrage begins to be sighted.

Italy has appointed a parliamentary commission to study it. In Holland a royal commission has actually recommended it. (Full suffrage is very probable in Holland soon.) And Portugal, strangely, has come very close to jumping straight into the full-suffrage pond without any preliminary swimming-lessons. The law pending in Portugal would give the franchise to all women of twenty-five who have consumed a certain amount of education.

So now we get back to the Scandinavian countries.

These countries are not only radical in the extent to which they let women vote, but extremely and peculiarly radical in the extent to which they elect them to office.

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THESE THIRTEEN REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WEAKER SEX ARE MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE—THE DIET—OF FINLAND. AND THERE ARE EIGHT OTHER WEAKER MEMBERS, TOO. IF THE MEN MEMBERS ARE ANY STRONGER, THEY ARE LIKELY TO MAKE SOME TROUBLE FOR THE CZAR BEFORE HE GETS FINLAND COMPLETELY "RUSSIANIZED."

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In Sweden there are more than sixty women who are members of town councils. In Denmark there are nearly two hundred.

We have listed both these countries as *municipal* suffrage countries. But they are very near *full* suffrage. They are just on the point of passing over the line. In each of them the lower house of the national legislature has passed a full-suffrage bill several times. And nobody—friend or foe to suffrage—expects anything but full suffrage in both countries very shortly.

As for Norway and Iceland, they are well-known full-suffrage countries already.

And here, omitting for the present the full-suffrage states of the United States, we insert a list of the full-suffrage countries of the world. They are:

Scandinavian:	Norway
	Iceland
English-speaking:	Isle of Man
	New Zealand
	Australia
Neither Scandinavian nor English-speaking:	Finland.

In Iceland they make a very curious but very sensible distinction between men and women office-holders. If you are a man and are elected to office, you must stick for six years. You can not resign. But if you are a woman you may resign whenever you want to.

In Norway one woman has been elected to the national Parliament as an *alternate* member, but no woman has been elected as a *regular* member. In Finland, on the other hand—well, we print herewith a photograph of thirteen women members of the Finnish Diet. And we venture to say most respectfully that if the men of Finland are any sturdier than the women, we entertain great hopes that Finland will finally succeed in preserving its rights of self-government against the Czar.

It was the Czar, the fear of him, that united Finland and brought both sexes into the Diet. The women are there really just as any woman would join her man to stand between their children and a great personal danger.

But that was a local immediate reason. What is the large international reason why suffrage has hit such places as Finland and New Zealand and Wyoming so hard? And why has it made a dent so much smaller in such places as England and New York?

We won't try to offer a complete explanation. We will offer just a remark. Almost all full-suffrage communities (including the Western states of the United States) combine the two following things:

First, they are very "modern" in their love of schools and books, and have a very high level of popular education.

Second, they are comparatively "backward" in this way: they are not dominated by crowded areas of manufacturing and banking and trading.

But, you might say, it is these very areas that produce the wildest radicals. That's true. The extreme feminists of New York make the most extreme feminists of Wyoming look like contented Persian pussies snoozing on a divan.

But there's a counter-current—a very strong one.

In the crowded areas the women of the home are cut off from their husbands' working-lives in a manner in which they are *not* cut off in simpler places.

A woman on the farm or in the small town is likely to understand the business affairs of the community just about as well as her husband does. They go by under her eyes. And her mental life and her husband's mental life are not very different.

But in a complicated community the difference between the mental life of the husband and the mental life of the wife becomes greater all the time.

The man arises in the morning and departs to a great distance on a street-car or a train and there does the work which makes the world go round and, returning homeward, tries to forget it. Work and home get farther and farther apart, physically and mentally. And the wife becomes less and less of a complete mental business partner and more and more of a highly-esteemed purely-moral-and-esthetic influence.

And why should a moral and esthetic influence want to vote? Well, why should it? And what does that home woman know about the "real world"? Well, what does she? A lot, out of books and philanthropies. But, out of genuine daily contact, like her husband's, very little!

This is the counter-current against suffrage in the big modern industrial areas—and it is a very powerful one.

But suffrage is going forward even in *them*, as we shall see in England.

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Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.

Catherine of Russia. She stole half of Poland—without weakness.

POLITICS WOMAN'S SPECIAL SPHERE

So says John Stuart Mill

Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.

Elizabeth of England. She beheaded Mary, Queen of Scots—perfectly resolutely.

JOHN STUART MILL was a hardened 1840-model English practical economist and statesman. Toward the end of his life, in 1861, he wrote the following sentences about the political genius of women:

"The only things which the existing law excludes women from doing are the things which they have proved that they are able to do.

"There is no law to prevent a woman from having written all the plays of Shakespeare or having composed all the operas of Mozart. But Queen Elizabeth or Queen Victoria, had they not inherited the throne, could not have been entrusted with the smallest of political duties, in which the former showed herself equal to the greatest.

"The things women are not allowed to do are the things for which they are peculiarly qualified. History presents a small number of reigning queens in comparison with that of kings, but a far larger proportion have shown talents for rule, and many of them have occupied the throne in difficult periods.

Jane Addams. She, unlike many women, is for peace at all costs.

"They have been distinguished by merits the most opposite to the imaginary and conventional character of women. They have been as much remarked for the firmness and vigor of their rule as for its intelligence.

"Looking at women as they are known in experience, it may be said of them that the general bent of their talents is toward the practical.

"Of course it can not be inferred to be impossible that a woman should be a Homer or an Aristotle or a Michael Angelo or a Beethoven, simply because no woman has actually produced works comparable to theirs. But it is quite certain that a woman can be a Queen Elizabeth, since this is not an inference but a fact.

"Greater quickness of comprehension is an admitted superiority of clever women and fits them to excel in action. Women show a capacity of doing their thinking at times and under circumstances which almost any man would make an excuse for not attempting it.

"Woman's capacity of intuitive perception means a rapid and correct insight into present fact. It makes them peculiarly apt in gathering such general truths as can be collected from their individual means of observation. When they chance to be as well provided as men are with the results of other people's experience by reading and education, they are better furnished than man with the requisites of successful practise.

"To discover general principles is speculation. To discriminate the particular cases in which they are or are not applicable is practical talent, and for this women have a peculiar aptitude. A woman seldom runs wild after an abstraction.

"Men's thoughts are useful in giving width and largeness to those of women, and women's in giving reality to those of men."

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The SUFFRAGE WAVE *in the* ENGLISH-SPEAKING COUNTRIES

and in China

JOHN STUART MILL would have said that Mrs. Lees had a woman's job. Sara Ann Lees of Oldham.

Ugly town, Oldham. Rich—for the owners. Squalid—for the employees. Historic center of textiles. Big mills. Owners likely to move away after a while.

When Mrs. Lees's husband died, question was: would she move away? She consulted with her daughters. Decided to stay. Decided to help remake Oldham.

For one thing, she bought a slum and tore it down and made a recreation center in its place. And she did other things of the same sort.

After a while she ran for member of the city council. Ran on a platform of absolutely free schools for all children. Elected. And then, after another while, the people wanted the council to elect her to be mayor. And the council did.

So Sara Ann Lees settled strikes and did all the other things which a mayor of Oldham has to do. And she kept on remaking Oldham.

Incidentally, to prevent it from getting too serious in its reforms, she opened the big ballroom in her home, Werneath Park, to the social societies of the town. "Werneath Park" became one of Oldham's common social centers.

Mary McDowell of Chicago described Mrs. Lees's work very well by calling it "Mothering a Municipality." And might not John Stuart Mill be quite right in thinking that we are psychologically twisted when we are so willing to let our women become mathematicians, for instance, and so unwilling to let them become mayors?

Really, for our part, we believe that a strong argument might be made for not permitting any woman to take her woman's genius for *personality* and bury it in the dust of parabolas and sines and cosines and quadratic equations without a special referendum vote of the whole people.

We are so old-fashioned that we do see differences, great ones, between the qualities of men and the qualities of women.

But when it comes to a nice warm, cozy job like mayoring, where you deal with people and not with lines and squares and circles—and some nice old lady who has brought up a family, and who has no one left to scold, thinks that she'd like to go out and scold the town's garbage-wagon drivers for a while—why, we'd only say: "Thank Heaven she didn't go in for some really dry masculine job, such as making a catalogue of double stars."

However, that's just our feeling. It has nothing to do with this article. We proceed again to report.

There are about fifty women in England who are members of town councils and county councils and the like. This is a small number, considering the population of England. Compare it with Denmark and Sweden! The Scandinavians, on the whole, are the world's champion political feminists just now.

Another thing. In England a woman can't vote in municipal elections unless she stays unmarried.

However, the number of women municipal voters in England is quite large. At the last count it was over a million.

There is one exception to the rule against married women. In London married women may vote for members of the London County Council.

The chief usefulness of women in public affairs in England is in working the poor-relief laws. England has 1320 women who are poor-law guardians.

And there's Mrs. Pankhurst. The war has made her a national political leader. She is the first non-royal Englishwoman who

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could truthfully be called a national political leader. She is one of England's most successful recruiting-officers for this war, and the Government looks to her for valuable political help—and gets it.

Now Mrs. Pankhurst's militant career, which preceded her present military one, was a "scandal." But don't despair of womanhood. Every age has its scandals. And if you must look at the worst in this age, look also at the worst in the ages gone by.

Consider the London of Charles the Second. Even as the most popular woman in our present London of George the Fifth is Mrs. Pankhurst, so the most popular woman in the London of Charles the Second was Nell Gwyn.

There was nothing furtive in the relations between Nell Gwyn and Charles the Second. She used to call him *her* Charles the *Third;* because she had already had two lovers by the name of Charles. It was her tongue, as much as her face, that made her popular. And she *was* popular, immensely so. She was an established public personage. She founded the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, in pomp. And when she died her funeral sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury!

Photograph by Bradley Studio

Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, of New York, is America's leading anti-suffragist.

Further, she did one thing that Mrs. Pankhurst is not very likely to be able to do. She put her descendants into the House of Lords and so gave them votes in the government of England after her death.

One of her sons by Charles the Second was made Duke of St. Albans. And, among her descendants to-day, besides the present Duke of St. Albans, are such dignitaries as the Earl of Normanton and the Earl of Roslyn and Francis Edward Scudamore St. Clair Erskine Lord Loughborough (all one man) —and some three hundred others, most of them equally well-upholstered with given names, surnames, and titles.

Now that's an extreme case of *in*direct influence in the days of aristocracy, just as Mrs. Pankhurst's is an extreme case of *direct* influence in the days of democracy.

Take your choice! You can't have all the blessings of all the ages of the world in one!

Returning to the municipal franchise, we note that Scotland is more liberal than England—a trifle. In Scotland a woman may vote in municipal elections, in certain circumstances, even if married.

So, also, in Ireland.

But the rule throughout Canada, in general, is that you can not be a married woman and a municipal voter simultaneously.

The first part of the British Empire to give women the *full* suffrage was the Isle of Man, in the waters between Great Britain and Ireland.

On July 31, 1881, an official announcer climbed to the top of Tynwald in the Isle of Man and announced that thereafter if any woman owned real estate to the annual value of four pounds—twenty dollars—she might cast a ballot for the members of the House of Keys. That's the lower house of the Tynwald Court. And the Tynwald Court is the Parliament of the Isle of Man.

Oh, yes, it has a Parliament. All of its own. It is one of the self-governing parts of the most incoherent decentralized Empire that ever existed.

The next full-suffrage part of the British Empire was New Zealand, in 1893. And then followed Australia.

As in England, women don't seem to get into office much in New Zealand or in Australia. For instance, in Australia no woman has ever been elected to any of the state legislatures or to the federal Parliament.

In New Zealand the suffrage includes 25,000 Maori women-aborigines. Perhaps they are the only women who have ever jumped straight from savagery to suffrage.

So, having gone the rounds of the English-speaking countries in the British Empire, let us gaze at our own country.

In the United States there are just sixteen states in which women have no suffrage rights whatsoever. These states are:

In the North and East:	Indiana
	West Virginia
	Pennsylvania
	Rhode Island
	Maine
In the Southeast:	Maryland
	Virginia
	North Carolina
	South Carolina

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In the Southeast:	Georgia
	Florida
	Alabama
	Tennessee
In the Southwest:	Missouri
	Arkansas
	Texas

Then there are the twelve well-known suffrage states.

That leaves twenty states unaccounted for. In all of them there is "minor" suffrage of some sort. Almost always it is the right to vote for members of school boards.

Now, looking at ourselves after looking at the Europeans, we are struck by the great human similarity between the human beings on the two sides of the Atlantic. For instance, here as in Europe, the men have tried to placate the women by giving them educational rights and financial rights—and with the same results.

In New York the men began throwing tubs to the suffrage whale back in 1848, in the very year when the first great Woman's Rights Convention in America met. We will speak of financial rights particularly. The Woman's Rights Convention mentioned them as being of the highest importance.

In 1848 the men of New York granted to the women of New York the right to keep on controlling their own property after marriage, instead of having to pass it over to their husbands.

In 1860 the men returned to this kindly job and worked a bit more at it and gave married women a still firmer control of their property than before and said, further, that married women thereafter might put their own *wages*, too, in their own pocket-books.

In 1867 the men went back to the job again and gave married women the right to dispose of their property, when they died, in their wills.

And, if you will look through the records of the New York legislature, you will see that a new tub to the suffrage whale was thrown overboard every few years till the tub supply was virtually exhausted.

Of course there are a few tubs left. For instance, the wife ought to have a surer—a much surer—hold on a fair part of her husband's property at his death.

But the anti-suffragists are quite correct, historically, when they say:

Women henceforth can gain no *new* rights, financial or educational or occupational or in any other way *personal*, which can be compared in value with the rights which men have already given them.

The *biggest* revolutions in the standing of woman before the law have all been accomplished.

And we will go even farther, having just insured our lives. We will say that when woman suffrage is introduced it brings in nothing *new* in the way of legislation.

George Creel made a big stir, in EVERYBODY'S, about new legislation in California under woman suffrage. And it was worth making a stir about, too. There was a great mass of it. But we were struck, then as always, by the absolute unoriginality of it.

For instance, there was Widows' Pensions. Grand thing. But why didn't some woman-suffrage state think it up *first*? Colorado had been enjoying suffrage for many years. But what state thought up Widows' Pensions? Missouri, where women don't vote at all.

And the Red Light Injunction law. Another grand thing. But what state thought it up? Iowa, where women have only "minor" suffrage and have no political control at all over the social evil. Iowa *men* did it.

In other words, we don't see woman suffrage doing *anything* that men haven't done already.

Of course we don't mean to say for a minute that suffrage doesn't *help*, both in securing what new personal rights still need to be secured for women and in pushing well-known humanitarian ideas into the statute-books. We know it does. We have seen it do it.

But if the woman-suffrage movement had to rely on the argument that women won't get their "rights" and that the world won't get "reformed" unless women vote, why, relying on that argument alone, we don't believe it would get very far.

But the historical fact is that it doesn't really rely on that argument. It only thinks it does.

The historical fact is that the word which explains woman suffrage is not "reform" but "individuality."

We went some time ago to a state in which the laws about the property rights of married women had not yet been reformed. A man could take his wife's personal property and spend it in any way he pleased and even will it, at his death, to strangers.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

AT THE TOP WE OBSERVE A LADY IN PUBLIC LIFE, SERVING AS AN ELECTION OFFICIAL IN A POLLING PLACE IN CHICAGO. AT THE SIDE WE OBSERVE SEVERAL LADIES IN PRIVATE LIFE, PROTECTED AGAINST CONTACT WITH THE WORLD, TRAVELING IN A SUBWAY CAR IN NEW YORK.

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There was a small suffrage society in that state. A very delightful lady who belonged to it said: "But if these laws are reformed, we shall lose our best argument for suffrage."

Well, they were reformed, completely. And now that suffrage society, instead of being small, is so strong that it came very near putting suffrage through the legislature.

Here it is:

Not till woman has developed certain mental muscles does she *want* suffrage. She gets *education* muscles. She gets *money* muscles. She becomes an individual. And then, for weal or woe, she wants to *exercise* those muscles, that *individuality*, just as a man does.

And, like man, she persuades herself that the woe she will accomplish is nil and the weal is colossal.

And we hear Condorcet again, saying all there is of it:

"Either no *individual* has any real rights or else all have the same."

As for the anti-suffragists, we charge them with being almost as guilty of a desire for political self-expression as the suffragists are.

There is an organization in New York called the Women's Municipal League. The president of it is Mrs. Henry A. Stimson, who is an active member of the New York Association opposed to Woman Suffrage. And there are four more anti-suffragists among the vice-presidents of that League. And another four among the directors.

And what is that League doing?

For one thing, it studies all the bills which the men are working at in the state legislature. It picked out *three hundred and twenty-four bills* this last year for special study. These bills related (among other things) to Factories and to the Civil Service—subjects rather remote from the cradle. Letters of approval were sent to the legislature. Also letters of *dis*approval. And a personal representative, a woman, was dispatched to the legislature to argue with it.

Now mere voting is a small and mild public activity compared with this. Perhaps it does more *good* than voting. There is an argument to that effect.

But the upshot of everything is *character*. And the women who promote this sort of work are changing the *character* of their sex from purely-private to also-public just as effectively as if they dropped an annual or semi-annual ballot in a ballot-box.

And now we see the curtain going up, in China, on this same play with the same first act and with every prospect of the same climax.

There is a "Chinese Suffragette Society" in Pekin to-day.

But it doesn't work for suffrage. It just took the word "suffragette," apparently, as a nice "progressive" word to have in its name. What it works for is reform in the marriage laws of China and, above all, *schools*.

In the same way, in Shanghai, there is the "Chinese Women's Cooperative Society." It, too, works for reforms in the marriage laws. And for *schools*.

They are getting out newspapers for women, *reading-matter* for women, *book-learning*—and they are starting schools and schools and schools, by the hundred, in old temples and warehouses and vacant business premises—anywhere.

And there was just one flare-up of suffrage. In Canton. In the midst of the recent Chinese revolution there were women there, as in Paris in the French Revolution, who wanted suffrage.

And the Chinese were more radical than the Frenchmen. They granted it. And nine women sat in the provincial parliament at Canton.

But it was only a flare-up. With the passing of the revolution, it went out.

We will prophesy:

There will be marriage reform.

And there will be education reform.

And Chinese women will get all their principal personal civil rights.

And then, when they start fighting for suffrage, they will think that they are fighting for the woman's revolution. But the real woman's revolution will be behind them. And what they will be doing will be the mere development of the individuality which that revolution gave them.

Will it be a better China? A happier China?

That, we say most sincerely, is a matter of taste and can not be settled by argument.

We haven't tried to show that the world is wise in moving, but only how it moves.

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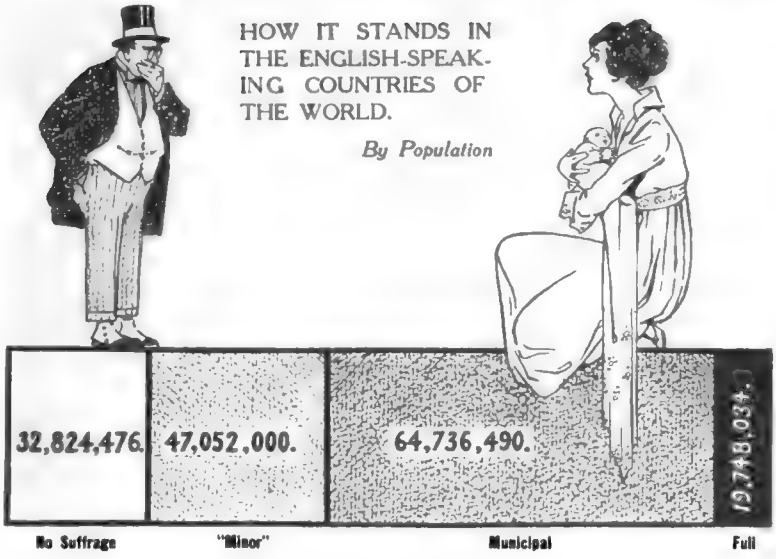
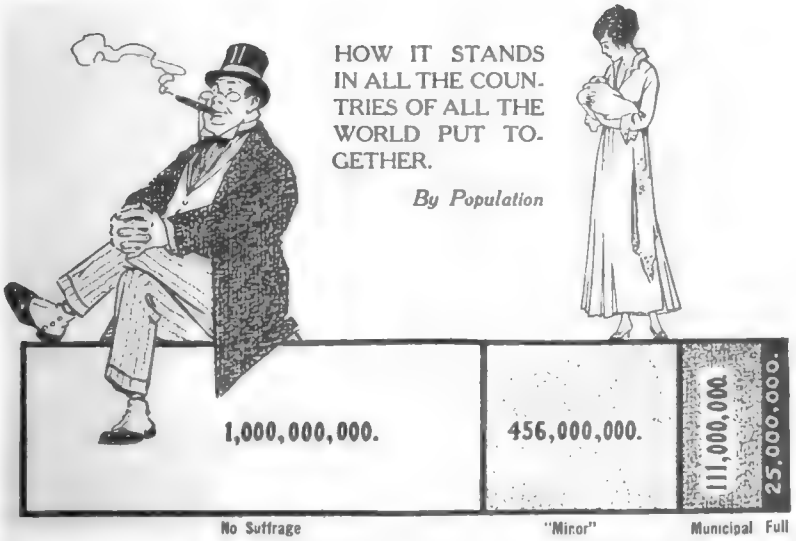
SUFFRAGE, A WORLD WAVE



IN THE English-speaking world the whole pure-white no-suffrage area is contributed by the United States. So, also, is the whole light-shaded "minor"-suffrage area. The dark-shaded municipal-suffrage area is in the British Empire. The black full-suffrage area is partly in the British Empire and partly in the United States.

In the lower diagram, which includes all the important countries of the whole world, the white no-suffrage area is almost entirely in Asia and Africa and Central and South America. The other areas are entirely in Europe and in the colonies of the British Empire and in the United States.



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The Epidemic

by ETHEL M. KELLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. H. TAFFS

It was all over the house.

I WAS not altogether fortunate in my choice of a shelter from the storm. As I rounded the corner of Seventy-second Street it had begun to rain—not conventionally and quietly, with a dignity befitting the neighborhood, but with the kind of exaggerated violence one might expect on Third Avenue. I was wearing a suit just home from the tailor's, and my object in coming out had been to shake the blue devils that had been in pursuit of me ever since the announcement of Eleanor Peterson's engagement.

To be sure, I had not been actually in love with Eleanor; but I had thought she cared about me—too much, at any rate, to rush into matrimony with a man I was forced to acknowledge so much my superior. Eleanor and I might have been very happy together, if she hadn't been quite so precipitate. So I was feeling very lonely, with one more potentiality nipped in the bud, and one more good friend about to join the disconcerting ranks of the newly married.

With these considerations weighing heavily on my mind, I had forgotten to take an umbrella. There was not a taxi in sight, and I dived into the Evertons' doorway. I stood there for at least ten minutes before I recognized it, such was the perturbation of my spirit; but as soon as I realized where I was, of course, I went in.

The young ladies were at home, it appeared, and Mr. Tom. Mr. and Mrs. Everton had gone to a concert. I gave Peter my hat, and went up-stairs unannounced. I was immediately sorry I had done so.

In the drawing-room at the head of the stairs sat Tom Everton with a girl. The stairway turns at the top, and my eyes reached the level of the second story just in time to see him seize her and kiss her. I managed to slip out of sight again before they saw me. After a suitable interval I went on up, but the interval had been badly calculated. I had waited too long. I should have timed myself to appear *between* kisses.

Tom greeted me with that effusive cordiality which deceives no unwelcome guest. The girl merely smiled at me absently in recognition of the presentation, and looked interrupted. She was a Miss Appleby, I was informed, who was visiting Lina Everton. I took sprightly advantage of the mention of Lina, and inquired for her as if it were she I had come looking for especially.

"She's up-stairs, Richard—in the library, probably. Go on up. She'll be delighted to see you."

The Evertons have one of these four-story New York houses with at least one room on a floor where guests are allowed unchallenged. Down-stairs are the dining-room and reception-room. On the second floor the drawing-room and the *back* drawing-room. (I don't know what else you call it in these days when there are no more parlors.) On the third floor the library and Mrs. Everton's rooms, and so on. It was a charming house, as such houses go, and when you once accept the premise that a house can be like that, you're quite happy in it. Thank God, I was brought up in the country—all on two floors and an attic.

I went up to the library. When I reached it I thought that I must have gone suddenly mad—that some bad lighting effect or subconscious impression had tricked me

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into a strange hallucination. What I seemed to see before me was a duplicate of the tableau I had witnessed on the floor below—another young lady—Lina Everton this time—in a strange young man's arms.

I coughed, hoping thereby to undeceive myself. But I didn't succeed. Lina rose, blushing and confused.

"You won't tell?" she besought. "It's a secret. No one knows—not even mother."

"Of course, I won't tell. On one condition I'll promise to aid and abet you."

"And that is?"

"And that is that you'll mention the lucky man's name to me."

The lucky young man put out his hand. "Uncommonly nice of you," he said. "My name's Mac Ilvain."

I objected to his way of putting it: I always suspect a man who says *uncommonly;* but I liked the young man. He had a thought too much manner, but he was young. A young man who doesn't start with a manner is not very likely to acquire one with the advance of the years, and there is no telling when it may be absolutely necessary to have one. Lina's husband would need an appearance.

I said the proper things. Lina was grateful. It was easy to see this was real with her—that the downy-mustached Mac Ilvain had her warm little heart in his keeping.

"Where is Frieda?" I asked as soon as I decently could. "I came to see Frieda."

"She's somewhere," her sister said vaguely. "Do you remember, Jimmie, where she said she would be?"

He didn't. She smiled at me archly. "Try the back——"

"Tom was in the front one," I suggested, "with a Miss Appleby."

"Helen. Oh, yes, but they've gone out by now. *They like* getting their feet wet. They were going to a tea at the Jordans'. I think you'll find Frieda writing or something in the back drawing-room." She was a nice girl, but that was none of my business any more: she was *going* to be Mrs. Mac Ilvain.

"Frieda'll get you some tea if you ask her."

I started for Frieda. Tom and Miss Appleby had gone, I noted, after some preliminary dodging. In the drawing-room, rear, there was a fire in the fireplace. There was also a tea-table. I like tea now. I used to loathe the taste of the stuff, but now strong, with two lumps of sugar and *breakfast* cream, I'm quite reconciled. The scene was reassuring to one who had just escaped a ducking—and other perils.

Frieda was serving. By her side was another young man. I mean a young man other than Tom or the one called Mac Ilvain. I was happy to see that the attitude of the two was conventional—quite as it should be. Frieda was my favorite in the family. She would not be so likely to rush into romance as her sister. She was a better sport—she liked all the fish in the sea. She liked *me* pretty well. Before I was seeing so much of Eleanor I used to go about a good deal with Frieda.

"Why, Richard," she said, "isn't this nice? It's been a long time. I want you to meet Mr. Eldredge. You are sure to have much in common; Mr. Eldredge writes books on sociology."

"Not *the* Mr. Eldredge?" I got that line from Frieda herself, or was it from Eleanor?

He said he was *the* one, or words to that effect. We got on very nicely. I was liking my tea, and I found a new something in Frieda, a softness, a warmth, that she never had shown me before. I felt more reconciled to the Eleanor business than at any time since it had happened. I didn't mind *the* Eldredge.

I should have timed myself to appear between kisses.

I was passing my cup for the third time when my eye caught a detail, a self-evident detail. Frieda's hair is a bright, crinkly blond, unmistakable in color and texture. Mr. Eldredge was wearing two of her hairs on his shoulder.

I muttered a hasty apology. The third cup, I said, would have to wait until another afternoon. I remembered I had an appointment. Frieda cordially allowed me to go. If those hairs had got where they were by mistake, she would never have done so. The Frieda of old would have made me drink a cup of tea I had asked for, if it choked me.

The Eldredge looked pleased when I left

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them, poor devil. After all, I thought, it was a lot to be let in for—marriage with a firm girl like Frieda.

I went down, meaning to ask Peter to get me a taxi, when the painful thought struck me that I had left my bill purse in my old suit. On the stairs I confirmed this suspicion.

"You ought to have an elevator in this house," I told Peter. "Then you could run the guests up to where they wanted to go without exhibiting any interiors, so to speak. When a friend of the family didn't have anything better to do, he could practise running it for a while."

"Yes, Mr. Waring," said Peter. "Shall I get you a taxi?"

"I'm going into the reception-room," I said, "to wait for Mrs. Everton."

"Miss Deland is in there, Mr. Waring."

"I'll go into the dining-room," I said firmly. I didn't know who Miss Deland was, but I understood that there would be some one with her, and what that some one would be at. It was all over the house. I pulled out a dining-room chair. I would stay here to dinner, I decided, unless it stopped raining, or Tom came back and loaned me a fiver. I wasn't going out in the rain. The occasion for which I had bought the new clothes was only eighteen hours away. I should have no time to get valeted.

A girl appeared in the doorway. "I'm Agnes Deland," she said, "and Peter told me that you, Mr. Waring, were in the dining-room."

"I'm Mr. Waring," I said. "I'll get out of the dining-room if it is required for any purpose."

She was shocked. She thought I was rude. "Why, what purpose could it possibly be required for?" she began; then she caught my expression, and understood. She must have had her own reasons for sitting alone in the reception-room.

"I'm a friend of the family," I explained. "I took refuge from the rain in this house. On the second floor I found Tom——"

"And Helen Appleby—" she supplemented.

"In the library were——"

"Lina and Mac. Oh, I know!"

"Descending again to the second story, rear, I found——"

"Frieda and that terrible Eldredge."

"When Peter told me that you, Miss Deland, were in the reception-room, I naturally feared the worst and came in here. If, I repeat, this room is required for any purpose——"

At that moment I looked at her. I had not done so before. I had been gazing vaguely around the edges of her personality, so to speak, as a man does when he doesn't want to be bothered. I was truly annoyed with all of the women in the house, and I wanted no more of them; but something about the quality of Miss Deland's voice attracted my attention.

"Great heavens!" I said, as I gazed. "Are all of those other men crazy?"

I liked it about her that she didn't pretend to misunderstand, as most women do when you show admiration for them. She was keen, that girl. Also she was the best-looking creature I had ever laid eyes on.

"Only you," she said sweetly, when I repeated my question. Then she added irrelevantly, but impersonally—she was nice, you know—*nice:* "I've been awfully lonely. Frieda asked Helen Appleby"—at that name I snorted—"and me to spend these two weeks with her. I don't often get to New York—I've an invalid mother." (I learned afterward she was more of a crank than an invalid.) "But they've all been so occupied. Of course, in the circumstances, it seems selfish to think of oneself—but it's really quite dull. As a friend of the family you see how it would be."

Our common predicament had got us quite far.

"*The* Eldredge and Mac Ilvain are probably just out of some institution for the blind, and Tom's a congenital ass. You mustn't mind them, Miss Deland. Now *I* have all of my senses."

I had. They were reeling and rioting.

I stayed on to dinner. It still rained, and Mrs. Everton suggested I stay for the night. It was tremendously thoughtful. The next day was still damp, and I woke late. I decided not to go to the wedding I was scheduled for—Eleanor Peterson's. It was to be very small and informal and frightfully early in the day. I wired her of my illness and my excessive regret. I *was* ill whenever I thought of it, but I felt better

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MISS DELAND—PROPERLY GUIDED—SAW NEW YORK FROM THE TOP OF THE WOOLWORTH BUILDING.

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at the Evertons' than anywhere else, and I thought I had much better stay there quietly.

Just before my departure that afternoon —it was well after tea—Tom took me aside and begged me to help him out all I could for the next few days. He said he would awfully appreciate it if I would take Miss Deland off his hands; and as Mrs. Everton asked me very sweetly to consider myself a non-resident member of the house-party, it turned out that, except for sleeping and dressing at home, I spent most of my time at the Evertons'. Tom was grateful, and he ought to have been. His every spare minute was absorbed, nay *devoured*, by Miss Appleby. I never saw such a girl outside of a Bernard Shaw comedy.

Lina's young man came to two meals a day. It was still a secret, one of those open secrets that every one is always putting his foot into. *The* Eldredge preferred tea and Frieda straight. He stayed past the dinner-hour invariably, and Frieda came down to her crumbs, about the time we were having our coffee, with the rapt look of a seraph. I think it's a seraph I mean. If any one had ever told me that Frieda Everton would go without her dinner for a *man*, I should have told him he lied. She's a feminist, mind you, a full-fledged, triple-plated feminist.

Miss Deland — properly guided — saw New York from the top of the Woolworth Building. We walked across Brooklyn Bridge. I had no idea of the look of the town lighted up since all those new skyscrapers have been added. It's immense! She took me to galleries, and I showed her the tea places. We drove in the Park. Sometimes we went alone, and sometimes we went with the crowd—just as it happened; but we stayed round the house a good deal, too.

"Agnes," I said, some days later—we had succeeded in getting the library; Lina was not pleased, but we got it. "What do you think of it, anyway—all this billing and cooing?"

"All this—" I was rebuked. She didn't like taking such things lightly.

"All this giving in marriage, then?"

"I don't think of it."

"But, my dear girl, how can you help it when it's in the very air? We're—we're breathing in microbes this minute. Lina—you know that's where she usually sits—" I indicated her corner of the sofa—"has got the worst case in the house; and I've reason to believe," I added deliberately, "that the thing is catching."

We drove in the Park.

Have I said that her hair was burnished copper, and her eyes deep, deep brown? Have I said she had a little way of catching her breath between sentences that made it hard for *you* to breathe if you listened for it? Have I said—no, I haven't; I was trying to say it to her, but she wouldn't quite have it. Instead she just sat there and looked at me.

"Don't you believe in love, Agnes?" I pleaded.

"Yes, I believe in it."

"If I were to say to you, Agnes——"

"I wish that you wouldn't," she said; "you are hurting my feelings."

"Hurting your feelings!" I gasped. "I am trying to say that I love you."

"You are trying to say that I'm young, and I'm pretty, or we'll put it that way—" Her voice was very cool and remote—"that I'm alone in New York, as it were——"

"The starving in the midst of plenty idea," I put in. I never felt less humorous, but the only things I could think of that I dared trust myself to say, tried to be funny.

"Exactly."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, and so it was Richard to the rescue. Not that I don't appreciate it," she added hastily, "but you really are an unconscionable flirt, you know." The way she said Richard, I couldn't stand it any longer.

"I'm crazy about *you*."

"I don't believe it." That, you know, was what is technically known as coming a cropper.

I looked at her. I sat looking at her. She had those little tendrils at the ear that most children have, and some women. Her lashes were long, iridescent. I have never seen a woman that looked anything like her, except in my dreams. I *have* dreamed them. Eleanor was the least bit the type, but not kind enough. Women should be kind: God intended them to be.

"How dare you think you could make love to me, like all the rest, with your

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tongue in your cheek? Don't you know there's a difference in women?"

"Yes," I said, "that's what I was thinking."

"How do you justify yourself?"

"In that?"

"Oh, in everything! You're a butterfly—a waster. You haven't any object in life, any business."

"Hold on," I objected. "How do you know that I haven't?"

"Have you?" she asked weakly.

"I'm in woolens," I said, rather sulkily, "I manage my father's town office."

"You don't go to it, then?"

"I'm at my desk every morning at nine."

"Not these last three days!"

"I took the week off. I had something more important to attend to. I'm in communication with my job every day. You know you have been a bit peeved at the way I've been called to the telephone."

I had her there, and she blushed. Then she caught at my phrase. "Something more important?" she persisted.

"I had you. If I had let business interfere I might have lost my chance at you."

"I don't believe you are serious."

"Agnes," I said, "will you come here a moment and look at me?"

I took her by the hand, and led her to the window. The light shone full on my face. I couldn't speak then, couldn't tell her, but she read it for herself.

"Now," I said, "dear, do you believe it?"

"Oh, I love you," she said, as I held her, "but I didn't think that I could—I thought it was just the contagion—and I couldn't marry a man without work in the world."

"Cheer up, dear," I said. "I'm supposed to be a very good woolen merchant." Then I told her my secret. "I am really a serious person," I said; "in my heart I am serious, and till now I've been lonely; but I'd rather that nobody knew it but you."

"I won't tell," she promised, and the other things she said were not relevant.

Multiply by four.

All the rest of the week we spent in making it hard for the others. We pursued them indefatigably from library to parlor and back again. Frieda glared at us whenever she saw us. Even dear, gentle Lina found it difficult to forgive us. If she hadn't had a sneaking notion I was grieving for Eleanor — my not being at the wedding had got around, and was talked about —I think she would have passed me up forever. We tortured poor Tom and his Helen—they *were* so offensive.

Over the coffee, on the following Sunday evening—the last day of the young ladies' visit—they were all primed for announcements. Frieda was the only one who really expected to get a sensation. Lina lost her nerve during the day and confided to every one, separately, what they were to learn after dinner. Tom realized that he had been wearing his heart on his coat sleeve and didn't much care. I suppose he felt that the Helens of the world have always been more or less public characters.

In the pause when Lina had blushed crimson and begun wigwagging her Jimmie, and Miss Appleby was looking at Tom with a superwoman gaze of calm expectancy, I rose.

"I wish," I said, "to make the simple announcement of my engagement to Miss Agnes Deland."

As I spoke I caught Peter's eye, and he grinned. Peter was the only person in the house that we couldn't surprise. He has charge of the dining-room.

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She whispered into his ear a very dif ferent story.

The Master of Women

by

LINCOLN STEFFENS

AUTHOR OF "THE LEAST OF THESE," "THE DYING BOSS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMANN C. WALL

THE man I want to tell you about is the boss of some fifteen hundred girls and women. And he knows them, they say. He has men and boys under him, too, and a very busy business. He's the store manager of a great department store. And he's a master of his business. He is never busy. I have never yet caught him at work. What he has to do seems always to have been "just done," and I find him always sitting upright at ease behind his long, wide table-desk, which is perfectly clear and clean; not a paper on it; not a pencil, pen—nothing but a vase of fresh-cut flowers.

"All the time you want, old man," he says. "I haven't a thing to do."

And he will gossip for an hour or more about business or women. Business women, I mean. He is no ladies' man. Curt, vigorous, male, he is in love with his wife and very, very hard upon what he calls "chasers." But then he is hard upon all men and boys, *they* say. He denies it. The charge really hurts him and he fights like a guilty soul against conviction. But if he can't vindicate—and he can't—he will excuse himself.

"Well," he growls, "they get my girls into trouble."

"Pop" Pease is no neutral in the war of the sexes. He's a partisan; a feminist. And yet he is not deceived by women, they say.

"Oh, Mr. Pease," a pretty little saleslady cried, as she bumped right into him one day as we were coming out of his office together. "Will you please sign this?"

"Late, eh?" he said, taking the piece of paper she held up to him. "What's your excuse?"

She gave one. It sounded all right to me, but evidently not to him.

"Now what's the truth?" he demanded.

She swallowed, hesitated, then drew him down and whispered into his ear another, a very different story, he said afterward.

"All right," he said, and he signed the pardon.

"How did you know her first excuse was a lie?" I asked, as the girl fled at a nervous little run.

"Why, that's easy," he said. "She—it

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"SHE WAS IN HERE JUST BEFORE YOU WERE THE OTHER DAY. SAID THERE WAS A FELLOW WANTED TO MARRY HER, AND WOULD I LOOK HIM OVER."

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—why," he faltered. "I don't believe I can tell you that," he ended; "guess I just felt it!"

And then when I passed some tentative judgment on lying in general, he flared up.

"That's all very well for us." For us *men*, he implied. "We can do other things; fight, for example. But women can't. Lying is one of their weapons, and they haven't many. They've been disarmed, and yet when they lose out—it's hell. Men have lots of retreats. We can 'come back.' But women—and," he glared, "they don't lie, either; no more than we do; not much more."

He swears before women, "awful."

It is better when he fights for his women like that—it is safer, it is easier—to be quiet and wait. He has some sense of fairness, even toward another male. I held my peace that day, and by and by he was himself again.

"I don't mind women lying," he resumed thoughtfully, truthfully. "It's deception I won't stand."

"But," I protested at his selfishness, "you don't have to. They can't deceive you."

"Who says that?" he demanded, suspicious.

"They do," I answered. "The women in the store say: 'It's no use; you can't fool Pop.' "

"Pop" is his nickname among the women employees. The men call him something else. He prefers "Pop," though he is a young man. It always softens him.

"They do, do they!" he echoed, pretending not to be pleased. "Well, I don't say they can't deceive you. They can most men. But no, not women. It isn't women that fool men. It's sex; it's your sense of sex; it's you yourselves. Men want to be fooled by women. Let 'em take women as we do here in our business, as human beings; man to man, and—it's all plain and simple and—straight."

He thought a moment, then he added bitterly: "But no, most men take women —wrong," he chose to say; "as women; and that's what gets us into most of our troubles."

"Us?" I asked. "Who? Us men?"

"No, no," he exclaimed, disgusted. "Us —I mean my girls and me."

Here was a chance to get one of his stories, and I asked for an example. He gave one; a beautiful example—not exactly of the male getting the female into trouble, but—well, of how he got them out of trouble; which is better still.

"The store has a vacation camp," he began, "up in the woods. The girls who want to, can go there, a group at a time, and they have bully fun. It's good. It's all right, generally. But one summer, unbeknownst to us, some of the boys went off up there and they set up a tent right near the girls' camp."

"How near?" I asked.

"Oh, a mile or two away," he admitted; "but," he declared intolerantly, "it was near enough—it was so near that if I had known about it, I——"

He stopped. It wasn't necessary for him to say what he would have done. I got from the expression of his face some sense of his judicial temperament, and asked instead if the girls knew that the boys were there and had not reported the fact to him.

It was a mistake to ask that. He glared at me, and lest his narrative should be hopelessly diverted, I apologized and gently bade him go on.

"They found it out," he grumbled. "The girls found it out, of course, and it got so that some of the girls—you know how full of the deuce nice girls are!—some of the jolliest of them used to slip out of their camp at night and go over for a prank at the boys' tent. And——"

He halted again, and again that severe look was in his eyes. He was recalling something he resented—something he might have dealt with brutally, and I let him feel his way to comparative quietude. Then I said, "Well?"

"Well," he repeated, and—well, he said, in language too male, too anti-male to report precisely, he said that along in the fall one of those girls, "a lively, pretty little

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thing," burst into his office one day without knocking.

"Oh, Pop!" she cried, and, as he glared up at her: "Mr. Pease, I mean—oh, Mr. Pease, I'm in awful trouble. Awful."

She broke down and wept.

"Yes?" he growled. "What kind of trouble? Stealing-trouble or man-trouble?"

"Man-trouble," she bubbled among the tears. "A boy did it."

And the weeping grew loud.

"All right, Little Girl," said Pease. "You may cry if you want to. It's good to cry. But you needn't, if you don't want to. We can fix that trouble. I'd prefer—um," he said luxuriously, "how I would like to fix that boy! Who is he?"

This he asked so fiercely that she was frightened, and didn't want to tell. And Pease quarreled with her about it long enough to change her emotion and check the tears, and also get the boy's name and the story.

He didn't recall the name or the boy.

"In this store, is he?"

She nodded, yes, and Pease got up, kicked the air all around the room, and swore. He swears before women, "awful," they say, and yet they don't "mind." It sometimes seems to me that they rather like it; that his brutality is one of the grounds of their confidence in him.

There was a minority of "bad women" on that committee.

The Little Girl spoke up for the boy weakly.

"All right," said Pease savagely. "Maybe you want to marry him. Do you? Do you love him?"

"No, no," she protested. "Oh, no; not him."

She was so emphatic on that point that Pop was appeased. He said that he'd send for the boy and "look him over" himself to make sure. And he did.

He didn't describe that scene to me. He described the boy, however, and though it was only a rough sketch, it was so rough that I inferred that that boy wasn't and never would be a fit husband for any girl. Certainly Pop Pease wouldn't try to influence a girl to marry such a creature. He even divorced him himself—from the store. But then all this was later. My (masculine) point is that before he saw the boy or heard his side of the story he agreed with the girl.

"That settles that," he said. "We won't marry him. Now about the baby. We'll want to keep the baby, won't we?"

The Little Girl didn't answer that question, but a funny little look came out of her eyes, and Pop put it into words. "Sure," he said. "We'll have the baby. That's all as easy. Say—" he was enthusiastic—"we'll send you up in the country by and by, and the doctor—the store doctor, he'll see to that; and there'll be a nurse. And——"

"Oh, Pop—oh, Mr. Pease—" She was going to cry again.

"Now, you keep still," he commanded. "Nobody'll know a thing about it except—And your wages'll go right on, and we pay all the expenses, and—if you want to keep your job. Do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sure," he said. "You want everything; everything but the husband. You want the baby, and no father; you want your job and—Say," he said suddenly, "you're one of those girls that has the other girls come to see you, aren't you? Girls from the store, too. Want to have them keep right on coming, with the baby and the job and no husband and——"

She broke down again, sobbing.

"Sure," he said, mocking, harsh. "Sure. We want all that's going, *we* do. And—" he added, as her head bowed in shame—"And," he said very quietly, very distinctly, very defiantly, "and we're right, we are. We do want everything, and—" as she looked up, wondering, through the tears, "we'll have it, too. We won't give up a thing; not a thing. Will we? The store won't give you up, and you—Say, Young

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Some of the jolliest used to slip out of their camp at night.

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Lady"—he was threatening now—"Say, don't you dare give up the store. And——"

She was watching him; the tears stopped.

"Don't you give up yourself," he said. "If—if I ever catch you looking cast down or ashamed; if you don't keep your head up, and your pride—I—I'll fire you. See?"

He was standing over her, and she took his hand in hers, letting the tears flow again. She understood. He was a fraud. She knew it, and so she knew she was safe. And he, eased by his pretense, stroked her hand while she bathed his in tears.

"Now, then," he said by and by, "now we'll plan it all out."

He told me, without a blush for his absurd feminism, that the only difficulty in the way of saving a girl in a situation like that was the prejudice of the other women in the store. They wouldn't want to have him keep "such a girl." "Wouldn't care to work with her. They'd be for pushing her down," he said, "just like the rest of you," he added, rubbing me most unjustly in with everybody else.

"We," he declared, meaning the store, "we don't shove women down. We hold 'em up. We even fight the women here to save women from women. They'd have trampled that little girl and her baby to death or worse," he said, if he hadn't managed.

But he "managed;" he managed the women; and it appeared from his digression that it is a big part of the business of a department-store manager to manage women.

In this case he explained to the Little Girl that she couldn't keep her trouble secret. So she must make it "a secret;" see?

"You know one or two girls on each floor, don't you?" he remarked. She nodded. "Well, then, you tell one or two girls on each floor all about it. And," he continued, "you tell them not to tell. Make them promise. Take your time, one floor a day, and when you have started the story on all the floors, you come back to me. By that time it will be known all over the store. Then——"

He whispered to her now. For they were planning, you know. They were forgetting her trouble in a conspiracy, and, as he and all women know, you must whisper in a conspiracy. So he whispered:

"Then I'll begin to get it in confidence. You know," he confided to her. And she knew. "And when I have heard it, in confidence, enough times, we'll know that everybody knows it, and that it can't possibly leak out. And then—" He paused for effect; for a fraudulent effect, which to her was real.

He wasn't fit for any girl.

"And then?" she whispered.

"Then," he whispered, "then I'll take it up with some of the leading girls, you know; the women that decide things; and I'll ask for a committee."

"A committee?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered aloud, "a committee of the women employees to decide what is the proper course to pursue in your case, whether to keep you here or discharge you."

"Yes, but," said the Little Girl, "they'll decide against——"

"No, they won't," he said positively.

He had told his story, as he always told a story, half.

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he said. "That's the way it was done."

"But," I protested, "I don't get it at all."

"Why," he said, "that happened. The committee decided to keep the Little Girl."

"But," I asked, "how did you work—how did you manage the committee, made up, as you said it was, of the leaders of public opinion in the store. Leaders of public opinion are always for punishment, for pushing people down."

"Ah, yes," he said, "and this one was, at first. But"—and he whispered to me; and what he whispered wasn't business at all; it was politics; and it is my business to betray political trickery.

That committee was supposed to be chosen by the women of the store, and the majority were honestly and democratically elected. They were Good Women, who truly represented Public Opinion and the Good of Society in the store. But the store manager, as a sort of political boss, representing the employers, stacked up on that committee a minority of "bad women;" that is to say, women whom he, the manager, had pulled through just such troubles as the Little Girl's.

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The first report of the committee, made to the manager, was an honest verdict, and unanimous. It condemned the Little Girl to be discharged, and—all that that meant to a little mother out of a job. And the manager received that report, and "got mad." One of the committee-women told me so. She said that Pop threw the report in his waste-basket, stood up, and made a speech, a very short speech.

"You make me sick," he said. "I've got to go out. And while I'm gone I demand that you reconsider your report. And—" he started to go, but at the door he stopped —"And," he said, "I demand that no woman on this committee that has ever done wrong shall vote against this little mother."

That was all. When he came back the committee was gone, all except one of the minority members whom "Pop" had helped once to make her—her husband marry her. She had volunteered to stay and make a verbal report of the second verdict, which also was unanimous.

"They didn't dare stay and say it, Pop," she said; "and they wouldn't write it. And, believe me, we—you know, the minority—we had an awful time making them own up that they had ever done a thing. But, well, finally, it was unanimous."

"What was unanimous?" he demanded harshly.

"That you keep the Little Girl and——"

"And—" he challenged brutally.

"And we women, we'll put it over in the store."

That was the end of the story, which—don't forget—was to illustrate Pop Pease's complaint that men (and boys) are forever getting his girls into trouble. But by the time he had told it, he had forgotten how he came to tell it. I can prove that.

"How did you happen to think of that story, Pease?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "I was reminded of it by the Little Girl. She was in here just before you were the other day. Said there was a fellow wanted to marry her, and would I look him over."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he said. "She said he knew all about the baby, and liked it. As a matter of fact, she said he liked the baby as much as he did her, and so I let her bring him along."

"Well, and was he all right?"

"He'll do," said Pop. "She's a great little lady; and he's a man. He'll cause her a lot of trouble; but what can you do with these women? She has a mind of her own, and she'd made it up. I saw that. So I—well, anyhow, we decided to take him if he proves up all right after six months' more trial."

The Little Girl.

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The Grand Duke Nicholas

by

PERCEVAL GIBBON

WE SAW the Grand Duke Nicholas—in the movies. Other generals about him. The Czar himself! But you could "see" only the Grand Duke. He outclassed everybody—including his sovereign. We cabled Perceval Gibbon to tell us about him. Gibbon has been at the Russian front during the whole war. He went to see the Grand Duke. And here he gives you a supremely powerful picture of Russia's supremely powerful commander-in-chief.—THE EDITOR.

Photo by American Press Association.

Six feet six of gray uniform and gray, lofty face.

IN THE Tretjakoff Gallery at Moscow, there is a painting by Verestchagin, in which the harsh drama of war is made visible by the hand of a master. It is a small thing, a rough effect of red embers and black shadows and the dim shine of metal; it shows horses of Napoleon's cavalry stabled in the cellar-like chapels of the strange church of St. Basil, where the dead saints sleep under monuments of gold. The fires make a ruddy gleam in the groined vaults; the troopers stand about among the tombs; war has overflowed and filled the place like a strong tide.

At Nieburow, before the Russians fell back to the Rawa and Bsura, I saw the companion-scene to this picture. General Gurko, commanding a corps of the Second Army, had his headquarters there in the famous château of Prince Radziwill. In the hall, where stands of armor flank the great hearth, Cossacks lay sleeping on bundles of straw. Telephone wires looped their way up the grand staircase, hung from nails driven into antique Dutch tiles; and in the statuary gallery above, Venus languished at Adonis across the heads of men in khaki working at typewriters or telegraph-keys.

Beyond, in a state bedroom, was spindle-legged gold furniture, tapestry, lofty mirrors, and a bed all scarlet and gold, a bed for dead princes to lie in state on. A deal table had been brought from the kitchen and set down here in the middle of the grave splendor of the great room, and at it sat General Gurko, a trayful of cigarettes at his elbow, bowed above his papers.

I was talking of all this to the aide-de-camp who guided me across the railway tracks at Siedloe, where the troop and provision trains that served the army jolted in noisy and intricate quadrilles between the switches. We were going to the chief of all headquarters, to the General Staff of the Generalissimo himself.

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"You won't see anything of that sort here," he said. "Mind that engine! The Grand Duke doesn't trouble himself about the picturesque."

A spur of railway, branching forth from the main line, held three or four engineless trains, strings of saloon and sleeping cars of the Wagon-lits Company. The great cars, darkly ashine with glass and brass and varnish, towered over us as we walked beside them, somber and suggestive as prisons. Stumpy poles beside the line carried festoons of telegraph and telephone wires: in a little camp beyond the trains, there rose the slender steel mast and stays of a field wireless outfit; there were glimpses through windows, as we passed, of men in uniform bowed above tables, intent. Already we were clear of the tracks outside Siedloe, and we could see, about us and beyond, that dumb and mournful sweep of snow and wood which is Russia in winter.

"We'll get in here," directed my companion at the foot of the steps of a great saloon-car.

Within the door of the car there was a sort of ante-room where the others—all Russians—who were to share the audience with the Grand Duke, were already present. The aide-de-camp left me; ten minutes of waiting, then he reappeared at the inner door.

"*Pazhoust!*" he said. "Please!"

Not one of us had spoken to another during the interval of waiting, but we were very polite at the door, standing aside to let each other pass, insisting on giving precedence. "*Pazhoust,*" we said, freely, making way eagerly. For, you must understand, we were moving into a presence which comprised, in the personality of a single man, the whole power and majesty of Russia, at the moment when that power and majesty were achieving their highest expression.

In all life there is nothing so daunting, so adventurous, as meeting a stranger, an alien soul, curiously armed and shielded in an unfamiliar body. That is what makes men of imagination shy and unhandy in company; and when the stranger is made potent by the unquestioning faith of scores of millions of human beings, when he is God to a great nation in arms, then one always needs an extra moment in which to sharpen one's mind before encountering him.

The name of the man I had forced to go before me was spoken. He was a large man; his vast back shut out the view. Then——

"Mistaire Jibbon!" announced the aide-de-camp in his ceremonial roar.

I came forward through the door into a carpeted compartment whose wide windows filled the place with the arid white light which shone off the snow. There were small tables at the farther end, as in a dining-car, but covered now with stationery and books. A telephone instrument stood on one of them. A group of officers waited around the farther door; so much I saw out of the margin of my eyes. Then the central figure of the group blotted out the rest.

It held forth a hand. "Good-morning, Mr. Jibbon!"

A man immense enough to be remarkable for his mere stature—six feet six or thereabouts of top boots, gray uniform, and gray, lofty face. Russian railways still hold to the old broad gage; their cars are spacious and lofty as chambers in a house. But the great saloon in which we stood was none too great for Nikolai Nikolaievitch; he was a tower of a man, a human being built like a tree: he seemed to impend over me from the level of the roof. A body spare with the light and athletic leanness of a horseman—for Nikolai Nikolaievitch is a cavalryman from the spurs to the finger-tips; a touch of tailored and groomed spruceness to the hang of the long-tailed gray coat; a something taut and contained in bearing and gesture—these were the pedestal to the great gray, serious countenance of the Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian armies.

Aquiline, gray as iron, steady as rock, yet wearing the outward pliancy and high courtesy which are the authentic hallmark of the great aristocrat—the face is the index of the man. The mouth is straight, with a certain compression to the lips, yet with kindly and humorous slacknesses at moments; it is the mouth of a man capable of frank laughter; revealing that innate good-nature, that easy and natural kindliness and geniality which is the key to the Russian character.

A strong nose, brows with a slight inward slant, jaws whose hard line shows through the sparse gray beard—a face practical, by every rule of physiognomy, as a hammer—

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There is a story that at one time the Czar submitted to his commander the p[ossibility] of a war with Germany. "No," said the Grand Duke. "The country would not stand for it. There'd be a revolution."

"But who would lead it?" asked the Czar.

"I would," answered the Grand Duke.

Photo by American Press Association.

NICHOLAS, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AND HIS COUSIN, THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN ARMIES.

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and then, the contradiction of the eyes!

I have heard it said that what troubled General von Hindenburg, commanding the German armies on the Russian front, was that he could never detect, in the Russian strategy, the central idea, the key-plan that governed its system. "It is like fighting a lunatic," he is reported to have said: "One never knows why he does anything!" I will give General von Hindenburg a clue —the eyes of the Grand Duke! It is there that he should look for the temperament, the intuitive inspiration, which selects from the plans of his experts and professional strategists the fashion of war which we, who sit up nights to study it, have come to recognize as Russian.

General Yanushkevitch, the studious, silent genius, who works in the shadow of the Grand Duke, makes the plans which should carry the Russians to Berlin. They are good plans; Yanushkevitch is a Russian Moltke; but they are consistent as the multiplication table. Von Hindenburg could grope through them to the idea at their core as surely as a chess expert can plumb the purpose of a gambit; but by the time they have passed the Grand Duke, there is in them that quality which his eyes betray, the incalculable element of the man's own personal quality; and von Hindenburg is left guessing.

They are gray eyes, and large in that gray, hard face. They are steady, twin drills that bore at you when the great general measures your quality. But in the scrutiny you detect something more than the power of precise vision. In those eyes there is mysticism, ardor, a fervency of illumination, a taint of the poet. They are the eyes of a visionary with an aim.

It is the Grand Duke, the complicated product of an arbitrary civilization, who speaks to you, a prince fashioned out of manners and courtly formalities. But it is a Slav who listens to your answer, the Slav whose turn to inherit the earth has not yet come.

"You find Russian difficult?" he asks, with polite and perfunctory interest.

"It is a very easy language, if you are content to speak it badly," you answer—as I answered.

And you *see* him understand, with an almost schoolboy relish of the minute jest. *He* knows: he speaks Russian, French, German, English, and other tongues like any other efficient and well-trained royalty; and he knows the difficulties of the Russian "*schtsch*" for an English-speaking foreigner. You see glee light up in him in a momentary flash as his mind lights on words with three or four "*schtschs*" in them.

You have an impulse to challenge him, to invite him to pronounce "Llanelly" or "It's a braw bricht moonlicht nicht the nicht;" but already the aide-de-camp, with his bright air of contributing to the entertainment, is bawling the name of the next man, and you take the great hand again, the hand calloused by the cavalryman's bridle and sword-hilt, and retire, as gracefully as your breeding will let you. And, if you are like me, you retire thinking: "Blame it, I like these royalties; they make me feel as if I were a royalty myself!"

There is a story which is told discreetly about Nikolai Nikolaievitch which possibly is not true, but it is believed throughout Russia. It is said that the Czar, when events were beginning to take on a dark and perplexing color, sent for him to consult him about the manifold possibilities of the war. They discussed the campaigns in East Prussia, on the Niemen, in Poland and the Carpathians; finally the lurking alternative of peace with Germany was touched upon.

"Impossible!" said the Grand Duke. "The country and the army would never stand for it. There'd be a revolution—a real one!"

"But—" the Emperor was incredulous. The revolution of 1905 and 1906 was as dead as Julius Cæsar. The whole of Russia —Jews, Poles, Finns, and all—had fallen into line; Germany itself was not more united and disciplined. Of all the ancient makers of trouble, not one was extant.

"Who would lead such a movement?" asked the Tsar.

"I would," answered Nikolai Nikolaievitch.

There is such a thing as imaginative truth, the truth that transcends mere factual accuracy; in that sense, the story is true whether it was invented or not. It presents the Grand Duke in his most important character, more important even than in his character of general and Commander-in-Chief. The war which Russia is waging against Germany is more than a war of bullets and bayonets against an enemy in *pickelhauben*. It is also a campaign against German ascendency in the internal affairs

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of Russia; against German commerce that shuts the door to native enterprise; against German capital in every department of trade and industry; against the influences which tend to Germanize and stultify the nationalism and racial spirit of Russia. The great diversity of Russia includes whole governments where more German was spoken than Russian; there had come into existence a definitely German party in social life, business, and politics, which was potent in the highest circles of the realm, which had its propagandists at the Court itself. There was no department in the Government but had, among its highest officials, names ending in "berg" and "heim;" war with Germany was, for Russia, like the movements of a man who has to fight with all his family clinging about his limbs.

War with Germany meant a surgical operation upon the body of Russia. A task for a surgeon with a steady hand; the hand was the hand of Nikolai Nikolaievitch.

Photo by Internat'l News Service.

To understand the Grand Duke, you must understand the Russian soldier.

It was steady enough. He had his staff in view; the most important figures of it were Yanushkevitch, Russki, and Ivanoff. Ivanoff was known: he was chief of the Organization Department of the Staff; the other two were Nikolai's discoveries. No one of them was a man whose own individuality had availed to carry him to the front of his profession or to glorify him—as Rennenkampf, for example, was glorified—in the eyes of the public and the newspapers. It was only to the eyes of the Grand Duke that their qualities were shining. They were quiet men, industrious professional soldiers with the minds of professors and mathematicians.

Yanushkevitch was a Pole, a stoutish man of middle age with weak eyes and habits of extreme retirement. Russki was known to his brother officers as "the German," for his precise and formal manners and his studious preoccupation with the art and science of war. It was Yanushkevitch who jettisoned Sukhomlinoff's old plans which involved the abandonment of Warsaw to the invading Germans and improvised means of holding on to the city; it was Russki who forced the campaign against the Austrians in Southern Poland to take the shape which made his meager railway communications most effective. It was Ivanoff who made of the upper Vistula a fortress and a stronghold against which all attacks fell back shattered.

With these, and a filling in of lesser men, the Grand Duke went to war. Sweeping ordinances had already been formulated and put into operation, deporting Germans from the country, forbidding the use of the German language (I was arrested myself for speaking it), confiscating German property and patents, and singling out individual Germans for internment. The ax was laid to the tree which had flourished so prosperously in Russian soil; but the deep-striking, tenacious roots were still there. They branched and tangled below all possible fields of activity; turn where you would in Russia, at the heart of everything that succeeded there was a keen, capable, mentally and financially equipped German.

They were in the services: whole departments of the army and the civil service leaned and depended upon their ability and driving power. Plans that should have been as secret as four walls could make them, were known to the enemy within a few hours; there were spies wherever there was a general. And worse—there were men entrusted with great and vital work whose inmost hopes and interests were hostile to Russia.

A Kuropatkin, a Sukhomlinoff, would have been powerless; not even a ukase of the Czar could have been phrased liberally enough to give either of them power to strike with deadly effect across social and military prestige at all the men who hampered the machine of war. It needed a Grand Duke, a Romanoff of the Blood Royal, accountable to none.

And when he struck, in due and deliberate time, it was not at a small man. General Rennenkampf was among the chief military figures of Russia. A cavalryman, an ex-commander of the frontier military district of Russia, a friend of the Czar, a

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personality and an influence at Court, a man who might have been Commander-in-Chief himself! His was a reputation which had survived the debacle of the Russo-Japanese war; it died in the first months of the present campaign. There was the disaster of Allenstein, not yet sufficiently elucidated by the published accounts, when General Samsonoff and some three army-corps were blotted out of existence. There followed the disorderly and miserable retreat from Insterburg, concerning which not a line has appeared; and still Rennenkampf was strong, entrenched in favor.

Then, three months later, came the moment when the Grand Duke took hold of events by the scruff.

It was in December, during the operations round Lodz. Two German army-corps, including a division of Prussian Guards, were trapped; eighty thousand of the pick of the German Army were held up just where the Russians wanted them. Rennenkampf with his army was away to the northwest; with his help, those eighty thousand Germans were cut off, ringed with death, as good as finished. The word went to Rennenkampf—and Rennenkampf did not come.

Whether he refused or not, is outside my knowledge; but he failed to come. Plehve, at the village of Bresiny, cut the Germans down in swaths; their dead lay in hedges and long walls of corpses to each side of the road; he exhausted his ammunition and his men; and still a remnant of the Germans cut their desperate way through his positions and got clear.

It might have been a victory comparable to Austerlitz; it was merely an indecisive slaughter. But it was the cue for the Grand Duke.

Rennenkampf, the secure, the influential, was deprived of his command forthwith; plucked out of it and sent back to Petrograd by a single stroke of the pen. And with him went every commander concerning whom there existed the least doubt. A German name was enough to condemn a general; the "manns," the "bergs," the "heims," fell like ripe fruit before the whistling gale of the Grand Duke's furious energy. There were injustices as well as reforms. I remember one such:

He was a man who had fought since the early days of the war, without distinction and without disgrace, an honest artisan of the army, the commander of a division. In the hall of the Bristol Hotel at Warsaw, at the hour when the brief winter day darkens toward night, the little wicker tea-tables were crowded; three Grand Dukes were staying in the place, and it was the momentary hub of fashionable resort for the higher ranks of the army in Poland. Officers and ladies thronged the hall; every few minutes, all rose formally and bowed as some general or royalty came striding through into the elevator.

There was Prince Arsène Karageorgevitch, brother to the King of Servia, with his worn old face of a *boulevardier;* old Prince Bielozelsky-Bielozersky, general and aide-de-camp to the Emperor; Prince Peter Volkonsky, with the Red Cross of his own ambulance-column on his arm, lofty and smiling at the summit of his great stature; Prince Troubetskoy in his uniform as Commander of the Cossacks of the Guard; Prince Peter Dolgorouki, whose negro orderly, in the uniform of a Russian dragoon, hovered around him solicitously; Prince Wyazmesky, the great racing man, talking English like an Englishman.

There was Poiret, the aviator, spare as a jockey, with his satiric smile; there was Messale, Poland's vaudeville star, with her face of classic beauty and her Paris frock; there was me.

We drank tea with cream, in the English fashion, and ate apple-pie with it in the Polish manner; we rose and bowed to the boyish, striding comeliness of the Grand Duke Dimitri as he passed; we rose again to the Grand Duke Cyril and his Grand Duchess; we stood up for General Smirnoff, for General Letchinsky, for General Seychewsky.

Then, entering swiftly past the hall-porter, came the man whose name was German, who had fallen before the scythe of the Grand Duke. A month before, he had gone through slowly, stopping to click his heels and bow to his friends, to make his little appearance of a soldier snatching a moment of leisure between battles. People had risen and bowed as a matter of course at his entrance; he was a general, with a general's right to the forms and courtesies of deference. Now, he passed in a swift-striding haste between the tables to the elevator, entered, and passed from sight; and of all that chattering assembly not one had made him the cheap gift of a ceremonial bow.

I recall the gray back of him, its haste

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THE SUPREME THING WHICH THE GRAND DUKE HAS GIVEN TO RUSSIA IS A PERSONALITY AT THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS. "WHEN THE WAR IS OVER," SAYS MR. GIBBON, IN THIS PERSONALITY STUDY, "HE WILL HAVE RUSSIA IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND."

Photo by Paul Thompson.

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to be out of sight, and the bowed posture of the shoulders that was not there before.

One remembers how the German name of the capital of Russia was changed from Petersburg (it never was *St.* Petersburg; that is a merely foreign corruption) to the definitely Russian name of Petrograd. The German "burg" is rendered accurately by the Russian "grad." Both mean a town. Some one brought to the Grand Duke a story that was current at the time of the change. A well-known financier, whose name was Sternburg, had been accosted at a dinner-party by a friend.

"I say, Sternburg," said the friend. No answer; Sternburg seemed not to have heard.

"Sternburg! I say, Sternburg! Hang it, are you deaf, man?"

Sternburg turned. "Were you calling me? My dear chap, I didn't know. You see I've changed my name."

"Changed your name?"

"Yes. My name now is Sterngrad!"

The Grand Duke heard the story and laughed. "That's clever," he said, and made a note on his writing-pad. "When you write him you'd better address the letter to him as Sterngrad—at Berlin."

Within twenty-four hours, Herr Sternburg, or Sterngrad, was on his way to the frontier under a deportation order. It costs something to be witty at the expense of Russia nowadays.

There is another tale about the Grand Duke which had currency in the army. He was upon one of his visits to the fighting front, touring Poland in an automobile, testing the machine of which he was the engineer. In a farmhouse behind the lines he lighted upon a detail of his vast war organization—a court-martial upon a deserter. The officers, with their swords belted to them, were assembled; the prisoner was already accused, and the case was clear. A browbeaten moujik of a soldier, bullied in his regiment, incapable of learning the niceties of drill and the management of his weapons, had lit out for home; he had been recaptured and the penalty was death. All that was needed was a verdict upon the plain facts of the evidence, a firing-party, and a wall.

Into this grouping there intruded itself the six-foot-six presence and alien personality of Nikolai Nikolaievitch, who regards rules and regulations much as a dog regards a chain: they are there to be broken.

"Well, brother," he said to the soldier, in homely Russian, "so you don't like war?"

The prisoner said emphatically that he didn't; he hated it, and was having a perfectly rotten time. Germans had tried to kill him, and, what was worse, his officer had continually beaten him.

"Better to be beaten than shot, though?" suggested the Grand Duke. The soldier agreed, a little doubtfully.

Nikolai rose. "Well," he said, "something's got to be done to a man like you," and with his long arm he smote the prisoner forcibly upon the head. "That'll teach you," he remarked, and turned to the aghast court. "Discharged!" he directed. And that was the end of the court-martial.

He is the friend of the Russian soldier, of Ivan Ivanovitch, who, in his simple loyalty to authority, brackets God and the Grand Duke in the same order of omnipotence. To understand the Grand Duke, you must understand the soldier; in both of them there is the essential Russian. It is a factor that keeps the Westerner guessing. You and I, we know sheer cold courage, we know animal ferocity—we even know that curious instinct for military proficiency which makes a man respect himself more, the more he is drilled and accomplished in the heel-clicking, shoulder-rigid arts of the drill-ground. But the Slav, whose battle-songs are slow, like mournful hymns, who goes draggle-tailed to victory, who is more heroic in defeat and most terrible when he falls back before an enemy—the Slav who set Moscow in flames before Napoleon—he is another mind, a soul alien and remote, whose mission in the world is to make it different. Dostoievsky is the apostle of his pity for humanity; Tolstoy exemplifies his perception of mankind as a cause; Gorky is on fire with his impatience for the new judgment.

Pan-Germanism is at war with Pan-Slavism. The first means the ascendency of Prussia, of a military order and a military idea which has survived from the Middle Ages, a feudalism that persists like a weed in the garden of a democratic civilization. Pan-Slavism means the ascendency in human affairs of that spirit, that attitude toward life and the concerns of men, of which Nikolai Nikolaievitch is the living

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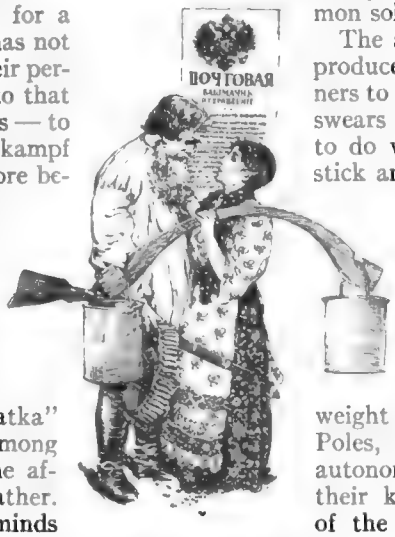
embodiment. It is nothing one can define in brief and precise words; it is an atmosphere; and the truth of it is veiled behind those eyes of a visionary with an aim, that gaze of a man who steers through a fog to an unseen goal.

Officers in the Russian army speak of the Grand Duke with a tempered enthusiasm; they know him for a great commander, but he has not wasted effort in winning their personal liking. He belongs to that class of Russian generals — to which, by the way, Rennenkampf also belonged—who are more beloved by the soldier than by the commissioned ranks. If he has an affectation, it is his fashion of appealing to the men, of speaking the homely and hearty Russian which is the vernacular of the ranks. "Batushka" or "Batka" is the name he goes by among them—Little Father in the affectionate diminutive, or Father. To the simple and docile minds of the soldiers, simple as those of children, but with the uncanny penetration of children also, Nikolai Nikolaievitch stands for a living figure of all that mere "patriotism" would present as an empty symbol.



He spent an hour with the Second Siberians at Bartniki; I heard of it from a sergeant:

"He had a cigarette in his hand, unlighted. I lit a match for him, but it went out. He called me 'durak' (fool), and I lit another. Then he gave me a cigarette, too."

"Did you keep it as a souvenir?" I asked, remembering a person I once knew who treasured like a relic a cigar that a king had given him.

"Keep it?" said the sergeant in astonishment. "No: I smoked it, of course."

The supreme thing which the Grand Duke has given to Russia is a personality at the head of affairs. It is years since Russia knew the feeling of a single strongly-charactered man at work upon her. For all the steps she has taken toward democracy, Russia has yet a welcome for the natural autocrat, for the man whose warrant to govern is in the weight of his hand and the warmth of his heart. Now at a moment when one might have expected that the prestige of the army, and of the officer-caste in particular, would have been all-powerful, and a renewal of militarism would have swamped all that is progressive and democratic in the nation, she finds her man in Nikolai Nikolaievitch, for whom officers in general have no special liking, who is adored by the common soldier.

The anecdotes which each week produces are all of his rough manners to men of importance—how he swears at the generals who have to do with him, how he took his stick and hit one of them, how he feeds at the field-kitchens he finds behind the lines, and what an infernal row he makes if he finds anything wrong with the men's food.

It was his known character which gave decisive weight to his proclamation to the Poles, in which he offered them autonomy and the restoration of their kingdom under the scepter of the Czar. The German Emperor's answering proclamation offered them quite as much; and Poland had no special reason to lean to the Russian side in the struggle. She has been cheated before; but this time the promises were weighted with the guarantee of the Grand Duke's own uprightness and honesty; and Poland accepted them.

But for the true measure and quality of a man, one must look always to his work. The Grand Duke is, before all things, a soldier. He was twenty-one when he fought in the Russo-Turkish war; he was inspector-general of cavalry in the Manchurian campaign. It is probable that he would have been advanced to the supreme command in the field but for the sudden arrival of peace; he continued his career as commander of the Petersburg military district, with an interval as President of the Council for National Defense. But it is only now that he has work to do commensurate with his capacity.

The need was for a man capable of spacious thinking. Russia, relatively to the extent of the front on which she has to wage war, has not a great army. And she was handicapped by the initial difficulty of her slow mobilization. The Grand Duke met

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that by the decree that abolished vodka and mobilized in twelve days.

It was a measure of military necessity, not one of social reform; but look at what it did! There were no regiments filling up slowly with sodden and sick drunkards, no drafts astray on the roads, no murders and free fights; but a Russia that rolled up to the colors briskly and silently, where everybody had more money than he was used to—a Russia whose productivity had increased by from thirty to fifty per cent.

Germany wastes forty years of life in making her people fit for war; Russia does it in a night—discredits nearly half a century of fanatic militarism by a single order!

In dealing with the actual technical problems of the situation the Grand Duke showed his subtlety. Germany was equipped for an advance in Russia—enormously, portentously equipped, prepared to the last button of the last soldier for a swoop. Good! It is an old wrestling trick to pull at the adversary who pushes and push at the adversary who pulls. Since the enemy had gathered strength for an advance, it was sound strategy to let him expend that strength; the line of defense was fixed at the Vistula and the Niemen—both naturally strong defensive lines. Germany had chosen for herself the rôle of a rising tide; well, tides rise only to high-water mark—let her rise till the time came for the ebb!

In October of 1914 that tide flowed to within six miles of Warsaw, to break below the windows of the town in receding froth and wreckage. When next it flowed it came only as far as the Rawa and Bsura and broke there. There followed the flood that rolled in from East Prussia; it came at one point as far as the Niemen; and then rolled back. And meanwhile, first Russki and then Ivanoff were putting out their strength against the Austrians, capturing Lemberg and Przemysl, climbing at the passes of the Carpathians, aiming toward the plains of Hungary, the granary of the enemy, and toward the communications which link Germany with her ally.

In all the Russian strategy there has been nothing of "the Russian steam-roller," which, at the beginning of the war, people in the west of Europe expected to see moving on Berlin in an even progress of victories.

When this war, which has littered Europe with dead men and dead reputations, shall have come to an end, Nikolai Nikolaievitch will be among the two or three most powerful men of his time. He will have Russia in the hollow of his hand; her future will be his to mold between his fingers. Power will be his, the power of the great devoted army at his back and the prestige of his rank and blood; and with them will be that voiceless worship, that slavish and Slavonic fidelity which Russia renders to her accepted leaders. How will he use it? To whose profit will he turn it?

In Russia, all things end with a question.

Decorations by Rutherford Boyd.

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The Real Adventure

by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

AUTHOR OF "THE BUTTERFLY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

ON HER way home from college Rose Stanton is challenged by a street-car conductor for a fare already paid. She blazes up at him, and then permits herself to be put off, in the midst of an outrageous rain-storm. A young man has attempted to defend her, and drops off the car with her, admiring her sacrifice for a principle. He finds she was merely short of nickels. But he finds, too, a wonderful charm in this girl's vitality and simplicity, and he walks to the elevated with her.

He is a socially undependable young man, this Rodney Aldrich, and he goes, soggy and dripping, directly to a dinner given by his sister in his honor. After the dinner his sister comes upon Rose Stanton's rain-soaked note-books, which Rodney had carried for her and forgotten. He is elaborately casual in his account of the adventure.

Meantime Rose is being coddled by an adoring mother. She doesn't appear till luncheon-time the next day, and then in a very casual toilet. Her mother and sister both go out for the afternoon, and Rose, still a little exhausted, falls asleep over a story. She is roused only by the entrance of Rodney Aldrich, who is ushered in unceremoniously by the maid. So his second glimpse of her is as informal as the first—a lovely, tousled creature stretching herself awake, and then flashing to her feet with confused apologies.

"IT'S too ridiculous," she said. "Since last night, when I got to thinking how I must have looked, wrestling with that conductor, I've been telling myself that if I ever saw you again, I'd try to act like a lady. But it's no use, is it?"

He said that he, too, had hoped to make a better impression the second time than the first. That was what he brought the books back for. He had hoped to convince her that a man capable of consigning a half-drowned girl to a ten-mile ride on the elevated, instead of walking her over to his sister's, having her dried out properly, and sent home in a motor, wasn't permanently and chronically as blithering an idiot as he may have seemed. It was a great load off of his mind to find her alive at all.

She gave him a humorously exaggerated account of the prophylactic measures her mother had submitted her to the night before, and she concluded: "I'm awfully sorry mother's not at home—mother and my sister Portia. They'd both like to thank you for—looking after me last night. Because really you did, you know."

"There never was anything less altruistic in the world," he assured her. "I dropped

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off of that car solely in pursuit of a selfish aim. And I didn't come out here to-day to be thanked, either. I mean, of course, I'd enjoy meeting your mother and sister very much, but what I came for was to get acquainted with you."

He saw her glance wander a little dubiously to the door. "That is," he concluded, "if you haven't something else to do."

She flushed and smiled. "No, it wasn't that," she said. "I was trying to make up my mind whether it would be better to ask you to wait here ten minutes while I went up and made myself a little more presentable. . . . I mean, whether you'd rather have me fit to look at, or have me like this and not be bored by waiting. It's all one to me, you see, because even if I did come down again presentable, you'd know—well, that I wasn't that way naturally."

Whereupon he laughed out again, told her that a ten-minute wait would bore him horribly, and that if she didn't mind he much preferred her natural.

"All right," she said, and went on with the conversation where she had interrupted it. "Why, I'm nobody much to get acquainted with," she said. "Mother's the interesting one—mother and Portia. Mother's quite a person. She's Naomi Rutledge Stanton, you know."

"I know I ought to know," Rodney said, and her quick appreciative smile over his candor rewarded him for not having pretended.

"Oh," she said, "mother's written two or three books, and lots of magazine articles, about women—women's rights and suffrage, and all that. She's been—well, sort of a leader ever since she graduated from college, back in—just think!—1870, when most girls used to have—accomplishments—'French, music, and washing extra,' you know."

She said it all with a quite adorable seriousness, and his gravity matched hers when he replied: "I would like to meet her very much. Feminism's a subject I'm blankly ignorant about."

"I don't believe," she said thoughtfully, "that I'd call it feminism in talking to mother about it, if I were you. Mother's a suffragist, but"—there came another wave of faint color along with her smile—"but—well, she's awfully respectable, you know."

She didn't seem to mind his laughing out at that, though she didn't join him.

"What about the other interesting member of the family," he asked presently, "your sister? Which is she, a suffragist or a feminist?"

"I suppose," she said, "you'd call Portia a feminist. Anyway, she smokes cigarettes. —Oh, can't I get you some? I forgot!"

He had a case of his own in his pocket, he said, and got one out now and lighted it.

"Why," she went on, "Portia hasn't time to talk about it much. You see, she's a business woman. She's a house decorator. She tells you what kind of furniture to buy, and then sells it to you. Portia's terribly clever and awfully independent."

"All right," he said. "That brings us down to you. What are you?"

She sighed. "I'm sort of a black sheep, I guess. I'm just in the University. But I'm to be a lawyer."

Whereupon he cried out, "Good Lord!" so explosively that she fairly jumped. Then he apologized, said he didn't know why her announcement should have taken him like that, except that the notion of her in court trying a case—he was a lawyer himself—seemed rather startling.

She sighed again. "And now I suppose," she said, "you'll advise me not to be. Portia won't hear of my being a decorator. She says there's nothing in it any more; and my two brothers—one's a professor of history and the other's a high-school principal—say, 'let her do anything but teach.' One of mother's great friends is a doctor, and she says, 'anything but medicine,' so I suppose you'll say, 'anything but law.' "

"Not a bit," he said. "It's the finest profession in the world."

But he said it off the top of his mind. Down below, it was still engaged with the picture of her in a dismal court-room, blazing up at a jury the way she had blazed up at that conductor.

"I suppose," she hazarded, "that it's awfully dull and tiresome, though, until you get 'way up to the top."

That roused him. "It's awfully dull when you do get to the top, or what's called the top—being a client caretaker with the routine law business of a few big corporations and rich estates going through your office like grist through a mill. I can't imagine anything duller than that. That's supposed to be the big reward, of course. That's the bundle of hay they dangle in front of your nose to keep you trotting

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"YOU'RE SUCH A WONDER," HE SAID. SHE SMILED. "SO ARE Y-YOU."
IT WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE HAD EVER STAMMERED IN HER LIFE.

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straight along without trying to see around your blinders."

"I'm a little sorry for myself."

He was out of his chair now, tramping up and down the room. "You're not supposed to discover that it's interesting. You're pretty well spoiled for their purposes if you do. The thing to bear in mind, if you're going to travel their road, is that a case is worth while in a precise and unalterable ratio to the amount of money involved in it. If you question that axiom at all seriously, you're lost. That's what happened to me."

He pulled up with a jerk, looked at her, and laughed. "If my sister Frederica were here," he explained, "she would warn you, out of a long knowledge of my conversational habits, that now was the time for you to ask me—firmly, you know—if I'd been to see Maude Adams in this new thing of hers, or something like that. In Frederica's absence, I suppose it's only fair to warn you myself. Have you been to see it? I haven't."

She smiled in a sort of contented amusement and let that do for an answer to his question about Maude Adams. Then the smile transmuted itself into a look of thoughtful gravity, and there was a long silence which, though it puzzled him, he made no move to break.

At last she pulled in a long breath, turned straight to him, and said: "I wish you'd tell me what did happen to you."

And, under the compelling sincerity of her, for the next two hours and a half, or thereabouts, he did—told it as he had never told it before.

He told her how he had started at the foot of the ladder in one of the big successful firms of what he called "client caretakers," drawing up bills and writs, rounding up witnesses in personal injury suits, trying little justice-shop cases—the worst of them, of course, because there was a youngster just ahead of him who got the better ones. And then, dramatically, he told of his discovery amid this chaff of a real legal problem—a problem which for its nice intricacies and intellectual suggestiveness, would have brought an appreciative gleam to the eye of Mr. Justice Holmes, or Lord Mansfield, or the great Coke himself. He told of the passionate enthusiasm with which he had attacked it, the thrilling weeks of labor he had put upon it.

And then he told her the outcome of it all; how the head of the firm, an old friend of his father's, had called him in and complimented him upon the work that he had done; said it was very remarkable, but, unfortunately, not profitable to the firm, the whole amount involved in the case having been some twenty dollars. They were only paying him forty dollars a month, to be sure, but they figured that forty dollars practically a total loss and they thought he might better go to practising law for himself. In other words, he was fired.

But the thing that rang through the girl's mind like the clang of a bell—the thing that made her catch her breath—was the quality of the big laugh with which he concluded it. He didn't ask her to be sorry for him. He wasn't sorry for himself one bit—not bitter—nor cynical. He didn't even seem trying to make a merit of his refusal to acquiesce in that point of view. He just dismissed the thing with a cymbal-like clash of laughter and plunged ahead.

He told her how he'd got in with an altruistic bunch—the City Homes Association; how, finding him keen for work that they had little time for, the senior legal counselors had drawn out and let him do it. And from the way he told of his labors in drafting a new city-building ordinance, she felt that it must have been one of the most fascinating occupations in the world, until he told her how it had drawn him into politics—municipal, city-council politics, which was even more thrilling, and then how a new State's Attorney had offered him a position on his staff of assistants.

In a sense, of course, it was true that he had, as Frederica would have put it, forgotten she was there—had forgotten, at least, who she was. Because, if he had remembered that she was just a young girl in the University, he would hardly, as he tramped about the room expounding the practise of criminal law in the State's

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Attorney's office, have characterized the State's Attorney himself as a "damned gallery-playing mountebank," nor have described the professions and the misdeeds of some of the persons he prosecuted in blunt Anglo-Saxon terms she had never heard used except in the Bible.

The girl knew he had forgotten, and her only discomfort came from the fear that the spell might be broken and he might remember suddenly and stop.

In the deeper sense—and she was breathlessly conscious of this, too—he hadn't forgotten she was there. He was telling it all because she was there—because she was herself and nobody else. She knew—though how, she couldn't have explained—with that intuitive certainty which is the only real certainty there is, that the story couldn't have been evoked from him in just that way by any one else in the world.

At the end of two years in the State's Attorney's office, he told her, he figured he had had his training and was ready to begin.

"I made just one resolution when I hung out my shingle," he said, "and that was that no matter how few cases I got, I wouldn't take any that weren't interesting—that didn't give me something to bite on. A lot of my friends thought I was crazy, of course—the ones who came around because they liked me, or had liked my father, to offer me nice plummy little sinecures, and got told I didn't want them. Just for the sake of looking successful and accumulating a lot of junk I didn't want, I wasn't going to asphyxiate myself, have strings tied to my arms and legs like a damned marionette. I wasn't willing to be bored for any reward they had to offer me. It's cynical to be bored. It's the worst immorality there is. Well, and I never have been."

The happiest person in the world.

It wasn't all autobiographical and narrative. There was a lot of his deep-breathing, spacious philosophy of life mixed up in it. And this the girl, consciously and deliberately, provoked. It didn't need much. She said something about discipline and he snatched the word away from her.

"What is discipline? Why, it's standing the gaff—*standing* it, not submitting to it. It's accepting the facts of life—of your own life, as they happen to be. It isn't being conquered by them. It's not making masters of them, but servants to the underlying things you want."

She tried to make a reservation there—suppose the things you wanted weren't good things?

But he wouldn't allow it. "Whatever they are," he insisted, "your desires are the only motive forces you've got. No matter how fine your intelligence is, it can't ride anywhere except on the back of your own passions. There's no good lamenting that they're not different, and it's silly to beat them to death and make a merit of not having ridden anywhere because they might have carried you into trouble. Learn to ride them—control them—spur them. But don't forget that they're *you* just as essentially as the rider is."

It was with a curiously relaxed body, her chin cradled in the crook of her arm, which lay along the back of the couch, her eyes unfocused on the window, that the girl listened to it.

Primarily, indeed, she wasn't exactly listening. Much of the narrative went by almost unheard. Much of the philosophy she hardly tried to understand. What was constantly present and more and more poignantly vivid with every five minutes that ticked away on the banjo clock, was a consciousness of the man himself, the driving power of him, the boisterous health and freshness and confidence. She was conscious, too, of something formidable—carelessly exultant in his own strength. She got to thinking of the flight of a great bird wheeling up higher and higher on his powerful wings.

He had caught her up, too, and was carrying her to altitudes far beyond her own powers. He might drop her, but if he did, it wouldn't be through weakness. At what he said about riding on the back of one's own passions, her imagination varied the picture so that she saw him galloping splendidly by.

At that, suddenly and to her consternation,

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she felt her eyes flushing up with tears. She tried to blink them away, but they came too fast.

Presently he stopped short in his walk—stopped talking, with a gasp, in the middle of a sentence, and looked into her face. She couldn't see his clearly, but she saw his hands clench and heard him draw a long breath. Then he turned abruptly and walked to the window and for a mortal, endless minute, there was a silence.

At last she found something—it didn't matter much what—to say, and the conversation between them, on the surface of it, was just what it had been for the first ten minutes after he had come in. But, paradoxically, this superficial commonplaceness only heightened the tensity of the thing that underlay it. Something had happened during that moment while he stood looking into her tear-flushed eyes—something momentous—critical—which no previous experience in her life had prepared her for.

And it had happened to him, too. His silhouette as he stood there with his hands clenched, between her and the window, showed her that.

The commonplace thing she had found to say, met, she knew, a need that was his as well as hers, for breathing-space—for time for the recovery of lost bearings. Had he not felt it as well as she—she smiled a little over this—he wouldn't have yielded. The man on horseback would have taken an obstacle like that without breaking the stride of his gallop.

What underlay her quiet, meaningless chat, was wonder and fear, and, more deeply still, a sort of cosmic contentment—the acquiescence of a swimmer in the still, irresistible current of a mighty river.

It was distinctly a relief to her when her mother came in and, presently, Portia. She introduced him to them, and then dropped out of the conversation altogether. As if it were a long way off, she heard him retailing last night's adventure and expressing his regret that he hadn't taken her to his sister to be dried out, before he sent her home.

She was aware that Portia stole a look at her in a puzzled, penetrating sort of way every now and then, but didn't concern herself as to the basis of her curiosity. She smiled once widely to herself, over a thought of the half-back. The man here in the room with her now, chatting so pleasantly with her mother, wouldn't ask for favors—would accept nothing that wasn't offered as eagerly as it was sought.

He had forgotten who she was.

It wasn't until he rose to go that she aroused herself and went with him into the hall. There, after he'd got into his overcoat and hooked his stick over his arm, he held out his hand to her in formal leave-taking. Only it didn't turn out that way. For the effect of that warm, lithe grip flew its flag in both their faces.

"You're such a wonder," he said.

She smiled. "So are y-you." It was the first time she had ever stammered in her life.

When she came back into the sitting-room, she found Portia inclined to be severe. "Did you ask him to come again?" she wanted to know.

Rose smiled. "I never thought of it," she said.

"Perhaps it's just as well," said Portia. "Did you have anything at all to say to him before we came home, or were you like that all the while? How long ago did he come?"

"I don't know," said Rose behind a very real yawn. "I was asleep on the couch when he came in. That's why I was dressed like this." And then she said she was hungry.

There wasn't, on the whole, a happier person in the world at that moment.

Because Rodney Aldrich, pounding along at five miles an hour, in a direction left to chance, was not happy. Or, if he was, he didn't know it. He couldn't yield instantly, and easily, to his intuitions, as Rose had done. He felt that he must think—felt that he had never stood in such need of cool, level consideration as at this moment.

But the process was impossible. That fine instrument of precision, his mind, that had for many years done without complaint the work he gave it to do, had simply gone on a strike. Instead of ratiocinating properly, it presented pictures. Mainly four: a girl, flaming with indignation, holding a street-car conductor pinned by the wrists; a girl in absurd bedroom slippers, her skirt twisted around her knees, her hair a chaos,

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Yet she knew he was telling the story to her.

stretching herself awake like a big cat; a girl with wonderful blue, tear-brimming eyes, from whose glory he had had to turn away. Last of all, the girl who had said with that adorable stammer, "So are y-you," and smiled a smile that had summed up everything that was desirable in the world.

It was late that night when his mind, in a dazed sort of way, came back on the job. And the first thing it pointed out to him was that Frederica had undoubtedly been right in telling him that, though they had lived together off and on for thirty years, they didn't know each other. The pictures his memory held of his sister covered no such emotional range as these four. Did Martin's? It seemed absurd, yet there was a strong intrinsic probability of it.

Anyway, it was a remark Frederica had made last night that gave him something to hold on by. Marriage, she had said, was an adventure of which no amount of cautious thought taken in advance could modify the essential adventurousness. There was no doubt in his mind that marriage with that girl would be a more wonderful adventure than any one had ever had in the world.

All right then, perhaps his mind had been right in refusing to take up the case. The one tremendous question—would the adventure look promising enough to her to induce her to embark upon it?—was one which his own reasoning powers could not be expected to answer. It called simply for experiment.

So, turning off his mind again, with the electric light, he went to bed.

Rose Breaks the News

IT WAS just a fortnight later that Rose told her mother she was going to marry Rodney Aldrich, thereby giving that lady a greater shock of surprise than, hitherto, she had experienced in the sixty years of a tolerably eventful life.

Rose found her neatly writing a paper at the boudoir desk in the little room she called her den. And, standing dutifully at her mother's side until she saw the pen make a period, she made then her momentous announcement, much in the tone she would have used had it been to the effect that she was going to the matinée with him that afternoon.

Mrs. Stanton said, "What, dear?" indifferently enough, just in mechanical response to the matter-of-fact inflection of Rosalind's voice. Then she laid down her pen, smiled in a puzzled way up into her daughter's face, and added: "My ears must have played me a funny trick. What did you say?"

Rose repeated: "Rodney Aldrich and I are going to be married."

But when she saw a look of painful incomprehension in her mother's face, she sat down on the arm of the chair, slid a strong arm around the fragile figure, and hugged it up against herself. "I suppose," she observed contritely, "that I ought to have broken it more gradually. But I never think of things like that."

As well as she could, her mother resisted the embrace. "I can't believe," she said, gripping the edge of her desk with both hands, "that you would jest about a solemn subject like that, Rose, and yet it's incredible . . . ! How many times have you seen him?"

"Oh, lots of times," Rose assured her, and began checking them off on her fingers. "There was the first time, in the street-car, and the time he brought the books back, and that other awful call he made one evening, when we were all so suffocatingly polite. You know about those times. But three or four times more, he's come down to the University and we've gone for walks, miles and miles and miles, and we've talked and talked and talked. So really, we know each other awfully well."

"I didn't know," said her mother in a voice still dull with astonishment, "that you even liked him. You've been so silent—indifferent, both times he was here to call. . . . "

"Oh, I haven't learned yet to talk to him when any one else is around," Rose admitted. "There's so little to say, and it

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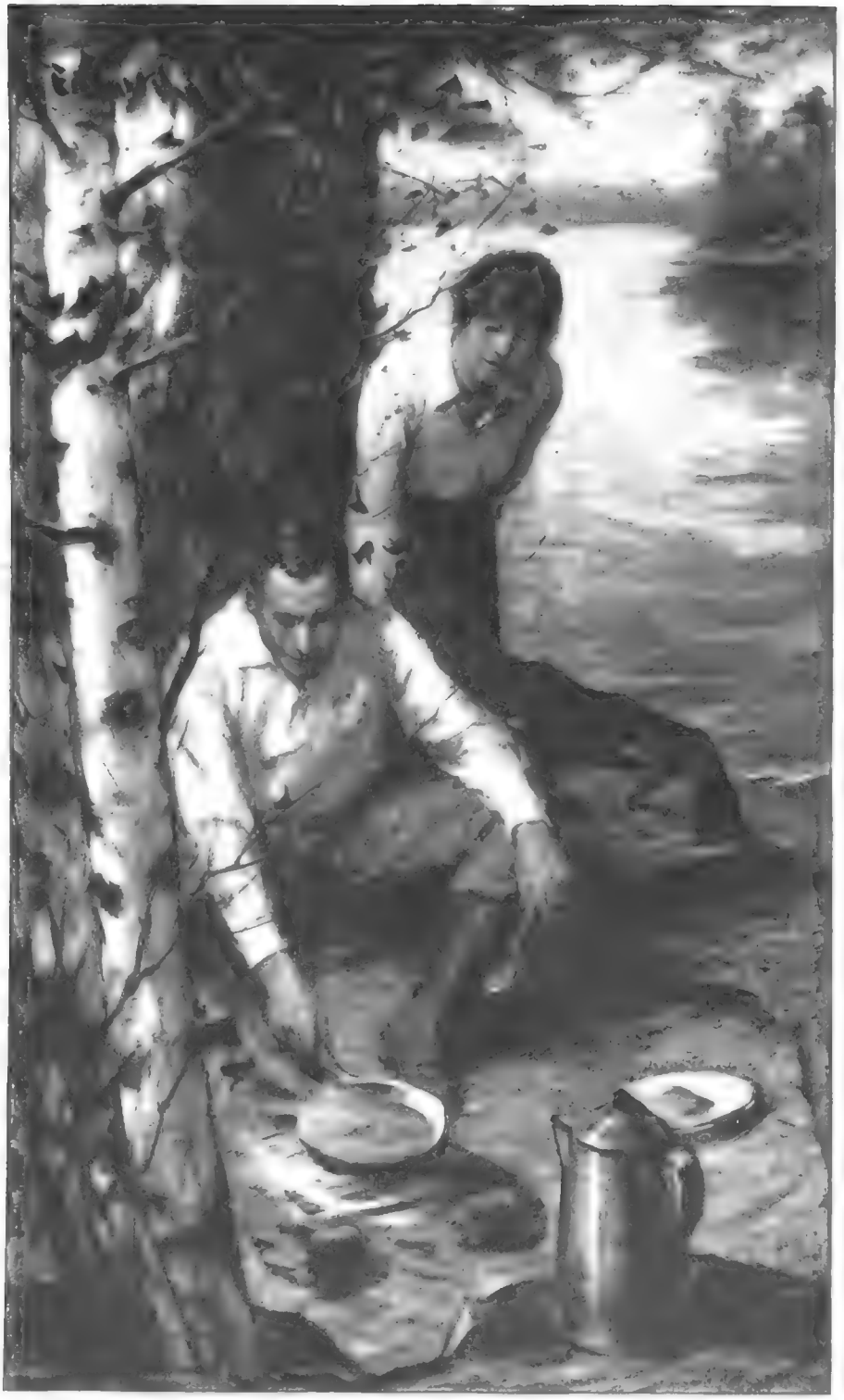

FOR TWO WEEKS THEY LIVED GORGEOUSLY, LIKE THE SAVAGES THEY BOTH, TO A VERY CONSIDERABLE EXTENT, REALLY WERE.

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doesn't seem worth the bother. But, truly, I do like him, mother. I like everything about him. I love his looks—I don't mean just his eyes and nose and mouth. I like the shape of his ears, and his hands. I like his big, loud voice"—her own broadened a little as she added, "and the way he swears. Oh, not at me, mother! Just when he gets so interested in what he's saying that he forgets I'm a lady. And I like the way he likes to fight—not with his fists, I mean, necessarily. He's got the most wonderful mind to—wrestle with, you know. I love to start an argument with him, just to see how easy it is for him to—roll me in the dirt and walk all over me."

The mother freed herself from the girl's embrace, rose, and walked away to another chair. "If you'll talk rationally and seriously, my dear," she said, "we can continue the conversation. But this flippant, rather—vulgar tone you're taking, pains me very much."

The girl flushed to the hair. "I didn't know I was being flippant and vulgar," she said. "I didn't mean to be. I was just trying to tell you—all about it."

"How many times have you seen him?"

"You've told me," said her mother, "that Mr. Aldrich has asked you to marry him and that you've consented. It seems to me you have done so hastily and thoughtlessly. He's told you he loves you, I've no doubt, but I don't see how it's possible for you to feel sure on such short acquaintance."

"Why, of course he's told me," Rose said, a little bewildered. "He can't help telling me all the time, any more than I can help telling him. We're—rather mad about each other, really. I think he's the most wonderful person in the world, and"—she smiled a little uncertainly—"he thinks I am. But we've tried to be sensible about it, and think it out reasonably. We're both strong and healthy, and we like each other. . . . I mean—things about each other, like I've said. So, as far as we can tell, we—fit. He said he couldn't guarantee that we'd be happy; that no pair of people could be sure of that till they'd tried. But, he said, it looked to him like the most wonderful, magnificent adventure in the world, and asked if it looked to me like that, and I said it did. Because it's true. It's the only thing in the world that seems worth—bothering about. And we both think—though of course we can't be sure we're thinking straight—that we've got a good chance to make it go."

Even her mother's bewildered ears couldn't distrust the sincerity with which the girl had spoken. But this only increased the bewilderment. She had listened with a sort of incredulous distaste she couldn't keep her face from showing, and at last she had to wipe away her tears.

At that Rose came over to her, dropped on the floor at her knees, and embraced her. "I guess perhaps I understand, mother," she said. "I didn't realize—you've always been so intellectual and advanced—that you'd feel that way about it—be shocked because I hadn't pretended not to care for him, and been shy and coy"—in spite of herself, her voice got an edge of humor in it—"and a startled fawn, you know, running away, but just not fast enough so that he wouldn't come running after and think he'd made a wonderful conquest by catching me at last. But a man like Rodney Aldrich wouldn't plead and protest, mother. He wouldn't want me unless I wanted him just as much."

It was a long time before her mother spoke, and when she did, she spoke humbly—resignedly, as if admitting that the situation was beyond her powers.

"It's the one need of a woman's life, Rose, dear," she said, "the corner-stone of all her happiness, that her husband, as you say, 'wants' her. Doubt of it is the one thing that will have the power to make her bitterly unhappy. That's why it seems to me so terribly necessary that she be sure about it before it's too late."

"Yes, of course," said Rose. "But that's true of the man, too, isn't it? Otherwise, where's the equality?"

Her mother couldn't answer that except with a long sigh.

Strangely enough, it wasn't until after Rose had gone away, and she had shut herself up in her room to think, that any other

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aspect of the situation occurred to her—even that there was another aspect of it which she'd naturally have expected to be the first and only critical one.

Ever since babyhood, Rose had been devoted, by all her mother's plans and hopes, to the furtherance of the cause of Women, whose ardent champion she herself had always been. For Rose—not Portia, was the devoted one.

The elder daughter had been born at a time when her own activities were at their height. As Portia herself had said, when she and her two brothers were little, their mother had been too busy to—luxuriate in them very much; and, during those early, and possibly suggestible years, Portia had been suffered to grow up, as it were, by herself.

She was not neglected, of course, and she was dearly loved. But when, for the first time since actual babyhood, she got into the focal-plane of her mother's mind again, there was a subtle, but, it seemed, ineradicable antagonism between them, though that perhaps is too strong a word for it. A difference there was, anyway, in the grain of their two minds, that hindered unreserved confidences. Portia's brusk disdain of rhetoric, her habit of reducing questions to their least denominator of common sense, carried a constant and perfectly involuntary criticism of her mother's ampler and more emotional style—made her suspect that Portia regarded her as a sentimentalist.

But Rose, with her first adorable smile, had captured her mother's heart beyond the possibility of reservation or restraint. And as the child grew and her splendid, exuberant vitality and courage and wide-reaching, though not facile, affection, became marked characteristics, the hope grew in her mother that here was a new leader born to the great Cause.

It would need new leaders. She herself was conscious of a side drift to the great current, that threatened to leave her in a backwater. Or, as she put it to herself, that threatened to sweep over the banks of righteousness and decorum, and inundate, disastrously, the peaceful fields.

She couldn't expect to have the strength to resist this drift herself, but she had a vision of her daughter rising splendidly to the task. And for that task she trained her—or thought she did; saw to it that the girl understood the eighteenth century Liberalism, which, limited to the fields of politics and education, and extended to include women equally with men, was the gospel of the movement she had grown up in. With it for a background, with a University education and a legal training, the girl would have everything she needed.

She expected her to marry, of course. But in her day-dreams it was to be one of Rose's converts to the cause—won, perhaps, by her advocacy at the bar of some legal case involving the rights of woman—who was to lay his new-born conviction, along with his adoration, at the girl's feet.

Certainly Rodney Aldrich, who, as Rose outrageously had boasted, rolled her in the dust and tramped all over her in the course of their arguments, presented a violent contrast to the ideal husband she had selected. Indeed, it would be hard to think of him as anything but the rock on which her whole ambition for the girl would be shattered.

That night, during the process of getting ready for bed, Rose put on a bath-robe, picked up her hair-brush, and went into Portia's room. Portia, much quicker always about such matters, was already upon the point of turning out the light, but, guessing what her sister wanted, she stacked her pillows, lighted a cigarette, climbed into bed, and settled back for a chat.

"I hope," Rose began, "that you're really pleased about it. Because mother isn't. She's terribly unhappy. Do you suppose it's because she thinks I've—well, sort of deserted her, in not going on and being a lawyer—and all that?"

"Oh, perhaps," said Portia, indifferently. "I wouldn't worry about that, though. Because really, child, you had no more chance of growing up to be a lawyer and a leader of the 'Cause' than I have of getting to be a brigadier-general."

Rose stopped brushing her hair and demanded to be told why not. She had been getting on all right up to now, hadn't she?

"Why, just think," said Portia, "what mother herself had gone through when she was your age: put herself through college because her father didn't believe in 'higher education' — practically disowned her. She'd taught six months in that awful school—remember? She was used to being abused and ridiculed. And she was working hard enough to have killed a camel. But you . . . ! Why, lamb, you never really

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had to do anything in your life. If you felt like it, all right—and equally all right if you didn't. You've never been hurt—never even been frightened. You wouldn't know what they felt like. And the result is . . ."

Portia drew in a long puff, then eyed her cigarette thoughtfully through the slowly expelled smoke. "The result is," she concluded, "that you have grown up into a big, splendid, fearless, confiding creature, that it's perfectly inevitable some man like Rodney Aldrich would go straight out of his head about. And there you are!"

"What do you do by way of being nice to her?"

A troubled, questioning look came into the younger sister's eyes. "I've been lazy and selfish, I know," she said. "Perhaps more than I thought. I haven't meant to be. But . . . do you think I'm any good at all?"

"That's the real injustice of it," said Portia; "that you are. You've stayed big and simple. It couldn't possibly occur to you now to say to yourself: 'Poor old Portia! She's always been jealous because mother liked me best, and now she's just green with envy because I'm going to marry Rodney Aldrich.' "

She wouldn't stop to hear Rose's protest. "I know it couldn't," she went on. "That's what I say. And yet there's more than a little truth in it, I suppose. Oh, I don't mean I'm sorry you're going to be happy—I believe you are, you know. I'm just a little sorry for myself. Curious, anyway, to see where I've missed all the big, important things you've kept. I've been afraid of my instincts, I suppose. Never able to take a leap because I've always stopped to look, first. I'm too narrow between the cheek-bones, perhaps. Anyhow, here I stay, grinding along, wondering what it's all about and what after all's the use. . . . While you, you baby! are going to find out."

What Rose wanted to do was to gather her sister up in her arms and kiss her. But the faint, ironic smile on Portia's fine lips, the twist of her eyebrows, the pose of her body as she sat up in bed combined to inhibit such a demonstration altogether.

"Mother thinks, I guess," she said, to break the silence, "that I ought to have looked a little longer. She thinks Rodney would have 'wanted' me more, if I hadn't thrown myself at him like that."

Portia extinguished her cigarette in a little ash-tray, and began unpacking her pillows before she spoke. "I don't know," she said at last. "It's been said for a long time that the only way to make a man want anything very wildly is to make him think it's desperately hard to get. But I suspect there are other ways. I don't believe you'll ever have any trouble making him 'want' you as much as you like!"

The color kept mounting higher and higher in the girl's face during the moment of silence while she pondered this remark. "Why should I—make him want me?—Any more than . . . I think that's rather—horrid, Portia."

Portia gave a little shiver and nuddled down into her blankets. "You don't put things out of existence by deciding they're horrid, child," she said. "Open my window, will you? There! Now, kiss me and run along to by-by! And forget my nonsense."

Frederica and Rose exchange good impressions

THE wedding was set for the first week in June. And the decision, instantly acquiesced in by everybody, was that it was to be as quiet—as strictly a family affair—as possible. The recentness of the death of Rodney's mother gave an adequate excuse for such an arrangement, but the comparative narrowness of the Stantons' domestic resources enforced it. Indeed, the notion of even a simple wedding into the Aldrich family left Portia rather aghast.

But this feeling was largely allayed by Frederica's first call. Being a celebrated beauty and a person of great social consequence, didn't, it appeared, prevent one from being human and simple-mannered and altogether delightful to have about.

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She was so competent, too, and intelligent (Rose didn't see why Portia should find anything extraordinary in all this. Wasn't she Rodney's sister?) that her conquest of the Stanton family was instantaneous. They didn't suspect that it was deliberate.

Rodney had made his great announcement to her, characteristically, over the telephone, from his office. "Do you remember asking me, Freddy, two or three weeks ago, who Rosalind Stanton was? Well, she's the girl I'm going to marry."

She refused to hear a word more in those circumstances. "I'm coming straight down," she said, "and we'll go somewhere for lunch. Don't you realize that we can't talk about it like this? Of course you wouldn't, but it's so."

Over the lunch-table she got as detailed an account of the affair as Rodney, in his somnambulistic condition, was able to give her, and she passed it on to Martin that evening as they drove across to the North Side for dinner.

"Well, that all sounds exactly like Rodney," he commented. "I hope you'll like the girl!"

"That isn't what I hope," said Frederica. "At least it isn't what I'm most concerned about. I hope I can make her like me. Roddy's the only brother I've got in the world, and I'm not going to lose him if I can help it. That's what will happen if she doesn't like me."

Frederica was perfectly clear about this, though she admitted it had taken her fifteen minutes or so to see it.

"All the way down-town to talk to Rodney," she said, "I sat there deciding what she ought to be like—as if she were going to be brought up to me to see if she'd do. And then all at once I thought—what good would it do me to decide that she wouldn't? I couldn't change his relation to her one bit. But, if *she* decides *I* won't do, she can change his relation to me pretty completely, It's about the easiest thing a wife can do. Well, I'm going to see her, and her mother and sister—that's the family—to-morrow. And if they don't like me before I come away and think of me as a nice sort of person to be related to by marriage, it won't be because I haven't tried."

As it happened, though, she forgot all about her resolution almost with her first look at Rose. Rodney's attempts at description of her had been well-meaning; but what he had prepared his sister for, unconsciously of course, in his emphasis on one or two phases of their first acquaintance, had been a sort of slatternly Amazon. But the effect of this was, really, very happy; because when a perfectly presentably clad, well-bred, admirably poised young girl came into the room and greeted her neither shyly nor eagerly, nor with any affectation of ease, a girl who didn't try to pretend it wasn't a critical moment for her, but was game enough to meet it without any evidences of panic—when Frederica realized that this was the Rose whom Rodney had been telling her about, she fell in love with her on the spot.

Amazingly, as she watched the girl and heard her talk, she found she was considering, not Rose's availability as a wife for Rodney, but Rodney's as a husband for her. It was this, perhaps, that led her to say, at the end of her leave-taking: "Roddy has been such a wonderful brother, always, to me, that I suspect you'll find him, sometimes, being a brother to you. Don't let it hurt you if that happens!"

The most vivid of all the memories Frederica took away with her from that memorable visit, was the smile with which Rose had answered that remark. She had her chauffeur stop at the first drug-store they came to and called up Rodney on the telephone, just because she was too impatient to wait any longer for a talk with him.

"I'm simply idiotic about her," she told him. "I know, now, what you meant when you were trying to tell me about her smile. She looked at me like that just as I was leaving, and my throat's tight with it yet. She's such a darling! Don't be too much annoyed if I put my oar in once in a while; just to see that you're treating her properly."

She walked into his office one morning, a few days later, dismissed his stenographer with a nod, and sat down in the just vacated chair. She was sorry, she said, but it was the only way she had left, nowadays, of getting hold of him. Then she introduced a trivial, transparent

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little errand for an excuse, and, having got it out of the way, inquired after Rose. What had the two of them been doing lately?

"Getting acquainted," he said. "It's going to be an endless process, apparently. Heavens, what a lot there is to talk about!"

"Yes," Frederica persisted, "but what do you do by way of being—nice to her?" And, as he only looked puzzled and rather unhappy, she elucidated further: "What's your concession, dear old stupid, to the fact that you're her lover—in the way of presents and flowers and theatres and things?"

"But Rose isn't like the rest of them," he objected. "She doesn't care anything about that sort of thing!"

Whereat Frederica laughed. "Try it," she said, "just for an experiment, Roddy. Don't ask her if she wants to go—ask her to go. Get tickets for one of the musical things, engage a table for dinner and for supper, at two of the restaurants, and send her flowers. Do it handsomely, you know, as if ordinary things weren't good enough for her. Oh, and take our big car. Taxis wouldn't quite be in the picture. Try it, Roddy, just to see what happens."

He looked thoughtful at first, then interested, and at last he smiled, reached over, and patted her hand. "All right, Freddy. The handsome thing shall be done!"

The result was that at a quarter-past one A. M., a night or two later, he tipped the carriage-man at the entrance to the smartest of Chicago's supper-restaurants, stepped into Martin's biggest limousine, and dropped back on the cushions beside a girl he hardly knew.

"You wonder!" he said, as her hand slid into his. "I didn't know you could shine like that. All the evening you've kept my heart in my throat. I don't know a thing we've seen or eaten."

"I do," she declared, "and I shall never forget it. Not one smallest thing about it. You see, it's the first time anything like it ever happened to me!"

He exclaimed incredulously at that—wanted to know what she meant.

He felt the weight of her relaxed, contented body, as she leaned closer to him—felt her draw in a long, slow sigh. "I don't know whether I can talk sense to-night or not," she said, "but I'll try. Why, I've been to the theatre, of course, and two or three times to the restaurants. But never—oh, as if I belonged like that. It always seemed a little wrong, and extravagant. And then, it's never lasted. After the theatre, or the dinner, I've walked over to the elevated, you know. So this has been like—well, like flying in a dream, without any bumps to wake me up. It sort of goes to my head just to be sitting here like this, pouring along home. Only—only, I wish it was to our home, Rodney, instead of just mine."

"You darling!" he said. And, presently, "I'll tell you what we'll do to-morrow, if you'll run away from your dressmaker. We'll go and buy a car for ourselves. It's ridiculous I didn't get one long ago. Frederica's always been at me to. You see, mother wouldn't have anything but horses, and I sold those, of course, when she died. I've meant to get a car, but I just never got round to it."

A small, disagreeable voice, hermetically sealed in one of the remoter caverns of him, remarked at this point that he was a liar. A motor-car, it pointed out, was one of the things he had always denounced as a part of the useless clutter of existence. But it didn't speak with much conviction.

She picked up his hand and brushed her lips softly against the palm of it. "You're so wonderful to me," she said. "You give me so much. And I—I have so little to give back. And I want to—I want to give you all the world." And then, suddenly, she put her bare arm around his neck, drew his face to hers, and kissed him.

It was the first time she had ever begun a caress like that.

Honeymoon Magic

FOR their honeymoon, Martin had loaned them his camp up in northern Wisconsin—uncut forest mostly, with a river and a lot of little lakes in it. There were still deer and bear to be shot there, there was wonderful fishing, and,

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more to the point in the present instance, as fine a brand of solitude as civilization can ask to lay its hands on.

It was modified, and mitigated, too, by a backwoods family—a man and his wife, a daughter or two, and half a dozen sons, who lived there the year round, of course; so that by telegraphing two or three days in advance, you could be met by a buckboard at the nearest railroad station for the twenty-five-mile drive over to the camp. You could find the house itself (a huge affair, decorously built of logs so far as its exterior manifestations went, but amply supplied on the interior with bathrooms, real beds, and so forth) opened and warmed, and flavored with the odor of fried venison steak.

Rodney and Rose spent a night in this establishment, then rigged up an outfit for camping of a less symbolistic sort, and repaired to an island out in the lake, where for two weeks they lived gorgeously, like the savages they both, to a very considerable extent, really were.

But, at the end of this fortnight, a whipping north wind, with a fine, penetrating rain in its teeth, settled down for a three days' visit, and drove them back to adequate shelter. One rainy day in an outdoor camp is a good thing; a second requires fortitude; a third carries the conviction that it has been raining from the first day of creation and will keep on till the last judgment, and if you have anywhere to go and get dry, you do.

Of course the storm blew itself away when it had accomplished its purpose of driving them from their island paradise, but they didn't go back to it. Two weeks of camp-fires, hemlock boughs, and blankets had given them an appreciation for sleeping between smooth sheets, and coming down to a breakfast that was prepared for them. And one morning Rose came into the big living-room to find Rodney lounging there, in front of the fire, with a book.

It wasn't the first time he had done that. But always before, on seeing her come in, he had chucked the book away and come to meet her. This time, he went on reading.

She moved over toward him, meaning to sit down on the arm of his chair, cuddle her arm around his neck, and, at the same time, discover what it was that so absorbed him. But half-way across the room she changed her mind. He hadn't even reached out an unconscious hand toward her. He went on reading as if, actually, he were alone in the room. Evidently, too, it was a book he'd brought with him—a formidable-looking volume printed in German—she got near enough to see that. So she picked up an old magazine, and found a chair of her own, smiling a little in anticipation of the effect this maneuver would have.

She opened the magazine at random, and, presently, for the sake of verisimilitude, turned a page. Rodney was turning pages as regularly as clockwork. It was a silly magazine! She wished she'd found something that really could interest her. It was getting harder and harder to sit still. He couldn't be angry about anything, could he? No, that was absurd. There hadn't been the slightest trace of a disagreement between them. She wouldn't go on pretending to read, anyway, and she tossed the magazine away.

She had meant it to fall back on the table. But she put more nervous force than she realized into the toss, so that it skittered across the table and fell on the floor with a slap.

That roused him. He closed his book—on his finger, though—looked around at her, stretched his arms, and smiled. "Isn't this great?" he said.

It wasn't a sentiment she could echo quite wholeheartedly just then, so she asked him what he meant—wasn't what great?

"Oh, this," he told her. "Being like this."

"Sitting half a mile apart this way," she asked, "each of us reading our own book?"

She didn't realize how completely provocative her meaning was, until, to her incredulous bewilderment, he said enthusiastically: "Yes! Exactly!"

He wasn't looking at her now, but into the fire, and he rummaged for a match and relighted his pipe before he said anything more. "Being permanent, you know," he explained, "and — well, our real selves again."

She tried hard to keep her voice even when she asked: "But—but what have we been?"

And at that he laughed out. "Good heavens, what haven't we been! A couple of transfigured lunatics. Why, Rose, I haven't been able to see straight, or think straight, for the last six weeks. And I don't believe you have, either. My ideas have just been running in circles around you.

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HE TIPPED THE CARRIAGE-MAN, STEPPED INTO MARTIN'S BIGGEST LIMOUSINE, AND DROPPED BACK ON THE CUSHIONS BESIDE A GIRL HE HARDLY KNEW.

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How I ever got through those last two cases in the Appellate Court, I don't see. When I made an argument before the bench, I was—talking to you. When I wrote my briefs, I was writing you love-letters. And if I'd had sense enough to realize my condition, I'd have been frightened to death. But now—well, we've been sitting here reading away for an hour, without having an idea of each other in our heads."

By a miracle of self-command, she managed to keep control of her voice. "Yes," she said. "That—that other's all over, isn't it?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he demurred around a comfortable yawn. "I expect it will catch us again every now and then. But, in the main, we're sane people, ready to go on with our own business. What was it you were reading?"

"I don't believe I'll read any more just now," she said. "I think I'll go out for a walk." And she managed to get outside the room without his discovering that anything was wrong.

It was, indeed, her first preoccupation, to make sure he shouldn't discover the effect his words had had upon her—to get far enough away before the storm broke so that she could have it out by herself. The crowning humiliation would be if he came blundering in upon her and asked her what was the matter.

She fled down the trail to the little lake, ran out a canoe, caught up a paddle, and bent a feverish energy to the task of getting safely around into the shelter of a fir-grown point before she let herself stop, as she herself would have said, to think. It wasn't really to think, of course. Not, that is, to interpret out to the end of all its logical implications, the admission he had so unconsciously made to her that morning.

She had never seriously been hurt or frightened, Portia had said weeks ago. And when she said it, it was true. She was both hurt and frightened now, and the instinct that had urged her to fly, was as simple and primitive as that which urges a wounded animal to hide.

Indeed, if you could have seen her after she had swung her paddle inboard, sitting there, gripping the gunwales with both hands, panting, her wide eyes dry, you might easily have thought of some defenseless wild thing cowering in a shelter, listening for the baying of pursuing hounds.

He didn't love her any more, that was what he had said. For, what was the thing he had so cheerfully described himself as cured of, what were the symptoms he had enumerated as if he had been talking about a disease, but the veritable description, though in hostile terms, of the love he had promised to feel for her till death should—part them; of the very love she felt for him, at this moment stronger than ever?

Recurrent waves of the panic broke over her, during which she would catch up her paddle again and drive ahead, blindly, without any conscious knowledge of where she was going. And in the intervals she drifted.

The relief of tears didn't come to her until she saw, just ahead, the island where, for two paradisaical weeks, she and Rodney had made their camp. Here she beached her canoe and went ashore; crept into a little natural shelter under a jutting rock, where they had lain one day while, for three hours, a violent, unheralded storm had whipped the lake to lather.

At the end of half an hour, she observed with a sort of apathetic satisfaction that the weather conditions of their former visit were going to be repeated now—a sudden darkness, a shriek of wind, a wild squall flashing across the surface of the little lake, and a driving rain so thick that, small as the lake was, it veiled the shore of it.

She watched it for an hour before it occurred to her to wonder what Rodney would be doing—whether he'd have discovered her absence from the house and begun to worry about her. She told herself that he wouldn't—that he'd sit there until he finished his book, or until they called him for lunch, without, as he himself had boasted that morning, a thought of her entering his mind.

She wept again over this notion, luxuriating rather, it must be confessed, in the pathos of it, until she caught herself in the act and, disgustedly, dried her eyes. Of course he'd worry about her. Only there was nothing either of them could do about it until the storm should be over; then she'd paddle back to the house as fast as she could and set his mind at rest.

Suddenly she sat erect, looked, rubbed her eyes, looked again, then sprang to her feet and went out into the driving rain. A spot of white, a larger one of black, two moving pin-points of light, was what she saw. The white was Rodney's shirt, the

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black the canoe, the pin-points the reflection from the two-bladed paddle as, recklessly, he forced his way with it into the teeth of the storm. He wanted her, after all.

So, with a racing heart and flushed cheeks, she watched him. It was not until he had come much nearer that she went white with the realization of his danger—not until she could see how desperately it needed all his strength and skill to keep his little cockle-shell from broaching to and being swamped.

They went to an island out in the lake.

She went as far to meet him as she could—out to the end of the point, and then actually into the water to help him with the half-filled boat.

They emptied it and hauled it up on the beach. Then, looking up at him a little tremulously, between a smile and tears, she saw how white he was, caught him in her arms and felt how he was trembling.

"I thought you were gone," he said, but couldn't manage any more than that because of a great shuddering sob that stopped him.

"Don't!" she cried. "Don't! Oh, my dear! I didn't know!"

Presently, back in the shelter again, she drew his head down on her breast and held him tight.

Logically, of course, the situation wasn't essentially changed. It couldn't be a part of their daily married routine that he should think he'd lost her and come through perils to the rescue.

When the storm had blown over and they'd come back to the house—still more, when, after another week or so, they'd gone back to town—he'd still have a world of his own to withdraw into, a business of his own to absorb him, and she, with no world at all except the one he was the principal inhabitant of, would be left outside.

But you couldn't have expected her to think of that while she held him, quivering, in her arms.

Cinderella in a rented house

WHEN the society editor of "America's foremost newspaper," as in its trade-mark it proclaims itself to be, announced that the Rodney Aldriches had taken the Allison McCraes' house, furnished, for a year, beginning in October, she spoke of it as an ideal arrangement. As everybody knew, it was an ideal house for a young married couple, and it was equally evident that the Rodney Aldriches were an ideal couple for it.

In the sense that it left nothing to further realization, it was an ideal house; an old house in the Chicago sense, built over into something very much older still—Tudor, perhaps—Jacobean, anyway—by a smart young society architect who wore soft collars and an uptwisted mustache.

He had cooperated enthusiastically with Florence McCrae, not only in the design of the house, but in the supplementary matters of furniture, hangings, rugs, and pictures, with the effect that the establishment presented the last politely spoken word in things as they ought to be. The period furniture was accurate almost to the minute, and the arrangement of it, the color schemes, and the lighting, had at once the finality of perfection and the perfection of finality. If you happened to like that sort of thing, it was precisely the sort of thing you'd like.

The same sort of neat, fully acquired perfection characterized the McCraes' domestic arrangements. Allison McCrae's income, combined with his wife's, was exactly enough to enable them to live in this house and entertain on the scale it very definitely prescribed, just half the time. Every other year they went off around the world in one direction or another, and rented their house, furnished, for exactly enough to pay all their expenses. On the alternate

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years they came back and spent two years' income living in their house.

Florence was an old friend of Rodney's, and it was her notion that it would be just the thing he'd want. She made no professions of altruism—admitted she was fussy about whom she rented her darling house to, and that Rodney and his wife would be exactly right. Still, she didn't believe he could do better. They'd have to have some sort of place to live in, in the autumn. It would be such a mistake to buy a lot of stuff in a hurry and find out later that they didn't want it! The arrangement she proposed would leave him an idyllically untroubled summer—nothing to fuss about, and provide. . . . Well, Rodney knew for himself what the house was — complete down to the corkscrews.

Even the servant question was eliminated. "Ours are so good," Florence said, "that the last time we rented the house, we put them in the lease. I wouldn't do that with you, of course, but I know they'll be just what you want." And six thousand dollars a year was simply dirt cheap.

To clinch the thing, Florence went around and saw Frederica about it. And Frederica, after listening, non-committally, dashed off to the last meeting of the Thursday Club (all this happened in June, just before the wedding) and talked the matter over with Violet Williamson on the way home, afterward.

"John said once," observed Violet, "that if we had to live in that house, he'd either go out and buy a plush Morris-chair from feather-your-nest Saltzman's, and a golden-oak sideboard, or else run amuck."

Frederica grinned, but was sure it wouldn't affect Rodney that way. He'd never notice that there *wasn't* a golden-oak sideboard with a beveled mirror in it. As for Rose, she thought Rose would like it—for a while, anyway. Of course it wasn't forever. But this wasn't the point. It was something else she had to get an unprejudiced opinion on, "simply because in this case my own isn't trustworthy. I'm so—foolish about old Roddy, that I can't be sure I haven't—well, caught being mad about Rose from him. It all depends, you see, on whether Rose is going to be a hit this winter or not. If she is, they'll want a place just like that, and it would be a shame for her to be bothered and unsettled when she might have everything all oiled for her. But of course if she doesn't—go (and it all depends on her; Rodney won't be much help), why, having a house like that might be pretty sad. So, if you're a true friend, you'll tell me what you think."

"What I really think," said Violet—"of course I suppose I'd say this anyway, but I do honestly mean it—is that she'll be what John calls a 'knock-out.' To be sure, I've only met her twice, but I think she's absolutely thrilling. She's so perfectly simple. She's never—don't you know—*being* anything. She just is. And she thinks we're all so wonderful — clever and witty and beautiful and all that—just honestly thinks so, that she'll make everybody feel warm and nice inside, and they'll be sure to like her."

"She's got a real eye for clothes, too," said Frederica. "We've been shopping. Well, then, I'm going to tell Rodney to go ahead and take the house."

Rose was consulted about it, of course, though consulted is perhaps not the right word to use. She was taken to see it, any way, and asked if she liked it—a question in the nature of the case superfluous. One might as well have asked Cinderella if she liked the gown the fairy godmother had provided her with for the prince's ball.

It didn't occur to her to ask how much the rent would be, nor would the fact have had any value for her as an illuminant, because she would have had no idea whether six thousand dollars was a half or a hundredth of her future husband's income. The new house was just a part, as so many of the other things that had happened to her since that night when Rodney had sent her flowers and taken her to the theatre and two restaurants in Martin's biggest limousine had been parts, of a breath-arresting fairy story.

It takes a consciousness of resistance overcome to make anything feel quite real; and Rose, during the first three months after their return to town in the autumn, encountered no resistance whatever. It was all, as Frederica had said, oiled.

The conclusion Frederica and Violet had come to about her chance for social success, was amply justified by the event, and it is probable that Violet had put her finger upon the main-spring of it. One needn't assume that there were not other young women at the prince's ball as beautiful as Cinderella, and other gowns, perhaps, as

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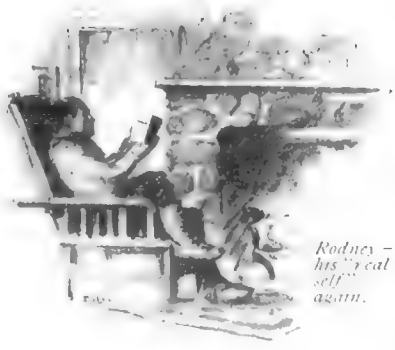
marvelous as the one provided by the fairy godmother. The godmother's greatest gift, I should say, though the fable lays little stress upon it, was a capacity for unalloyed delight. No other young girl, however beautiful, if she were accustomed to driving to balls in coaches and having princes ask her to dance with them, could possibly have looked at that prince the way Cinderella must have looked at him.

So it fell out that what with the Junior League, and the Young Fortnightly, the women's auxiliary boards of one or two of the more respectably elect charities, the Thursday Club and the Whifflers—this was the smallest and smartest organization of the lot: fifteen or twenty young women supposed to combine and reconcile social and intellectual brilliancy on even terms—what with all this, her days were quite as full as the evenings were, when she and Rodney dined and went to the opera and paid fabulous prices to queer professionals, to keep themselves abreast of the minute in all the new dances.

But it wasn't merely the events of this sort—sitting in boxes at the opera and going to marvelous supper dances afterward—that had this thrilling quality of incredibility to Rose. The connective tissue of her life gave her the same sensation, perhaps even more strongly.

Portia had been quite right in saying that she had never had to do anything; the rallying of all her forces under the spur of necessity was an experience she had never undergone. And it was also true that her mother, and for that matter, Portia herself, had spoiled her a lot—had run about doing little services for her: come in and shut down her windows in the morning, and opened the register, and, on any sort of excuse, on a Saturday morning, for example, had brought her breakfast on a tray.



Rodney — his "real self" again.

But these things had been favors, not services—never to be asked for, of course, and always to be accepted a little apologetically. She never knew what it was really to be served, until she and Rodney came back from their camp in the woods. The whole mechanism of ringing bells for people, telling them, quite courteously of course, but with no spare words, precisely what she wanted them to do, and seeing them, with no words at all of their own, except the barest minimum required to indicate respectful acquiescence, carrying out these instructions, was in its novelty as sensuously delightful a thing to her feelings as the contact with a fine fabric was to her finger-tips.

"I haven't," Rose, in bed, told Rodney one morning, "a single, blessed mortal thing to do all day." Some fixture scheduled for that morning had been moved, she went on to explain, and Eleanor Randolph was feeling seedy and had called off a little luncheon and matinée party.

"Oh, that's too bad," he said with concern. "Can't you manage something . . .?"

"Too bad!" said Rose in lively dissent. "It's too heavenly! I've got a whole day just to enjoy being myself; being—" she reached across to the other bed for his hand, and, getting it, stroked her cheek with it—"being my new self. You've no idea how new it is, or how exciting all the little things about it are. State Street's so different now—going and getting the exact thing I want, instead of finding something I can make do and then faking it up to look as much like the real thing as I could. Portia used to think I faked pretty well. But I never was—don't you know?—right.

"And then when I was going anywhere, I'd figure out the through routes and where I'd take transfers, and how many blocks I'd have to walk, and what kind of shoes I'd have to wear. And coming home in time for dinner always meant the rush hour, and I'd have to stand.

"So you see," she concluded, "it's a real adventure just to say—well, that I want the car at a quarter to eleven and to tell Otto exactly where I want him to drive me to. I always feel as if I ought to say that if he'll just stop the car at the corner of Diversey Street, I can walk."

He laughed out at that and asked her how long she thought this blissful state of things would last.

"Forever," she said.

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But presently she propped herself up on one elbow and looked over at him rather thoughtfully. "Of course it's none of it new to you," she said, "—not the silly little things I've been talking about, nor the things we do together—oh, the dinners, and the dances, and the operas. Do you sort of —wish I'd get tired of it? Is it a dreadful bore to you?"

"So long as it doesn't bore you," he said; "so long as you go on—shining the way you do over it, and I am where I can see you shine"—he got out of his bed, sat down on the edge of hers, and took hold of both her hands, "—so long as it's like that, you wonder," he said, "well, the dinners and the operas and all that may be piffle, but I shall be blind to the fact."

She kissed both his hands and told him contentedly that he was a darling. But, after a moment's silence, a little frown puckered her eyebrows and she asked him what he was so solemn about.

Well, he had told her the truth. The edge of excitement in his voice would have carried the irresistible conviction to anybody that the thing he had said was, without reserve, the very thing he meant. But precisely as he said it, as if, indeed, the thing that he had said were the detonating charge that fires the shell, he felt the impact, away down in the inner depths of him, of a realization that he was not the same man he had been six months ago.

Not the man who had tramped impatiently back and forth across Frederica's drawing-room, expounding his ideals of space and leisure—open, wind-swept space, for the free range of a hard, clean, athletic mind. Not the man who despised the clutter of expensive junk—"so many things to have and to do, that one couldn't turn around for fear of breaking something." That man would have derided the possibility that he could ever say this thing that he, still Rodney Aldrich, had just said to Rose—and meant.

To that man, the priceless hour of the day had always been precisely this one—the first waking hour, when his mind, in the enjoyment of a sort of clairvoyant limpidity, had been wont to challenge its stiffest problems — wrestle with them, and, whether triumphant or not, despatch him to his office avid for the day's work and strides ahead of where he had left it the night before.

He spent that hour very differently now. He spent all his hours, even the formal working ones, differently. And the terrifying thing was that he hadn't resisted the change — hadn't wanted to resist — didn't want to now, as he sat there looking down at her—at the wonderful hair which framed her face and, in its two thick braids, the incomparable whiteness of her throat and bosom—at the slumbrous glory of her eyes.

So, when she asked him what he was looking so solemn about, he said with more truth than he pretended to himself, that it was enough to make anybody solemn to look at her.

Rose asks one question and answers many

ROSE'S instinctive attitude toward the group of young to middle-aged married people into which her own marriage had introduced her was founded on the assumption that, allowing for occasional exceptions, the husbands and wives felt toward each other as she and Rodney did—were held together by the same irresistible, unanalyzable attraction.

Oh, there were bumps and bruises, of course! She hadn't forgotten that tragic hour in the canoe last summer. She had seen Rodney drop off now and again into a scowling abstraction, during which it was so evident he didn't want to talk to her, or even be reminded that she was about, that she had gone away flushed and wondering, and needing an effort to hold back the tears.

These weren't frequent occurrences, though, and did not weaken her idea that, barring tragic and disastrous types—unfaithful husbands; cold, mercenary wives—which had to be admitted as existing—marriage was a state whose happy satisfactoriness could, more or less, be taken for granted.

It was something that Simone Gréville said which gave rise to her first misgiving that marriage was not, perhaps—even between people who loved each other—quite as simple as it seemed.

Since that amiable celestial, Wu Ting Fang, made his survey of our western civilization and left us wondering whether after all we had the right name for it, no one has studied our leisured and cultivated classes with more candor and penetration than this

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great Franco-Austrian actress. She had ample opportunities for observation, because during the first week of her tour the precise people who count the most in our informal social hierarchy took her up and, upon examination, took her in. Playing in English as she did, and with an American supporting company, she did not make a great financial success (the Continental technique, especially when contrasted so intimately with the one we are familiar with, does not attract us), but socially she was a sensation. So during her four weeks in Chicago, while she played to houses that couldn't be dressed to look more than a third full, she was enormously in demand for luncheons, teas, dinners, suppers, Christmas bazaars, charity dances, and so on. Any other sort of engagement melted away like snow in the face of an opportunity of meeting Simone Gréville.

Suddenly she realized his danger.

Rose had met her a number of times before the incident referred to happened, but had always surveyed the lioness from afar. What could she, whose acquaintance with Europe was limited to one three-months' trip, undertaken by the family, during the summer after she graduated from high school, have to say to an omniscient cosmopolite like that?

So she hung about, within ear-shot, when it was possible, and watched, leaving the active duties of entertainment to heavily cultured illuminati like the Howard Wests, or to clever creatures like Hermione Woodruff and Frederica, and Constance Crawford, whose French was good enough to fill in the interstices in Madame Gréville's English.

She was standing about like that at a tea one afternoon, when she heard the actress make the remark that American women seemed to her to be an exception to what she had always supposed to be the general law of sex attraction.

It was taken, by the rather tense little circle gathered around her, as a compliment; exactly as, no doubt, Gréville intended it to be taken. But her look flashed out beyond the confines of the circle and encountered a pair of big, luminous eyes, under brows that had a perplexed pucker in them. Whereupon she laughed straight into Rose's face and said, lifting her head a little, but not her voice:

"Come here, my child, and tell me who you are and why you were looking at me like that."

Rose flushed, smiled that irresistible wide smile of hers, and came, not frightened a bit, nor, exactly, embarrassed; certainly not into pretending she was not surprised, and a little breathlessly at a loss what to say.

"I'm Rose Aldrich." She didn't, in words, say, "I'm just Rose Aldrich." It was the little bend in her voice that carried that impression. "And I suppose I was—looking that way, because I was wishing I knew exactly what you meant by what you said."

Gréville's eyes, somehow, concentrated and intensified their gaze upon the flushed young face—took a sort of plunge, so it seemed to Rose, to the very depths of her own. It was an electrifying thing to have happen to you.

"*Mon Dieu!*" she said. "*J'ai grande envie de vous le dire.*" She hesitated the fraction of a moment, glanced at a tiny watch set in a ring upon the middle finger of her right hand, took Rose by the arm as if to keep her from getting away, and turned to her hostess.

"You must forgive me," she said, "if I make my farewells a little soon. I am under orders to have some air each day before I go to the theater, and if it is to be done at all to-day, it must be now. I am sorry. I have had a very pleasant afternoon.

"Make your farewells also, my child," she concluded, turning to her prisoner, "because you are going with me."

The next instalment of ***"The Real Adventure"*** *will appear in the August number.*

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"He hasn't seen it yet," said the bride-elect.

Boggybrae

by

MARY STEWART CUTTING

AUTHOR OF "LITTLE STORIES OF MARRIED LIFE," "THE WAYFARERS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL GREFÉ

"LESLIE, there's something I forgot to ask you last night." Winifred Iverson, in a crisp, rose-striped morning frock that set off her pretty dark hair and eyes, leaned earnestly over the Japanese breakfast tray toward her husband. He was a tall, fair, pleasant-faced young man, who, after the traditional habit of the commuter, was eating his bacon and eggs with one eye roving competently sideways over the newspaper on the table near him. Between bites he made absent-minded replies to the three-year-old, flaxen-curled Matilda, sitting beside him in her high chair well bibbed against the overflowing of her tipping spoon, held tight in her small fist.

"Keep still for a moment, Matilda. Leslie, isn't it 'most time for a directors' meeting?"

"Yes, there's one to-morrow—Wednesday."

"Oh, I'm *so* glad! You're going to it, aren't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

Mrs. Iverson gave a sigh of relief; her knitted brow smoothed. For attending the meetings of the board a ten-dollar gold-piece was the perquisite of each member; Leslie always gave his coin to her.

"That just helps me out. I want to buy the new rug this week without fail; this old one is so *terrible* I can't ask another soul into the house until I do. I've been saving up my Christmas and birthday money for nearly a year, and if I don't get the rug now it will just melt, in these hard times. Mother and I saw the kind I want yesterday—awfully good value, but I just needed ten dollars more. She wanted to give it to me, but I wouldn't let her, with all she's done already."

"That was right."

Mr. Iverson rose, kissed his wife and child, swooped for overcoat, hat, and newspaper, made for the door, and then turned back with his usual sunny expression, to say: "I'll be home a little late for dinner. Your father has asked me up to the links with him this afternoon; there's nothing doing at the office, so I might as well get off—" and was gone.

His wife sat looking after him with a slight knitting of the brow. When a man played golf it seemed to take an unholy grip on him; it literally took precedence of everything else. If Leslie could get off early, there were ever so many odd jobs to be done in the house; there was no sense in hiring a man at so much an hour when one was trying to keep down expenses. She couldn't realize that to do little odd jobs at the present moment irritated him inexpressibly—in some foolish way it irritated him that he did have this expensive time to waste on them; there was nothing to sugar the thought, as there was in the joys of golf.

Her own father, kind Mr. Brentwood, abetted Leslie in the latter, saying that he needed both the exercise and the diversion in this crucial period of affairs; perhaps he was right—Leslie had looked unusually

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"I WANT TO BUY THE NEW RUG THIS WEEK WITHOUT FAIL; THIS OLD ONE IS SO TERRIBLE I CAN'T ASK ANOTHER SOUL INTO THE HOUSE UNTIL I DO."

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The commuter's breakfast.

anxious lately, in contrast to his habitual sunniness. But women did things very differently. She herself had been conscientiously economical on a reduced allowance during this war-strain which had so greatly affected the trade of the Electrographic Company. She had at times a feeling that she could have run her husband's business better than he did; he *would* keep that expensive secretary, when she had told him a dozen times that he could get a woman to fill the place for half the price; it seemed odd, too, that he should take afternoons off for pleasure when business was slack.

Winifred hustled around putting things to rights; this was her busy morning—there was a meeting at Mrs. Bannard's at ten o'clock to sew for the Red Cross; but her mother had promised to do the marketing for her. In view of the uncertain times, the High Cost of Living was being enthusiastically grappled with; the era of telephoning for supplies had come to an end—in theory at least—the nicest people coming in their motors or on foot with baskets or string bags, and filling them at the newly established market, where those nice farmers were so pleased to sell to you. The Price of Food had become a Cult, to be discussed on all occasions.

Even the little Matilda had a market-basket about the size of a peanut, with which she trotted along by the side of her proud grandmother, when the latter stopped for her, as to-day. Mrs. Brentwood was fresh-colored, with slightly gray hair, and an expression of calm that contrasted with the anxious tenseness of the daughter.

"I see that your screen-doors are not off yet, Winifred," she remarked.

"No, I've been waiting for Leslie to take them down; of course the season has been late. I thought he'd do it to-day, but he won't be home in time; he's going with father to play golf. He does caddie for himself now, but still——"

"Oh," said the mother understandingly, "it's such beautiful weather!" She hesitated a moment: "How about the rug? I want to say again——"

"No, you won't," interrupted the daughter, smiling, with her arms around the other. "I'm to have the ten-dollar gold-piece when Leslie goes to his directors' meeting tomorrow. I'll have the rug this week, so it's all right."

"All yight," echoed the little Matilda, as, her tiny hand burrowing into the fond grandmother's, the two went off; the child in her white woolly coat and rosetted cap, looking like a little white rabbit skipping along.

At the very moment of her confident assertion, Winifred had had that strange, psychic double feeling that comes to us at times apparently without reason, that what she said was not true. Perhaps gold-pieces would no longer be given to members of the board; perhaps there would be no meeting; perhaps— She seemed to be full of uncomfortable sensations.

Everything was in full progress when Winifred reached the Bannards', with a great tearing off of muslin and cutting out with large shears, and the soft whir of sewing-machines, and the busy click of knitting-needles. Each woman had a deep, unspoken sentiment for the sick or wounded that she would never see; but after the usual horrified remarks on the latest news of the war, and recitals from the letters of friends abroad, matters nearer home were taken up.

Pretty, gentle Mrs. Chandor announced the fact that she had bought eight large tomatoes for five cents in the market that very morning; while Mrs. Rickland, a much older woman, confessed that she hadn't been there yet; her girls had been out to a dance until two o'clock the night before, and she had sat up for them.

"Well, at our house Brunhilda and Ermentrude each have their latch-key," said Mrs. Fremer, another matron, of an imposing Roman presence; "their work often keeps them in town so late; but I can't quite make up my mind to let Tucker have one, though his father thinks I ought to;

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with boys it's so different—you never can tell what they may do. I feel now that I know Tucker's every thought."

There was a moment's delicate silence, which seemed to cover some dissent from this last statement among the listeners.

"Ah!" breathed the elegant Mrs. Roberts, her marble-like dark eyes roving finely around the group. "A woman's influence is so *much!*"

"Well, I've never found her influence amount to such a great deal," returned the charming Mrs. Silverton; her blue eyes gleamed under their long lashes. "Here I've been for five years trying to teach my husband not to throw his wet towels in a wad on the bathroom floor, and he still does it."

"I think men stay just about the same, no matter what you do," said Nell Crandall comfortably.

"Oh, my *dear!*" Mrs. Fremer shook her head. "It is easy to pass over these things lightly; but when you see men deteriorating because of the lack of the higher feminine ideal, and because women shirk their duty, it is a very serious matter indeed. *Everything* depends upon the wife and mother! There was Mrs. Laurence, over at the Ridge—she isn't here to-day, is she? She told me herself that her husband wasn't going to vote at the last local election because he wasn't interested in it, and she said to him: 'Will, I haven't the ballot yet, I'm sorry to say, but you *have*, and I think you ought to be ashamed not to use it!' So he voted, though he said it didn't make any difference, for the other side got in as usual. But it's the principle that counts."

There was a meeting to sew for the Red Cross.

Mrs. Roberts nodded solemnly. "You can't get away from it—the responsibility. Of course it puts more on the woman all the time, but we're used to that! Now there is Clementine Wilmer—she isn't here, is she?—the way her husband neglects his business for golf is simply dreadful. He goes past every single afternoon with his clubs. I think she is *very* wrong to allow it. The home depends on the woman, and the nation depends on the home—you can't get away from that. I think myself that only unmarried men should play golf."

"My husband doesn't like me to stay in the house all the time; he likes me to have something interesting to tell him at dinner," said the swan-necked Mrs. Carpenter seriously.

"Oh, of course," said Winifred, who had been listening deeply to the conversation. She turned now to Mrs. Fremer, who was gathering up her work as she rose to go. "I saw Brunhilda as I came along, Mrs. Fremer; how pretty she looks! I suppose you like Mr. Phillips very much."

"Well, I've only met him once—Brunhilda didn't care to bring him out to the house until after they were engaged," said the mother. "She said he would see enough of the family afterward. I said at once: 'Brunhilda, I can trust to your intuitions; if he suits you, that is enough for me.' Of course she had only known him a short time; still——"

"Oh, goodness, I've begun to think it doesn't make any difference whether you know them two days or two years," said Mrs. Silverton, her eyes sparkling. "You never find out a man's character until you're married to him, and then you don't! They keep doing the most unexpected things! Has Mrs. Fremer gone? I wouldn't trust to a girl's intuition too much myself. What is it, Winifred?"

"Only that I expect the meeting next Friday to be at my house," said Winifred loudly, with the satisfied thought that the new rug would be in the house several days before that. She had made up her mind to clinch the possession of it and stop this feeling of uncertainty.

The mark of care, as Winifred noticed quickly, was still on Leslie's face when he came home, in spite of the afternoon's golf. But he smiled with a swiftly approving glance as he met her dark eyes—Winifred had very clear eyes; a sweet nobleness of purpose, earnestly desirous of all the best things, shone at times unconsciously in them. He

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touched her cheek with a little affectionate gesture.

"Well, how have things gone to-day?" he asked as they were seated at the dinner-table.

"Oh, pretty well." She heroically forbore to mention that the screen-doors were still up. "I'm sorry I had to put Matilda to bed before you came. You seem tired; didn't you have a good game?"

"Oh, yes; good enough. I guess I'll have to cut out golf after this, though; it's getting late. We had to let a lot more men go to-day; it's pretty hard. Oh, we'll come out all right, but it's slow work; it gets me some days."

"Are you still keeping that secretary?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't think that's fair to the others, Leslie, when you can hire a stenographer for half the price."

He curbed a movement of impatience. "You don't understand—I've told you before that he's a protégé of Nichols—it's business to keep him."

"Well, it doesn't seem fair to me."

"All right; suppose we call it even! There's the telephone."

He had leaped to his feet at the sound, and was trying to answer it the next moment. "It seems to be long-distance—Hello! hello! Who did you say? Oh, Mr. *Dorimon!* No, not so busy as we might be. Well, I've about given it up for this season, but—Why, that's awfully kind of you, Mr. Dorimon! Sure I will; nicest thing I've heard in a coon's age. Yes, indeed, I'll be there on time. Well, thank you ever so much. Good-by!"

"What is it?" his wife asked with eager interest as he dropped down in his chair with face alight.

"Well, isn't that fine of the old chap? Wilmer's been trying to get me in touch with him. Mr. Dorimon's invited me out to Boggybrae, with Wilmer. I've always wanted to try that course, but it's so far out I've never had the chance. He says he'll take me up in the machine."

"I thought you just said you'd given up golf for this season."

"Well, Winifred! I didn't mean I'd give up an invitation like that, did I? Use sense."

"When is it to be?"

"To-morrow afternoon."

Winifred stared. "Why, that's the afternoon of the directors' meeting. You can't go, Leslie."

"Oh, I wouldn't let a little thing like that interfere."

"Leslie! 'A little thing like that'—when I want that ten dollars so much!"

"That's so!" He looked at her with almost comical ruefulness. "Well, what do you think of that? You see, except for the money, there isn't the slightest use in my going to that meeting, dear." He softened his rising voice to gentleness. "Nichols controls the board; he knows the whole business; we do just as he says, and there'll be a quorum without me, anyway. If I could only give you that ten dollars out of hand——"

"You know I wouldn't take it."

"Why do you have to get the rug just now, anyway?"

"Why do I have to get it? Because this is so worn and ragged that it's perfectly disgusting. I can't have a soul come to the house while it's down. I have to put a chair over there to cover the hole. I only asked the Red Cross to meet here on Friday because I felt so sure of having it, and now—oh, Leslie, if you knew how I hated to hear you talk that way! It makes me feel that I haven't done my duty at all. It isn't only the money—it's the point of view. I do think that when a man accepts responsibilities he ought to live up to them; it just undermines his whole character if he doesn't! You say there is no need for you to go to such an important thing as a directors' meeting. Well, there *ought* to be a need, there ought——"

"Oh, well—" he looked at her absently, as if he were pondering, but still absurdly crestfallen. "Don't say any more; I'll go, of course. I wouldn't make you pay up for it."

"But, Leslie, that isn't the way to think of it!" Womanlike, however, having gained her point, she began to yearn futilely over him. "You couldn't do both, I suppose?"

"I should say not. The meeting is at three."

"I wish you could play your old golf! Leslie, it really makes me miserable to have you give it up, but you know yourself it's your *duty* to go to the meeting. And if I don't get that rug now—though that isn't the point——"

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"OH, LESLIE, YOU THINK ME SO FOOLISH!"

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"All right, all *right;* the subject is closed," said Leslie in that tone of his that did close the subject. "I'll call up Mr. Dorimon now and tell him I can't come."

"What did he say?" she couldn't help asking as Leslie came back from the 'phone.

"I couldn't get him; he's gone out for the evening. I'll call him up from town the first thing in the morning," he answered shortly, burying himself gloomily afterward in a book for the rest of the evening.

But later that quality of real kindness and sweetness in him, which scrupulously considered her rights and her happiness, asserted itself; in closing up the house for the night he moved the chair, as if by accident, that covered the big hole in the shabby rug, and said, as he kicked it carelessly with his foot:

"Well, the little girl is going to have her new rug this week, anyway."

"Yes," returned Winifred with an unexpected recurrence of that odd sensation that she was saying what was not true.

II

The next day was the most beautiful softly-golden one of a softly-golden autumn; just the day for golf. Winifred couldn't help hoping that it might rain by afternoon so that Leslie wouldn't have had to give up so much after all. But she couldn't keep from saying to him that morning as he went out through the screen-door: "You won't forget to call up Mr. Dorimon?" and he answered, "No; I won't forget, Winifred."

Flaxen-curled Matilda, with a tipping spoon held tight in her small fist.

The day seemed rather a long one to her. Mrs. Roberts, over the telephone, embedded in a lava-flow of elegant language the thrilling fact that green peppers could actually be bought two for a cent—cheaper even than in the market!—at a mysteriously distant spot where an Italian family sold vegetables in the home. The fact somehow didn't appeal appetizingly. Mrs. Wilmer called up to say that she and her husband were going away on the morrow for a few days, and how pleased Jack had been that Leslie had the invitation to Boggybrae. She had to leave the 'phone suddenly, and Winifred couldn't explain.

And as the swing of life went, Mrs. Chandor called up to impart, in an awed voice, the word just received that the fair-haired young Englishman who was in her husband's office before the war, had been killed in action. Winifred hadn't known him, but somehow the news seemed to set one almost in the dread current of battle: with the pity for those who were bereaved, it made you feel as if you ought to love those near you more than ever. She almost wished she had let Leslie go to his golf, if it were not for the more serious issue involved.

Just after luncheon, however, little Brunhilda Fremer, red-cheeked and glowing, ran in on her way home from the train for a book, and incidentally to show her engagement-ring, a large diamond sunk in a platinum band instead of the traditional gold; the metal might be an innovation to Winifred's sentiment, but the look in Brunhilda's brown eyes as she regarded it held all the tradition of the engaged.

"I think it's awfully *good*," she asserted raptly.

"Was it Mr. Phillips's choice?"

"He hasn't seen it yet," said the bride-elect, still engrossed by the view of her uplifted hand.

"*Not seen it yet!*"

Brunhilda laughed. "That's exactly the way Aunt Julia spoke; she's so romantic! No, I didn't want him along: he is so inartistic. Three of the girls from the art school went with me to choose it—all he wanted was for me to be suited—and we had the loveliest time! I telephoned him after I'd picked it out. Really, you know I didn't approve of spending so much money on an engagement-ring. I could have had all the newest plumbing put in the studio for half the price, and mother thought I was very foolish not to; but Kelvey preferred the ring."

"Well, I should think so," said Winifred frankly.

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"I insisted on his bringing up his lawbooks to the studio and teaching me in the evenings," continued Brunhilda. "Mother thinks it is so necessary for a woman to help her husband in his work; he needs her intuition, of course, but he needs her knowledge, too."

"I should think it would be almost too much for you, studying law after working as hard as you do all day at your decorating."

"Oh, I don't mind that. Of course we haven't done much reading yet. I say to him every night, 'Kelvey, we really must get down to work!' but there have been so many things to talk about—the furnishing and all that, and lately—" a sudden vivid blush overspread Brunhilda's small round face—"Kelvey is so foolish sometimes," she murmured.

"Of course he is," said Winifred warmly, yet with a feeling that in spite of the girl's theories her Kelvey seemed to be getting his own way most of the time.

"But I must go. I hope I'm not keeping you from Mr. Iverson?" said Brunhilda, jumping up.

"Why, Leslie isn't home at this time of day!"

"Oh! I thought I saw him on the train I came out on," said Brunhilda, staring.

"You couldn't have! He has an engagement in town at three this afternoon."

"I must have been mistaken then; still —*Good-by!*" She seemed suddenly to melt warmly into Winifred's embrace, velvet coat, feathered hat and all, with something indescribably whole-hearted and confiding in the action. Winifred didn't wonder at Kelvey Phillips's disinclination for spending all his evenings in the study of law.

But why had Brunhilda imagined that she saw Leslie? If he had broken his word and gone to play golf he would have gone from town in Mr. Dorimon's motor; reason it out any way you would, he couldn't have been where Brunhilda thought she saw him. Once she had herself come face to face in town with the husband of an acquaintance after having just been told that he had gone to another city—it had given her a queer sensation that she had never forgotten. Did men do such things—things they didn't tell their wives?

Leslie was unusually late for dinner; she had almost given him up; when he came in vigorously, tall and fair-haired, his sunny presence seemed to fill the little house.

"Nicest thing I've heard in a coon's age."

He kissed his wife with unusual tenderness, smiling down into the dark eyes raised with unconscious questioning to his, and afterward put his hand in one pocket and then in the other, pretending exaggerated surprise and drawing it out empty.

"I hope I haven't lost it! Too bad—you'll have to go without that rug after all. Steady now—steady— Ah, here's the precious ten-dollar gold-piece."

Winifred pounced on it, laughing.

"You do behave like such a goose, Leslie. But I'm very glad to have it. I kept fancying that something would interfere." She held him off suddenly at arm's length, voicing a half-suspicion: "You didn't take it from the reserve fund?" The small reserve fund in the bank was sacred, to be taken only in emergency with the consent of both.

The corners of his mouth set in a straight line. "No, ma'am, I did not. Isn't this money good enough for you?"

"Leslie, don't, dear; I only thought the meeting might have been postponed.'

"Well, it wasn't."

His sunniness shone forth again, yet with a certain anxious earnestness below it. "Now be sure and get that rug to-morrow; that's all I ask. If you don't, I'll borrow the money from you."

"Oh, I'll get it," said Winifred gaily.

Yet, after all, she didn't go into town on the morrow: little Matilda had a slight cold. Something each day seemed to prevent. That special tenderness which she had noted on Leslie's part still continued: he brought her a bunch of carnations the next night, which, though somewhat wilted—having been bought "off a boy" in the street—were still floral tokens of affection; he took off the screen-doors without being reminded again; he spent all one evening putting washers on the leaking faucets; and he

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agreed, with only faint demur, to take that unholy walk to the Fremers' on the farthest borders of the town, in acceptance of the invitation to "meet" Brunhilda's young man.

Leslie's behavior, indeed, was such as to have made a wife with more experience ponder somewhat on its cause. But he also asked every day with unusual interest when the Wilmers would be back, and if she had bought the rug; wanting persistently to know why she hadn't, and urging her to action.

After the fashion of womankind, Winifred, who, while waiting for the price of the rug, felt that she could barely eat or sleep until it was on the floor, couldn't seem to find exactly the right time now to go into town. She calmly let the Red Cross society meet at her house and work with their feet on the old rug, ragged as it was; she felt so differently about it when every one knew she was expecting to buy a better one.

"I really am going in for it to-morrow," she said that evening in answer to her husband's reiterated question, before starting out for the Fremers'.

"Yes, I would if I were you; if you wait too long I may pitch this out," he warned her. "Here's an extra dollar for you—you may need a little more leeway in car-fare or lunch, or something."

"How is business now?" she hazarded. That line in his forehead had smoothed out somewhat.

He looked at her thoughtfully. "It seems to be a little better—Heaven knows it needed to be! We've had a big order lately." He stopped short. "The Wilmers won't be at the Fremers', you say?"

"They don't get back until to-morrow."

"Well, you get that rug. Perhaps we'd better take a cab after all over to the Fremers'; it's a pretty long distance for you—I tell you we feel it now father's away with the car."

"No, we'll walk," said Winifred stoutly.

III

Every one was already at the Fremers' when they arrived; people standing in small groups and talking perfunctorily. The house had a distinctly depressing effect on "company," Brunhilda and Ermentrude having decorated it in accordance with the newest ideas. The drawing-rooms, hung in gray and black, with immense bronze lamps that sent out about a needleful of light, and a few gleaming legs of chairs and tables showing in the distance, gave an impression of bareness, as of not yet being ready for occupancy.

It was reported, by those who had slept there overnight in the winter-time, that there were never enough covers. The fact seemed somehow indicative.

There was an exception, however, in "Grandma's" room, to which certain favored guests were conducted on arrival; a cheerful, brilliantly lighted spot of warm red curtains, and sagging, cushioned rockers, and piles of old magazines, and flowered work-bags, and crocheted shawls with lavender borders. Wrapped in one of the latter in the midst of these evidences of living, Grandma held court, apologizing scrupulously for not rising on account of her foot.

"I am always glad to see you, my dear," she said to Winifred, who stood before her radiant in a pretty white evening gown, "and your husband, too." She lowered her voice to a mysterious whisper: "What do you think of my granddaughter's young man?"

"We've not met him yet," said Winifred.

"Oh! Bend lower, my dear. She thinks she's going to twist him around her little finger, but I could tell her a thing worth two of that. He's a rascal like your husband here—he's a rascal! He'll get his own way every time if he wants to. Ah, I know you!" She shook her finger delightedly at Leslie.

"Now, Mrs. Whiting, you know you love me," said Leslie laughingly, making way for the next batch of visitors.

"Let's go home now, Win," he murmured suddenly, balking at the door.

"No, we can't go yet," she murmured back, as they descended into the esthetic gloom of the state caverns, in which the little Brunhilda was now circling around, like a small red robin, though she wore a silver fillet in her dark hair, and a classic yellow robe that showed not only her lovely bare white neck and arms, but also her lovely sandaled little bare white feet.

Leslie and Winifred halted by a group of friends—the Chandors and Bannards and Silvertons; the purple-velveted Mrs. Roberts, who was always afraid of losing some pearl of converse, eagerly detaching herself from uninteresting strangers to join the others, as Brunhilda came across the room

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to them with her young man following a half step behind, and her head leaning back over her shoulder as she spoke to him. There was, however, nothing of the laggard in his mien or expression, which seemed to show an amused aloofness from his surroundings, though his smiling eyes, bent on the upturned ones of Brunhilda, were full of a gleaming, guarded tenderness of ardor that capably bided its time.

Winifred, turning to see how Leslie was regarding them, gazed at him in wonderment. He certainly had a very queer expression, at once surprised, and shamefaced, and uneasy; for a moment he seemed about to start away and go, and then stood his ground as Brunhilda came up.

"This is Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Iverson—I think he's met all the others. Oh, and Mr. Iverson!"

"Well, *we* certainly have met before, haven't we?" said Mr. Phillips, shaking Leslie's hand warmly.

"Why, do you know, I thought your name was Hillis," said Leslie, with what seemed somewhat forced heartiness.

"No; Phillips. Mr. Dorimon speaks rather indistinctly sometimes. I met your husband at Boggybrae, Mrs. Iverson, last Wednesday. We had a fine time."

"It couldn't have been Wednesday, for that was the day I persuaded him to go to a directors' meeting, and he brought me home his ten-dollar gold-piece," said Winifred guilelessly—and could have bitten out her tongue the next instant.

"It was—ah, Thursday, of course," said Mr. Phillips unwinkingly. "Your husband plays a great game, Mrs. Iverson, a great game!"

The Iversons walked part of the distance home with the Bannards; the rest of the way they were perfectly silent. The stars had come out and the weather had turned colder; their hurrying feet echoed along the frosty pavement with a lonely sound as if it were very late in the night; the key rang in the lock.

Kelvey didn't care to spend all his evenings studying law.

Winifred went up-stairs at once. When Leslie entered the room a few minutes later, stepping more heavily than was his wont, she came swiftly toward him.

"There," she said, in a breathless voice, holding out the gold-piece at arm's length.

He made a quick gesture of repudiation. "*I* don't want it!"

"Well, I'm sure I don't!" She threw it down on the table. "I wouldn't touch it now for anything on earth!" Her dark eyes blazed at him, her cheeks burned. Her voice rose: "I would go without a rug forever before I'd buy one with the price of—*lies;* yes, *lies!* When you were planning all the time to deceive me, just for a miserable game of golf. And you were at Boggybrae all the time! I can never forget it, I can never forget you lied to me! I can never——"

"Stop!" said her husband in a curiously level tone that yet seemed to carry a controlling force with it. "Stop right now, before you say anything more you'll be sorry for. Sit down in that chair."

His hand gently but firmly pushed her into it, with her head resting against the back. After a moment or two her whole body seemed to relax; the tears began to well up in her eyes and stream down her cheeks. She groped blindly for her handkerchief.

He stooped over and picked it up off the floor. "Here it is." He thrust it into her fingers, and then sat down beside her, clasping her other hand in his.

"Now, don't get to crying," he warned her. "You know it will only make you ill to-morrow. There, that's better. Now I want you to listen to me. I ought to have told you before, but I knew you'd cut up about the rug—though there's no need to—and I wanted to wait until you'd sure-enough bought it. I didn't lie to you, but I let you think what wasn't so—and I shouldn't have, that's true enough."

A shudder went through her, but a pressure of his hand warned her to control.

"Want to hear the rest? Well, be quiet

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then. I was so busy Wednesday when I got into town that I hadn't a minute to call up Mr. Dorimon until late in the morning, and then I found that he'd left the office, and they didn't know when he'd be back. And just after that Jackson came in and paid me twenty-five dollars I lent him before I was married, and never expected to see again. So I thought it was no harm to take your ten out of that. I caught the train out here to get my clubs, and chased back again to meet the motor."

"Then Brunhilda did see you!"

"Yes. I did want you to get that rug, Win, before I told you! As far as the directors' meeting was concerned I was only too glad not to have to go to it, as things went. I knew all the time it was really better for me to stay away; you wouldn't understand, dear, if I explained; there's too much back of it. You see, you may be all right in theory, Win, but when it comes to managing my own affairs *I've* got to be the judge. And that couple of hours with Mr. Dorimon did more for me than I could ever have got without it. I'd been trying before to get him to order from us, and Wilmer fixed up this chance for me. I swear I'll never forget it! I've been carrying more lately than I let on to you. Feel better now, dear? I'm going to turn that other fifteen over to you, so that you can buy a hat or—well, I mean something that you need."

"Oh, Leslie, you think me so *foolish!*" Winifred's words came muffled from his shoulder, where his hand was smoothing her dark hair.

"You bet I don't! I don't think you're foolish at all. You're my sweet wife. Now don't begin to cry again, dear." He lifted her head so that her eyes faced his. "You help me in a hundred ways I don't tell you of; perhaps I ought to, but I can't seem to. Why, some days in the office when I think of you and little Matilda waiting home here for me, and how fine and good and true you are, dear, and how much you believe in me, I get all soft; I feel as if I couldn't work hard enough for you. I just feel as if I had a lot to live up to."

"Oh, Leslie!" Winifred clung to his hand, with his eyes still plunged into the upturned ones. She sighed, with, however, a little note of comfort in the sigh.

"As if I didn't know I had a lot to live up to, too, dearest—with *you!*" she protested with sudden, sweet fierceness. "Nothing can ever come between us, can it, even when I'm horrid! Yes, I *was* horrid, and you know it— No, don't speak, I *was!* That old Mrs. Fremer—she makes me so cross—but then, poor thing, we all know what *her* husband is! Perhaps it's no wonder she thinks the wife and mother has to be everything!"

"Well, she's a pretty good deal," said Leslie soberly.

"And for a girl, let me say clearly that I consider the stage an excellent place and a profitable profession"

From

"THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY *of an* ACTRESS"

in

The August EVERYBODY'S

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The Comic-ers

These professional grin-makers are syndicated in a thousand newspapers throughout the country. They provoke smiles enough daily to reach from New York to Chicago—if laid out in a straight line. Q. E. D.? No? All right. Let's try again. They make incomes ranging from a paltry $15,000 to a presidential $50,000 a year. There now! We've placed them. They are all young and not one looks like his comics. See for yourself.

BUD FISHER

BUD FISHER (disused front names Harry Conway) began drawing borders around photographs for the San Francisco *Chronicle* in 1905 at $15 a week. He was twenty years old and fondled an artistic temperament. Somewhere between his birth and his flashing into art, Bud entered the University of Chicago. A year later he went away from there. He progressed on the *Chronicle* from borders to news illustrations. And then one day, going from a chop-suey lunch to an execution, the big idea came to him. You've guessed it. Yes, it *was* Mutt and Jeff. San Francisco had just acquired the habit of a daily proprietary chuckle over them when a syndicate put dollar signs under Mutt and Jeff and rolled them clear across the continent into art-loving New York. Three hundred papers would curl into cornucopias now rather than go to press without Mutt and Jeff. Conversationally, they have been a boon to many. Mutt and Jeff are worth more money than any picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Yes, sir-ee! Fifty thousand dollars a year and the appetite for them still growing.

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BRIGGS

IF THERE is a Mark Twain of the Comics—and we don't assert it—his real name is C. A. Briggs. For the benefit of the 9,465,284 people who have written to him to ask if he has ever lived in a country town, we may announce that he was born in Reedsburg, Wis., in 1875, and he has lived in Dixon, Ill., Lincoln, Nebr., St. Louis, Mo., and Brooklyn, N. Y. And he now rests on alternate days at New Rochelle. Don't ask him again if he has ever lived in a country town. He sampled college at the University of Nebraska. For some reason that is not clear, making newspaper portraits in St. Louis turned his mind toward comics. Having planned his future, he naturally came to New York to syndicate it. His series, "Skin-nay," pleased, and there followed "The Days of Real Sport," "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," and many others. A musical comedy based on "The Days of Real Sport" threatens Chicago next season. Briggs is an artist in his interpretation of life. He has a motor-car, of course, a pretty fair set of golf clubs, and six golf balls. As his receipts for dues from different clubs and his photograph indicate, he is not noticeably unpopular with people who know him.

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OUTCAULT

RICHARD FELTON OUTCAULT was born in Lancaster, Ohio, in 1863, and thirty years later he became a comic artist. There is no traceable connection between the place of his birth and his sense of humor. He's dean of the comics. "Hogan's Alley," with the "Yellow Kid" as a star character, was created for the New York *World* in 1894. Children cried for it Sunday mornings. The Alley was dramatized and set to music. The Sunday *World's* circulation went soaring. "Pore Lil Mose" came along later in the New York *Herald*, and then "Buddy Tucker." "Buster Brown" flashed out in 1901, and he has earned for Outcault $250,000. Buster has been the cause of more than a million dollars' worth of litigation. One hundred millions of post-cards have carried his picture. Clothes, books, dolls, and plays have been produced in his name, and he is still going. We are not prepared to say that a Buster Brown political party has not been started in Kansas. Mebbyso. He is certainly the best-known Brown in the world. Truth compels us to say that Mr. Outcault lives in Flushing, L. I.—but let him who is without a suburban Brooklyn address throw the first stone.

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TAD

TAD—sounds as if it ought to be followed with the assertion, "You're it!" doesn't it?—separates into the name T. A. Dorgan. He was born in San Francisco in 1877, and for a while was one of the best cash-boys that J. J. O'Brien ever had. Admits it. Retired after some weeks and got a job as clerk in a stationery store. Copied every artist from Michael Angelo to Gibson. Finally got a real job as fashion artist and errand-boy on the San Francisco *Bulletin*. Being a born fight-bug, Tad began drawing sport pictures and kept at it for eight years, until the New York *Journal* offered him what looked like a million dollars to come to New York and, as he expresses it, "work a squirrel cage." That was in 1904. He is still on the job. Prides himself on sport prophecies. If you look carefully, you will find Silk Hat Harry somewhere in the border around Tad. He is smiling because three hundred papers simply must have him. Tad has a smile in his eyes for the same reason. His auto is just around the corner.

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Photograph by Newspaper Feature Service, N. Y.

STERRETT

CLIFF STERRETT appears on this page in an automobile that Polly bought for him. You will find Polly in the lower left-hand corner of the picture, and the other members of her interesting family decorate the border. If you are a reader of any one of 200 newspapers, you know all about "Polly and Her Pals." Sterrett came to New York from Minnesota ten years ago. He wanted to be an artist. After two hard years at the Chase Art School he decided that he just wanted to draw pictures. As a member of the New York *Herald* staff he illustrated all the things that go to make up the daily grind of a newspaper assignment artist. Still he wasn't satisfied. He wanted automobiles and things like that. He had forgotten all the patter about "art for art's sake." And so he went into comics. He produced "When a Man Is Married," "Before and After," and "For This We Have Daughters." Good, clean, vaudeville fun. Doing pretty well with them, thank you, when along came Polly and her family to lift him up into the higher circles of the "comic strip" success.

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DIRKS

RUDOLPH DIRKS can talk about the "divine art of Velasquez." He has painted in oils—by hand. Says he was driven to it because the New York exhibitions of oils were infringing on the comics. One was always sure of a good laugh at them. Having proved his case by showing his paintings to his editor, Dirks went back to comics. From an old German book, in 1897, he got an idea that developed into the popular Katzenjammer Kids. They have been working for him ever since. Then along came Hans and Fritz. Just sort of happened, and they have given him a lot of trouble. He can't get away from them. And everything Dirks draws now, even checks, looks like Hans and Fritz. He has worked on them all over the United States and in Europe. Same old Hans and Fritz. He even tried drawing them left-handed, but they didn't improve. And yet, if he were going to take out an accident insurance on them, he would probably insist that the policy be made out for at least $50,000. Dear old Hans and Fritz.

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GOLDBERG

GOLDBERG began drawing pictures in the Latin Quarter of San Francisco when he was four years old. Now we may disclose the fact that his initials, R. L., stand for Reuben Lucius. He is thirty-two years old. His artistic temperament came from his father, who had been police commissioner. Goldberg didn't know that he had it until he had wasted some years getting a B. S. degree at the University of California. A month in the City Engineer's office turned his mind to art, and he hunted the nearest newspaper shop and got busy. Three years later he came to New York, then the Athens of the comics, got a job on an evening newspaper, and has held it ever since. Among the popular series that he has created are "Foolish Questions," "Phoney Films," and "I'm Cured." Nearly 250 papers publish Goldberg's comics. In addition to his income from them, well above $20,000 a year, he draws royalties on books. As a recreation, Goldberg goes into vaudeville each year for a dozen weeks, at $250 per. Goldberg says he'll never have to swing a pick again.

P. S. No, reader, all comic artists do not make big incomes.

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Making Money

by

OWEN JOHNSON

AUTHOR OF "STOVER AT YALE," "THE SIXTY-FIRST SECOND," ETC.

Bojo

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THOMAS BEAUCHAMP CROCKER, otherwise known as "Bojo," comes to New York fresh from Yale, to tackle life. He is bent on entering Wall Street; and his father gives him fifty thousand dollars, with the prophecy that he will lose it all within two years.

Bojo goes to live in an apartment with three other Yale men—Marsh, DeLancy, and Granning—and enters the offices of a brokerage firm, where he makes rapid advances. He is tentatively engaged to Doris Drake, daughter of a money magnate; through her he gets a tip on Indiana Smelters, and not only clears $33,000 himself, but passes the tip to his firm and his friends, who make big winnings.

As a next step, Drake allows Bojo to subscribe fifty thousand dollars to a pool to manipulate New Orleans and Pittsburgh. Because Drake gives his firm large selling orders, Bojo assumes that the object of the pool is to push the stock down. Bojo, members of his firm, and his friends follow this tip and sell short.

Meantime he is asked to the Drakes' in the Berkshires for winter sports. He goes coasting with Patsie, Doris's younger sister, to whom he has been strongly attracted; and under the spell of the snow and the night silence they both almost forget Doris's claims. The next day, on a sleighing party, he asks Doris to set their wedding date; but when they get back he has an imperative summons home: apparently New Orleans and Pittsburgh has been cornered.

Arrived at home, he finds Marsh and DeLancy deeply involved and wild with anxiety. When the Exchange opens, the stock goes up on the jump, and Bojo loses all but $15,000. Then he realizes that if the pool is wiped out he is disgraced as well as ruined, for he can not meet his subscription. Late at night he goes to Drake to learn the amount of his debt. Drake overwhelms him with the news that he was manipulating a pool to buy; that, after securing control of the road, he had sold it at a profit of $10,000,000 of which $250,000 is Bojo's.

Back in the apartment, DeLancy, crazy drunk, fights to commit suicide. He has lost not only his own money, but that of a vaudeville actress with whom he is infatuated. Bojo makes him take the amount of their losses, plus a profit. Marsh, refusing Bojo's money, disturbs him profoundly by the suggestion that Drake had *expected* him to mislead his friends. This is followed by the shock of Forshay's suicide—a member of his firm who had been ruined on Bojo's tip; and he ends by paying the entire amount of Forshay's debts. A few days later he goes to Drake and asks him pointblank whether Marsh's suspicion is true. By his evasions Drake confirms his fear, and Bojo returns what is left of his $250,000.

Just outside Drake's door he finds Doris, listening from behind the curtain.

"WHAT! you were there! You heard!" he said, astounded.

She nodded her head, incapable of speech, her finger still on her lips, drawing him by the hand into the little sitting-room where they were in a measure free from other eyes.

"Now for a torrent of reproaches," he thought grimly.

But, instead, the next moment tears were

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on her cheeks, her arms about him, and her head on his shoulder. Seeing her thus shaken, he thought bitterly that all this grief was but for the material loss, the blow to her ambitions. All at once she raised her head, took him firmly by the shoulder, and said:

"Bojo, I've never loved you before, but I do now—oh, yes, now I know!"

He shook his head, unable to believe her capable of great emotions. "Doris, you are carried away—this is not what you'll say to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, it is!" she cried fervently. "I'll sacrifice anything now—nothing will ever make me give you up!"

"Luckily for you," he said, his look darkening, "you'll have time enough to come to your senses. If you heard all, you know what this means—starting over."

"I heard—I understand," she said, close to him, her eyes shining. He looked at her, thrilled by her feeling, and yet unconvinced.

"It's just your imagination," he said quietly; "that's all. Doris, I know you too well—what you've lived with and what you must have." He added, with a doubting smile: "You remember what you said to me that day on our ride, when we passed through that factory village—'Ask me anything but to be *poor*.'"

"Bojo," she said desperately, "you don't understand what a woman is. That was true—then. There's all that you say in me, but there's something else which you've never called out before, which can come when I love, when I really love." She clung to him, fighting for him, feeling how close she had been to losing him. "Bojo, believe in me; give me one more chance."

"To-morrow you'll come to me with some new scheme for making money."

"No, no."

"You'll try to persuade me that I should marry you on your money, take the opportunities your father can shove in my way. Oh, Doris, I know you too well!"

"No, no, I won't. I don't want—don't you see I don't want to make you do anything? I want to follow you!"

He turned, walked away, and sat down, gazing out through the window, feeling something dark and enveloping closing about him without his being able to slip away. She came impulsively to his side, flinging herself on the floor at his knees, carried away with the intensity of her emotion.

"What does all the rest amount to?" she said breathlessly. "I want you! I want a man, not a dummy, in my life. I want some one to look up to, bigger, stronger than I am, that can make me do things."

He put his hand on hers, thrilling as she bent quickly and kissed it. "The trouble has been," he said slowly, "all this time I've been trying to come to your ways of living, to reach you. Doris, I can't promise; I'm not sure of myself, of what I think——"

"Oh, it would be such a dreadful thing if you were to let me go now," she said suddenly, covering her face. "Now, when I know what I could do."

"Yes," he assented, feeling too the power he had suddenly acquired to make or mar a life, and with that power the responsibility.

"You can do anything with me," she said in a whisper.

He felt a lump in his throat, a sense of being blocked at every turn, a horror of doing harm, and a wild pride in the thought that at the last this girl, whom he had rebelled against so often for being without emotion or passion, was at his feet, without reserve, a warm, adoring woman.

"Doris, you have got to come to me on my footing," he said firmly at last.

She accepted it as the answer she had longed for, raising her face suffused with joy, pressing his hand to her heart, her eyes swimming with tears, inarticulate. "Try me—anything! I'm happy—so happy—so afraid—I was so afraid—oh, Bojo, to think I might never have known you—lost you!"

When a little calm had been reestablished, she wished to marry him at once, to live in one room in a boarding-house, if necessary, to prove her sincerity. He answered her evasively, pretending to laugh at her, feeling the while the leaden load of what by a trick of fate he had assumed at the moment when he had expected the completest freedom. Yet there was something so genuine,

"This room was a hell before Granning came."

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so uncalculated in her contrition, something so helpless and appealing to his strength in her surrender to his will and decision, that he felt stirred to a poignant pity, and shrank before the brutality of inflicting pain.

When he left, quiet and brooding, turning the corner of the avenue his glance happened to go to a window on the second floor, and he saw Patsie looking down. He stopped, stumbling in his progress, and then, recovering himself, lifted his hat solemnly. She did not move nor make an answering gesture.

When he returned to the Court and stopped mechanically at the desk for his mail, Della, with her welcoming smile, chided him.

"My! but you look awful serious, Mr. Crocker!"

"Do I? Yes, I suppose so," he said absent-mindedly.

He went through into the inner court that yesterday had seemed to him such a constricted little spot in the great city which had responded to his fortunate touch. Now, in the falling dusk, with the lights blossoming out, the court seemed very big, crowded with human beings in the battle of life, and he himself small and without significance.

"Well, I've chucked it all," he said, lingering in the quiet and the suffused half lights. "I took the bit in my teeth. There's no turning back now." He remembered his father and the old battling look of defiance in his eyes as he had exhorted his son.

"Guess, after all," he said grimly, feeling all at once drawn closer to his own, "I must be a chip of the old block."

Granning alone was in the study as he came in, spinning his hat on to the sofa.

"Well, Granning, I've up and done it," he said shortly.

"Eh, what?" said Granning, looking up rather alarmed.

He told him.

"And so, Granning, I'm a horny-handed son of labor from this time forth," he said in conclusion. "You'll have to find me a job!" The laugh failed. It seemed out of place at that moment with Granning staring at him. He added quietly: "Guess self-respect is worth more than I thought!"

"God, I'm glad!" said Granning, bringing down his great fist.

He had never in all their long friendship seen Granning so stirred!

Bojo Hunts a Job

"WELL, now to hunt a job!"

He woke up the next morning with this one idea dominant, dressed to a whistling accompaniment, and came gaily to breakfast. A load seemed to have been suddenly lifted from his mind, the day fair and the future keen with the zest of a good fight without favors. The breakfast was delicious and the air alive with energy.

"Seems to me you're looking rather cocky," said Marsh, studying him with surprise.

"Never felt fitter in my life," said Bojo, stealing a roll from DeLancy, who had completely lost his good spirits.

"What's up? Going to trim the market again?"

Bojo laughed, a free and triumphant laugh. "Never again for me!" He added quickly, remembering the attitude they had assumed for DeLancy's benefit: "Luck's been with me long enough—I'm not going to bank on luck any more!"

Fred pushed his plate from him and went into the outer room without meeting their glances.

"I say, Bojo, one thing we ought to do," said Marsh under his breath: "get after the infant and give him a solemn dressing-down."

"You don't suppose he's fool enough to try the market again?"

"Who know's what he'll do?" said Marsh gloomily. "Sometimes I think it would have kept him out of more trouble if you'd let him be cleaned out!"

"You mean Louise Varney—Good Lord!"

"Exactly."

"Do you think he suspects?" said Bojo, after a moment's hesitation—"I mean about his taking a profit."

"Of course," said Marsh quietly.

"Poor devil! Well, heavens! I can't criticize him," said Bojo moodily. "I pretty near did the same thing."

"What are you going to do now?" said Marsh, to keep the conversation clear of disturbing memories.

"Going to start in on a new job."

"What?" said Marsh, surprised.

"Oh, I'm going to look around," said Bojo in an offhand sort of way. "I want

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"WHAT DOES ALL THE REST AMOUNT TO?"
SHE SAID BREATHLESSLY.
"I WANT YOU."

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something solid and real—constructive is the word. Well, Roscy, wish me good luck—I'm starting to look over the field this morning." He rose confident and happy, slapping his friend on the shoulder, with the old boyish exhilaration. "By Jove, I'm glad to have it over and to begin a real life!"

"Give you a try at reporting," said Marsh.

"Not on your life. I'm going out for something myself. Hello there, old Freddie-boy! Got your hair on straight? Well, then, come on and tell Wall Street what to do."

An hour later, still full of confidence, he took the bull by the horns and entered the offices of Stoughton & Bird. Young Stoughton was of his social crowd, and the father had been particularly agreeable to him on the several occasions on which he had dined at their home. The house was known for its conservatism, dealing in solid investments.

"Hello, Skeeter," said Bojo, giving young Stoughton his college nickname. "Is the Governor busy—could he see me ten minutes?"

They were in a vast outer chamber, with junior members installed at distant desks, the telephone ringing at every moment.

"I think you've caught him right," said Stoughton, shaking his hand cordially. "Wait a moment—I'll 'phone in." He nodded presently. "Sure enough—go right in."

Stoughton, senior, a short, well-groomed man, club-man and whip, pumped his hand affably with the smiling relaxation of one who throws off momentarily the professional manner.

"Glad to see you, Tom. I was asking Jo yesterday what had become of you. Well, what have you got up your sleeve? You look mighty important. Want to sell me a railroad in Mexico or half of a Western state?"

"Nothing like that," said Tom, laughing and at his ease at once. "What I'm looking for is a job."

"You don't mean it," said Stoughton in surprise.

"I want to get experience along solid lines," said Bojo confidentially. "In conservative financing, and investments. I don't know whether you've got anything open, but if you have I'd like to apply."

"I see." Stoughton nodded, plainly perplexed. "Does that mean you've left——"

"Hauk & Flaspoller—yes."

Stoughton frowned. "That's poor Charlie Forshay's firm, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"They were caught pretty hard in New Orleans and Pittsburgh," said Stoughton meditatively. "Yes, I remember. Were you caught too?"

"I was."

"What were you getting there?"

"Of course I don't expect to get what I was making there—not just at present," said Bojo magnanimously. "I was getting as much as one hundred and twenty-five a week at the end."

"No," said Stoughton without the flicker of a smile, "you can't expect that." The social affability had faded. Gradually he had withdrawn into a quiet defensive attitude, tinged with curiosity. "By the way, you don't mind my asking a discreet question? Why don't you try Drake?"

Bojo could not give an answer which would reveal too much, but he contented himself with saying frankly: "Why, Mr. Stoughton, I'd rather not ask favors. I'd like to work this out for myself."

"Right," said Stoughton, brightening. Still beaming, he added: "Wish we had a place for you here. Unfortunately, our system is rather complex and we start a man at the bottom. Of course we wouldn't offer you anything like that. You're out of the ten-dollar-a-week class. Besides, you've got friends—good connections. Lots of firms would be glad to get you."

"I want to get into something sound. I want to keep away from just brokers," said Bojo, much cheered.

"And you're right," said Stoughton, nodding. He drew out a card and penciled it. "You know Harding & Stonebach? Harding's a good friend of mine—give him this card. They're what you want—make a specialty of development, electric plants, street-railways, and that sort of thing. Big future for a young fellow who's got a talent for constructive organization."

"That's just what I want," said Bojo, delighted. He shook hands, thanking him effusively.

Mr. Harding was in, but asked him to call after lunch. He wandered about the Wall Street district, stopping to chat with several acquaintances on the curb, and ate lunch, finding it hard to kill time. Back at the appointment, he was forced to sit, shifting

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restlessly, watching the clock-hands make a slow full revolution before his name was called. This enforced wait somehow robbed him of all his confidence. His head was weary with the click of typewriters and the fire of his assurance out. He tried to state his case concisely and promptly, and felt hurried and embarrassed.

The wonderland of industry.

In two minutes he was out in the hall again, the interview, for which he had waited a day, over. Mr. Harding, with incisive, businesslike despatch, had taken his card and noted his address, promising to notify him if occasion arose. Bojo understood it was a dismissal. He returned to the Court, essaying to laugh down his disappointment, yielding already to the subtle depression of being a straggler and watching the army sweep by.

The next day he continued his quest, the next and all of that week. Sometimes he met with curt refusal that left a scar on his pride; sometimes he seemed to gain headway and have opportunity almost on his fingers, until somehow, sooner or later, in the categorical questioning it transpired that his last venture had been with a firm of speculative brokers who had been caught and squeezed. Gradually it dawned upon him that there was something strange in the resulting sudden shift of attitude, a superstition of the Street itself, a gambler's dread of failure, an instinctive horror of any one who had been touched with misfortune, as the living hurry from the dead. The feeling of loneliness began to creep over him. Alarmed, he steadfastly refused all week-end invitations.

One Sunday his father turned up suddenly in the Court, shook hands with Granning, who alone kept him company, and passed a few perfunctory remarks with Bojo.

"How is it you haven't been to me for money?" he said gruffly.

Bojo answered with a lightness he was far from feeling:

"Well, they haven't taken it away from me yet, dad."

"Mighty sorry to hear it." He looked him over critically. "In good shape?"

"Fine."

"Get enough sleep and don't do much sitting up and counting the stars?"

"Hardly. How've you been?"

"Sound as a drum."

"How's the business, father?"

The question brought them perilously near what each had in mind. Perhaps one word of daring would have broken down the pride of their mutual obstinacy. Mr. Crocker growled out:

"Business is mighty shaky. Your precious Wall Street and politics have got every one scared to death. Mighty lucky we'll be if a crash doesn't hit us."

Had Bojo defended himself, the father might have reopened the question of his entering the mills; but he didn't, and after a few minutes of indefinite seeking for an opening Mr. Crocker went off as abruptly as he had come.

The next morning Bojo, to end this depressing period of inactivity, made a resolve to accept any opportunity, no matter how humble the salary, and went down to see Mr. Stoughton to ask him for the chance to start at the bottom. Skeeter received him with the same cordiality as before, but access to the father was not to be had that day. In desperation he sat down and wrote his request. Two days later he received his answer in the evening mail.

MR. THOMAS CROCKER.
DEAR TOM:

Please forgive my delay due to press of business. Just at present there is no vacancy, and frankly I would not advise you to take the step even if there were. I know you are young and impatient to be at work again, but I can not but feel that you would not be happy in making such a radical move, particularly when at any moment the opportunity you are looking for may turn up.

Cordially yours,
J. N. STOUGHTON.

Granning came in as he was sitting by the waste-basket and slowly tearing this letter into minute shreds.

"Hello, young fellow, what luck?"

"I think I'm on," said Bojo slowly, feeling all at once shelved and abandoned. "The last thing people down-town have any use for, Granny, is a busted broker!"

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"You have found that out, have you?" said Granning quickly.

Bojo nodded.

"Well, you're right." He sat down. "See here, old sport, why don't you do the thing you ought to do?"

"What's that?"

"Go down and see the old man and tell him you're ready to start for the mills to-morrow."

"No, no, I can't do that."

"You want to do it, at heart. It's only pride that's keeping you."

"Perhaps; but that pride means a lot to me," said Bojo doggedly. "Never! I'm not going to him a failure. So shut up about that."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

Bojo began to whistle, looking out the window.

"Suppose I were to offer you a job over at the factory?"

"Would you?" said Bojo, looking up with a leaping heart.

"That means starting in on rock-bottom—as I did. Up at six, there at seven—beginning as a day-laborer on a beautifully oily and smudgy blanking-machine among a bunch of Polacks."

"Will you give me a chance?" asked Bojo breathlessly.

"Will you stick it out?"

"You bet I will."

"Done!"

And they shook hands with a resounding smack that seemed to explode all Bojo's pent-up feelings.

"All right, young fellow," said Granning with a grin. "To-morrow we'll find out what sort of stuff you're made of."

Bojo in Overalls

THE day he entered the employ of the Dyer-Garnett Caster and Foundry Company was like an open door into the wonderland of industry. The sun, red and wrapped in dull mists, came stolidly out of the east as they crossed the river in the unearthly grays, with electric lights showing in wan ferry-boats. When they entered the factory a few minutes before seven the laborers were passing the time-clocks, punching their tickets, Polack and Saxon, Hun and American, Irish and Italian, the men a mixture of slouchy, unskilled laborers and keen, strong mechanics, home-owners and thinkers; the women of rather a higher class, bright-eyed, deft, with a prevailing instinct for coquetry.

In the offices Dyer, lanky New Englander, engineer and inventor, and Garnett, the president, self-made, simple, and shrewd, both in their shirt-sleeves, gave him a cordial welcome. Unbeknown of Bojo, Granning had given a flattering picture of his future destination as heir to the famous Crocker mills, and of his progressive desire for preliminary experience in factories that were handling problems of labor-saving along modern lines.

"Glad to meet you," said Garnett, gripping his hand. "Mr. Granning tells me you want to see the whole scheme from the bottom up. It's not playing football, Mr. Crocker."

"Hope not," said Bojo with a smile. "It's very good of you to give me an opportunity."

"Don't know how you'll feel about it after a couple of weeks. I'll get Davy—that's my son—to show you around. We're doing some things here you'll be interested in. Mr. Dyer's just installed some very pretty machines. Davy'll put you on to the ropes—he's just been through it. That's a great plant of your father's—went through it last year. Nothing finer in the country."

He found young Garnett a boy of twenty, just out of high school, alert, eager, and stocked with practical knowledge. The morning he spent in exploration was a revelation. In his old prejudice against what he had confusedly termed "business" he had always recoiled as before a leveling process, stultifying to the imagination, a thing of mechanical movements and disciplined drudgery. He found instead his imagination leaping forward before the spectacle of each succeeding regiment of machines, before the feeling of progress, of the constant advance toward the harnessing of iron and steel things to the bidding of the human mind.

Cars were being switched at the sidings, unloading their cargoes of coiled steel; other cars were receiving the completed article, product of a score of intricate processes, stamped, turned, assembled, and hammered together, plated, lacquered, burnished, and packed for distribution. He had but a confused impression at first of

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these rooms of tireless wheels; and the noises deafened him—noises that in the ensuing months were to become articulate utterances to his informed ears, songs of triumph, prophetic of a coming age.

In the burnishing-room grotesque human and inhuman arms reached down from a central pipe to the poisonous gases of the miniature furnaces.

"Granning's idea," said young Garnett. "Carries off the fumes. This room was a hell before. Now it's clean and safe as a garden. Here's a machine the Governor's just installed—does the work of six women. Isn't it a beauty?"

Bojo looked beyond it to the clustered groups of women by long counters piled with steel parts, working rapidly at slow, intricate processes of assembling.

"I suppose you'll get a machine some day to do all that too," he said.

"Sure. Wherever you see more than two at a job, there's something to be done. Look here." They stood by a couple of swarthy Polack women, who were placing tiny slugs in grooves on round surfaces to be covered and fastened with ball-bearing casters. "Looks a pretty tough proposition to get that job out of those fingers. We've worked two years at it, but we'll get it yet. It's the slug shape that makes it hard; the simple ball-bearings were a cinch. Here's how we worked that out."

A machine was under Bojo's eyes that caught the open roller and plunged it into a circular arena, where from six converging gates steel balls were released and fell instantly into place, a fraction of a second before the upper cover, descending, was fixed and hammered down.

He came to take his place in the early morning.

"One hundred and fifty a minute against thirty to forty, and two operations made into one."

"But you can't do the same thing with an irregular slug," said Bojo, amazed.

"There's a way somehow," said Garnett, smiling at the tribute of his astonishment. "If you want to see what a machine can do, look at this, the pride of the shop."

"Who's watching it?" said Bojo, surprised to see no one in attendance.

"Not a soul. It's a wise old machine. All we do is to fill up the hamper once an hour, and it goes ahead, feeds itself, juggles a bit, hammers on a head, and fills up its can, two hundred a minute."

In a large feeding-box, a tangled mass of small steel pins, banded at one end, were rising and falling, settling and readjusting themselves. A thin grooved plate rose and fell into the mass, sucking into its groove, or catching in its upward progress, from one to six of the pins, which, perpendicularly arranged, slid down to a new crisis. Steel fingers caught each pin as released, threw it with a half turn into another groove, where it was again passed forward and fixed in shape for the crushing hammer blow that was to flatten the head. A safety device based on exact tension stopped the machine instantly in case of accident.

"Suffering Moses, is it possible!" said Bojo, staring like a schoolboy. "Never saw anything like it."

"Gives you an idea what can be done, doesn't it?"

"It does."

Then he began to see these strangely human machines and these mechanical human beings in a larger perspective, in a constant warfare, each ceaselessly struggling with the other, each

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unconsciously being fashioned in the likeness of his enemy.

"When we've got the human element down to the lowest terms, then we'll fight machines with machinery, I suppose," said Garnett.

"Makes you sort of wonder what'll be done fifty years from now," said Bojo.

"Doesn't it?" said Garnett. "I wouldn't dare tell you what the Governor talks about. You'd think he's plumb crazy."

"By George, I feel like starting now."

"Same way I did," said Garnett, nodding. "I suppose what you'll want will be to follow the whole process from the beginning. It gives you a general idea. I say, that's a great machine your father's just installed."

He began to expatiate enthusiastically on an article he had read in a technical paper, assuming full knowledge on Bojo's part, who listened in wonder, already beginning to feel, beyond these animated iron shapes, the mysterious realms of human invention he had so long misunderstood.

The next morning, in overalls and flannels, he took his place in the moving throngs and found his own time-card, a numbered part of a great industrial battalion. He was apprenticed to Mike Monahan, a grizzled, good-humored veteran, whose early attitude of suspicion disappeared with Bojo's plunge into grime and grease.

He was himself conscious of a strange bashfulness which he had never experienced in his contact with Wall Street men. It seemed to him that these earnest, life-giving hordes of labor must look down on him as a useless, unimportant specimen. When he came to take his place in the early morning, sorting out his time-card, he was conscious of their glances and always felt awkward as he passed from room to room.

Gradually, being essentially simple and manly in his instincts, he won his way into the friendly comprehension of his associates, living on their terms, talking their talk, with a dawning avid curiosity in their points of view, and their opinions of his own class.

Garnett had not exaggerated when he had said that the work was not playing football. There were days at first when the constant mental application and the mechanical iteration amid the dinning shocks in the air left him completely fagged in mind and body. When he returned home it was with no thought of theater or restaurant, but with the joy of repose. Moreover, to his surprise he found that he awaited the arrival of Sunday eagerly for the opportunity of reading along the lines where his imagination had been stirred. As he studied the factory closer, his pleasure lay in long discussions with Granning over such subjects as the utilization of refuse or the possibility of further safety-devices.

He saw Doris every Sunday, in the afternoon, often staying for dinner and departing soon after. Patsie was never present at these meals. He was told that she had left on a round of visits. Mr. Drake often made humorous allusions to his enforced servitude, but never attempted to sway his course, being too good a judge of human nature to underestimate the intensity of the young man's convictions.

Doris had completely changed in her attitude toward him. She no longer sought to direct, but seemed content to accept his views in quiet submission. He found her simple and straightforward. He could not honestly say to himself that he was madly in love, yet he owned to a feeling of growing respect and genuine affection.

Matters went on according to the routine of the day without much change, while the spring passed into the hot stretches of summer. The exigencies of the life of discipline he had enforced on himself had withdrawn him more and more from intimate knowledge of the every-day life of Marsh, whose hours did not coincide with his, and of DeLancy, who since the episode of the speculation in New Orleans and Pittsburgh had seemed, from a feeling of unease, to avoid his old friends.

Occasionally in her letters from the country Doris mentioned the fact that Gladys had been to visit her and that she thought Fred was rather neglectful; but beyond that he was completely ignorant of his friend's sentimental standing either with Gladys or with Louise Varney, so that what happened came to him like a bolt out of the blue.

Toward the end of July, Fred DeLancy married Louise Varney.

It was on a Friday night when Marsh, after an unusual tarrying in the den, was preparing to return to the office, that DeLancy, to their surprise, came into the room. In response to their chorused welcome he flung back a curt acknowledgment, looked around gravely in momentary hesitation,

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"MY, BUT YOU LOOK AWFUL SERIOUS, MR. CROCKER!"

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and finally installed himself on the edge of a chair, bending forward, his hat between his knees, turning in his hands. The others exchanged glances of interrogation, for such seriousness on Fred's part usually presaged a scrape or a disaster.

"Well, infant, why so solemn?" said Marsh. "Been getting into trouble lately?"

DeLancy looked up and down. "Nope."

"There's not much information in that," said Marsh cheerily. "Well, what's the secret sorrow? Out with it!"

"There's nothing wrong," said DeLancy quietly. He began to whistle, staring at the floor.

"Oh, very well," said Marsh in an offended tone.

The mysterious realms of human invention.

They sat watching DeLancy for a moment in silence. Finally he spoke, slowly and monotonously: "I have made up my mind to a serious decision."

Again they waited without questioning him, while he frowned and seemed to choose his words.

"You will think I have gone out of my head, I suppose. Well, I am going to be married—to-night—at eleven."

"Louise Varney?" said Marsh, jumping up, while Granning and Bojo stared at each other blankly.

"Yes."

"You damned fool!"

At this Fred started up wildly with an oath, but Granning interposed with a warning cry.

"You fool—you idiot!" cried Marsh furiously. "Shoot yourself—cut your throat—but don't—don't do that!"

"Shut up, Roscy; that does no good!" said Bojo quickly. He seized Fred by the wrist. "Fred, honestly—you're going to marry her—to-night?"

DeLancy nodded, his mouth grim.

"Oh, Fred, you don't know what you're doing!"

"Yes, I do," he said, sitting down. "It's nothing hasty. It's been coming for months. I know what I'm doing."

"But—but the other—Fred, you can't—in decency you can't—not like this."

"Shut up!" said DeLancy, wincing.

"No, no, you can't like this," said Bojo indignantly.

"By heavens, he sha'n't," said Marsh angrily. "If we have to tie him up and keep him here—he's not going to ruin two lives like this, the lunatic!"

"Go easy," said Granning, with a warning glance.

But, contrary to expectation, Fred did not resent the attack. When he spoke, it was with a shrug of his shoulders, in a tired, unresisting voice: "It's no use, Roscy. It's settled and done for."

"Why, Fred, old boy, can't you see clear?" said Roscy, coming to him with a changed tone. "Don't you know what this means? You're not a fool. Think! I'm not saying a word against Louise."

"You'd better not," said Fred, flushing.

"Her character's as good as any one else's—granted that. But, Fred, that's not all. She's not of your world, her mother's not, her friends are not. If you marry her, Fred, as sure as there's a sun in heaven you're ended, done for; you're dropped out of the world and you'll never get back!"

"Well, I'm going to do it," said DeLancy stubbornly.

"You're going to do it and deliberately throw over every friend and every attachment you've got in life?"

"I don't admit that."

"What are you going to live on?" said Granning.

"I've got the money I made and what I make."

"What you make now," said Marsh, seizing the opening, "what you make because you know people and bring down customers! You yourself said it. But when you drop out of society you'll drop out of business. You know it."

"I may fool you yet," said Fred angrily.

"You think you can play the Wall Street game and beat it," said Bojo, divining his thought. "Fred, if you marry, whatever else you do—quit gambling." Knowing more than the others, he had from the first known the hopelessness of argument. Still he persisted blindly. "Fred, can't you wait

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and think it over—let us talk it over with you?"

"I can't, Bojo, I can't. I've given my word!"

"Good God!" said Marsh, raising his hands to heaven in fury.

"Fred, can't you see what Roscy says is true?" said Granning, quieter than the rest.

"Even so, I'm going to do it," said Fred in a low voice.

"But why?"

"Because I'm crazy, mad in love," said Fred, jumping up and pacing around. "Infatuated? Yes! Mad? Yes! But there it is. I can't do without her. I've been like a wild man all these months. Whether it ruins me or not, I can't help it—I've got to have her, and that's all there is to it!"

"Then I guess that's all there is to it," repeated Granning solemnly.

Marsh swore a fearful oath and went out.

"I want to talk to him a moment," said Bojo, turning to Granning with a nod. Granning went into the bedroom, while Bojo drew nearer to DeLancy. "Fred, let's talk this over quietly."

"Oh, I know what you're going to fling at me," said Fred miserably. "Gladys and all that. I know I'm a beast; I've no excuse. But, Bojo, I'm half wild! I don't know what I'm doing—honest, I don't!"

"Is it as bad as all that, old fellow?" said Bojo, shaking his head.

"It's awful—awful." He sat down, burying his face in his hands.

"Fred, answer me—do you yourself *want* to do this?"

"How do I know what I want?" he said breathlessly. He raised his head, staring in front. "I suppose it will end me with the crowd. I suppose that's true. Bojo, I know everything that it will do to me—everything. I know it's suicide. But, Bojo, that doesn't do any good. Reasoning doesn't do any good—what's got to be has got to be! Now I've told you. You'll see it's no use."

"I hope it will work out better than we think," said Bojo solemnly. "And Gladys?"

"I wrote her."

"When?"

"Yesterday." He hesitated. "Her letters and one or two things—they're done up in a pile."

"I'll get them to her."

"Thank you." He turned. "I say, Bojo, stand by me in this, won't you? I've got to have some one. Will you?"

"All right, I'll come."

At eleven o'clock in a little church up in Harlem he stood by DeLancy's side while the words were said that he knew meant the end of all things for Fred in the worldly world he had chosen for his own. It was more like an execution, and Bojo had a guilty, horribly guilty feeling, as though he were participating in a crime.

"Louise looks beautiful," he found the heart to whisper.

"Yes, doesn't she?" said Fred gratefully, with such a sudden leap in the eyes that Bojo felt something choking in his throat.

He waved them goodby after he had put them in the automobile, and took Mrs. Varney and Miss Dingler, the maid of honor, home in a taxi. It was all very gloomy, shoddy, and depressing.

Strangely human machines and mechanical human beings.

Doris Meets a Crisis

IT WAS toward the end of August, when the dry exhaustion of the summer had begun to be touched with the healing cool of delicious nights, that Bojo and Granning were lolling on the window-seat, busy at their pipes.

"Ouf! It's good to get a lungful of cool air again," said Bojo, turning gratefully to an easier position.

"Well, how do you like being a horny-handed son of toil?" said Granning.

"I like it."

"You're through the worst of it now."

"It's sort of like being in training again,"

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said Bojo reminiscently. "Jove, how they used to drive us in the fall—the old slave-drivers! It's great, though, to feel you've earned the right to rest. I say, Granning, it's a funny thing, but you know that first raise, ten dollars a week, thrilled me more than making thirty thousand in a clip. Come to think of it, I don't believe I ever really made that money."

"You didn't."

Bojo laughed. "Well, this is a man's life," he said evasively. Then suddenly: "What prècious idiots we were that first night, prophesying our lives. Poor old Freddie, who was going to marry a million and all that—and weren't we indignant, though, at him! A fine grave he's dug for himself now. Queer."

"I like him better than if he'd married the other girl in cold blood."

"Yes, suppose I do too. Still—" he broke off. "Do you believe he's had the sense to get out of the market?"

"No," said Granning shortly.

"Good Lord, if I thought that, I'd——"

"You'd do nothing. You can't help him—neither can I nor any one. After all—don't think I'm hard, but what does it matter what happens to fellows like Fred DeLancy? What's important is what happens to men who've got power and energy and are trying to force their way up. Men you and I know——"

"That's rather cruel."

"Well, life is cruel. My sympathy is with the fellow that's knocking for opportunity, not the fellow who's throwing it away. Bojo, the salvation of this country isn't in making sinecures for good-natured, lovable chaps of the second generation, but in sorting 'em out and letting the weak ones fall behind. Keep open the doors to those who are coming up."

"I don't think you've ever forgiven Fred for taking that money," said Bojo reluctantly. "You don't like him."

"I did like him, but I've grown beyond him—and so have you," said Granning bluntly. In the last few months he had come to speak his mind directly to Bojo, with results that sometimes shocked the younger man.

At this moment the telephone rang.

"Shuffle over to it," said Granning, withdrawing his legs. "No one ever telephones for me."

"It may be from Fred—perhaps they're back," said Bojo, departing.

He came back in a few moments rather excited. "That's queer—it's from Doris."

"Been rather neglectful, haven't you?"

"It wasn't long distance. She's here!"

"Here—in town?"

"Yes. Funny she didn't warn me," said Bojo, mystified. He dug out his hat from the crowded desk and halted before the reclining figure. "Well, I'm summoned. Sorry to leave you. Felt just like rambling along."

"Well, be firm."

"What?"

"Be firm."

"Now just what did he mean by that?" Bojo said to himself as he ran down the stairs and out. He puzzled more over this advice as he hastened up-town. Why had Doris come, abruptly and without notification? The more he thought of it, the more he believed he understood the reason of Granning's warning. Doris had come to him with some new proposition, an investment for quick returns or an opening along lines of increasing salaries.

He would have been at loss to define to himself his real feelings. Despite the sudden awakening in her, the delirious quality of romance had not returned to him. Memories of another face and other hours had ended that. Yet there was a solid feeling of doing the right thing, of playing square by Doris.

In the long, crowded, heated weeks there were long intervals when he forgot her entirely. Yet when he saw her or opened her letters, poignant with solicitude and faith, he felt his imagination kindle, if but for the moment.

He had reached that self-conscious stage in youth when he looked upon himself as supernaturally old and tried in the furnace of experience. He quieted the dormant longings in his heart by assuring himself that he now took a different view of marriage, a more significant one—as a grave social step. The less he felt the romance of their relations, the more he acknowledged the solid supplementary qualities which Doris would bring him as his companion, as associate and organizer of the home.

That he could not give her all that she now poured out unreservedly to him, gave him at times a twinge of pity and compassion. She was so keen to progress, to broaden the outlook of her views, to be of real service to him. There were moments

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"I DO NOT LOVE YOU, DORIS, AND I NEVER HAVE. I AM SORRY, TERRIBLY SORRY."

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in her letters of inner revelations that stirred him almost with the guilty feeling of surprising what was not his to see. The idea of an early marriage would have been unbearable, yet as a possibility of the future it seemed to him an eminently wise and just procedure.

At the Drake mansion his ring was answered by a caretaker, who came doubtfully to let him in, pausing to search for the electric buttons. In the anteroom and down the vistas of the salons everything was bare and draped in dust-clothes; there was a feeling of abandonment and loneliness in the bared arches, as on his first visit a year before.

"Bojo, is it you?"

He heard her voice descending somewhere from the upper flights of the great stone stairway, and answered cheerily. The caretaker disappeared, satisfied, and he waited at the foot while she came rushing down and flung herself in his arms.

"Why, Doris!" he exclaimed, surprised at her emotion and the tenseness of the figure that clung to him. "Doris, why, what's wrong?"

"Wait, wait," she said breathlessly, burying her head on his shoulder and tightening the grip of her arms.

She led him, still clinging to his side, through the ballroom and the little salon, into the great library, where he had gone for his decisive interview with Drake. They stood a moment in filtered obscurity, groping for the buttons, until suddenly the room sprang out of the night. Then he saw that she had been weeping. Before he could exclaim, the tears sprang to her eyes and she flung herself in his arms again, sheltering her head against his shoulder, clinging to his protection as though reeling before the sudden down-swoop of a storm. His first thought was of death, a catastrophe in the family—father, mother—even Patsie. At this thought his heart seemed to stop and he said brokenly:

"Doris, what is it—nothing has happened—no one is—is in danger?"

"No, no," she said in a whisper. "Oh, don't make me speak—not just yet. Keep your arms about me. Tighter—so that I can never, never get away."

He obeyed, wondering, his mind alert, seeking a reason for this strange emotion. Suddenly she raised her head and, seizing his in her hands with such tenacity that he felt the cut of her sharp little fingers, kissed him with the poignant agony of a great separation.

"Bojo, remember this," she cried through her tears, "whatever happens—whatever comes—it is you—you! I shall love only you all my life—no one else!"

"Whatever happens?" he said, frowning, but beginning to have a glimmer of the truth. "What do you mean?"

She moved from him, standing with head slightly down, staring at him silently for a long moment. Then she said, shaking her head slowly: "Oh, how you will hate me!"

He went to her quickly and, taking her by the wrist, led her to the big sofa. "Now sit down. Tell me just what this all means!"

His tone was harsh, and she glanced at him, frightened.

"It means," she said at last, "that I am not what you thought—what I thought I could be. I am not strong. I've tried and I've failed! I am very, very weak, very selfish. I can't give up what I'm used to—luxury! I can't, Bojo, I can't—it's beyond me!" She turned away, her handkerchief to her eyes, while he sat without a word, compelling her to go on. At last she turned, stealing a look at his set face. "Of course you'll say you told me; but I tried—I did try."

"I am saying nothing at all," he said quietly. "So you wish to end the engagement—that is all, isn't it?"

"All!" she said indignantly with a flood of tears. "Oh, how can you look at me so brutally? I am miserable, absolutely miserable. I am throwing away my life, my whole chance of loving, of being happy, and you look at me as though you were sending me to the gallows!"

If her distress was intended to weaken him in his attitude of quiet, critical contemplation, it failed. Nevertheless he modified his tone somewhat. "I am quite in the dark. I understand that you have come to break off the engagement—that is not perhaps the shock you believe it—but I am still curious to know what are your reasons."

Her tears stopped abruptly. She faced his glance. "I said you would hate me," she said slowly.

"No, I do not think so."

"Yes, yes, you will hate me," she said breathlessly, "and you should. Oh, I'm not excusing myself. I hate myself. I despise

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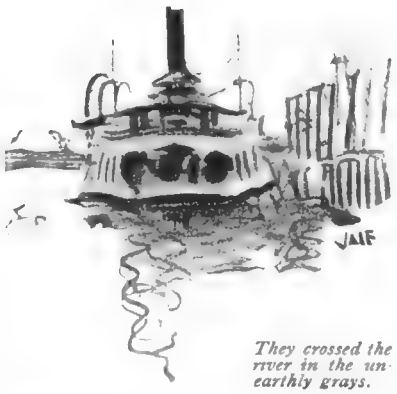
myself. If you hated me you would only be right. Yes, you have every right."

"Are you engaged to any one else, Doris?" he said with a smile.

She sprang up indignantly. "Oh, how could you say such a thing! Bojo!"

"If I have offended you I beg your pardon."

"You beg my pardon," she said, her lip trembling. She came and knelt at his side. "Bojo, look at me. You believe that I love you, don't you?—that you are the only thing, the only person in my life that I have ever loved, and that if I give you up it is because I must, because I can't help it, because—because I know myself so well that I know I haven't the strength to do what other women do—to be—*poor!* There you have it!"



They crossed the river in the unearthly grays.

"But you knew all this six months ago," he said, scenting some mystery. "Something else must have happened—what?"

She nodded. "Yes."

He waited a moment. "Well?"

She rose, listened a moment, and glanced carefully about the room. Afterward he remembered this glance. "You must give me your word of honor not to mention—not to breathe one word I say to you," she said in a lower voice.

"That is hardly necessary," he said quickly, on his dignity.

"No, no. This is not my secret. Your word of honor. I must have your word of honor."

"Very well," he said, carried away by his curiosity.

"Before the end of the year, in a few months even, Dad may lose every cent he has!"

"He told you?" he said incredulously. "Or is this some trick of your mother's?"

"No, no, it is no trick. Dad told us himself."

"'Us'? Whom?"

"Mother and me!"

"And Patsie?"

"No, Patsie is away."

"When did he tell you?"

"Just a week ago."

"But why? That doesn't seem like him, to tell you," said Bojo, frowning. "Perhaps—you've exaggerated."

"No, no. He is in a bad way. He is caught," she said hurriedly. "Times have been hard, the market has gone down steadily—all summer—'way, 'way down—and Dad is carrying enormous blocks of stock—must carry them or admit defeat—and you know Dad! I don't know exactly what's wrong. He didn't go into the matter; but he has enemies, tremendous enemies that are trying to put him out, and it's a question of credit. Oh, if you'd seen his face when he told us, you'd know how very serious it was!"

"Just what did he say?"

"He told us—I can't remember the words—that if times continued as they had been, he stood a chance of losing every cent he had, that he was in a fight for existence, and that he couldn't tell how it would come out." She hesitated a moment and added: "He thought the situation so critical that we should know of it."

This last and the halting before saying it suddenly gave him the light he had been seeking during all this interview. "In other words, Doris," he said quickly, "frankly and honestly—since we are going to be honest now that we have come to the parting of the ways—your father let you understand so that you might know how critical the situation was and take your measures accordingly. That's it—isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I hope at least that you haven't concealed anything from Boskirk," he said quietly.

"Why should I tell him?" she started to burst out, and caught her breath, trapped.

"So you are already to be congratulated?" he said, looking at her with a smile.

"That isn't true," she said hastily. "You know and I know that Mr. Boskirk wants to marry me; that I can have him any day——"

"Don't," he said gravely. "You know there is an understanding——"

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"Oh, an understanding—" she began.

"True," he interrupted. "At this moment, Doris, you know that Boskirk has proposed and you have accepted him. Why deny it? It is quite plain. You made up your mind that you would marry him the moment you learned you might be a pauper. Come, be honest—be square."

She went away from him and stood by the fireplace, her back to him.

"That is true—all of it," she said. A shudder passed over her. "I hate him!"

"What!" he cried, advancing toward her in amazement. "You hate him and yet you will marry him!"

"Yes. Because I can't bear to give up anything—because I am a weak, selfish woman."

In a flash he saw her as she would be—this woman who now stood before him twisting and turning in half-sincere outbursts, seeking to excuse or accuse herself before his eyes, from the need of dramatic sensations.

"You will be," he said quietly. "So you are going to marry Boskirk?"

She nodded.

"Soon, *very* soon?"

She winced under the note of sarcasm in his voice and turned breathlessly: "Oh, Bojo—you despise me!"

"No," he said indifferently. He held out his hand. "Well, we have said all we have to say, haven't we?"

Before he could prevent her or divine her intentions, she had flung herself on his shoulder, clinging to him despite his efforts to tear her from him.

"Please, no scenes," he said hastily. "Quite unnecessary."

She wished him to kiss her once—a last kiss; but he refused. Then she began to cry hysterically, vowing again and again, between her torrents of self-accusation, that, no matter what the future brought, she would never love any one else but him. It was not until she grew exhausted from the very storm of her emotion that he was able to loosen her arms and force her from him.

"Oh, you don't love me—you don't care!" she cried, when at last she felt herself alone and her arms empty.

"If that can be any consolation—if your grief is real—if you really do care for me," he said, "that is true. I do not love you, Doris, and I never have. That is why I do not hate you or despise you. I am sorry, terribly sorry. You could have been such an awfully good sort."

At this she caught her throat and, afraid of another paroxysm, he went out quickly.

Before the curb the Drakes' touring-car was waiting. An idea came to him, remembering the glance Doris had sent about the room.

"Going back to-night, Carver?" he said to the chauffeur. "Much of a run?"

"Two hours and a half, sir."

"Mrs. Drake came down with you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the answer," he thought to himself, wondering how much she might have overheard. "Poor Doris."

He thought of her already as some one distantly removed, amazed to realize how quickly with the snapping of the artificial bond their true relationship had readjusted itself. He thought of her only with a great wonder, recognizing now all the possibilities which had lain in her for good, saddened, and shuddering in his young imagination at the price she had elected to pay.

He turned the corner with a last look at the turreted and gabled roof of the great Drake mansion, faint, unreal shadows against the starlit sky, as though, in his newly acquired knowledge of the tremendous catastrophe impending, it lay against the crowded silhouette of the city like a thing of dreams to vanish with the awakening reality.

Before the next month was over, Doris had married young Boskirk—a quiet country wedding, whose simplicity excited much comment. Before another fortnight the market, which had been slowly receding before the rising wrath of a great financial panic, broke violently.

The next instalment of **"Making Money"** *will appear in the August number.*

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Mr.-er-er- *Oh! What's his name?*

EVER SAY THAT?

THIS ARTICLE TELLS YOU WHY—AND A GREAT MANY OTHER CURIOUS THINGS—AND VALUABLE ONES

IT IS THE SECOND ARTICLE ON THE AMAZING NEW SCIENCE OF PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

by

MAX EASTMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

A YOUNG man had passed through college with unusual success and taken up the study of law. He was a quick, talented youth, but he lacked confidence in himself. He was so shy that he made little success with the girls, to begin with; and that made him all the more weak of heart in matters of professional advancement. His manner was so diffident that neither his superiors nor his clients had any faith in his power.

A "mama's boy" is likely to grow up to be a "nervous" man.

Of course this worked in a vicious circle: the more he lost confidence, the more reason he had to lose confidence. And finally his condition became actually diseased. He was subject to a perpetual vague dread, a sense of insufficiency and of impending disaster. For a long time he had given up appearing in court. And now he was hardly able to appear in the street.

Last month I described a new method of treating such disease—a method called Psycho-analysis—which offers hope to thousands of people in similar trouble. I explained how a disease frequently arises from some passionate desire which the patient *thinks* he has suppressed and put out of his mind, but which he has really only put out of his *consciousness*. In his *unconscious* mind it continues to exist, and it finds expression in the form of symptoms and pains which he can not understand. It also finds expression in the form of dreams.

The young man we've been talking about went to a psycho-analyst. And it came to light that about the time he graduated from the law school he had been miserably turned down by the girl he loved, and this affair put him to bed with a fever for two weeks. But he never thought about her

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any more, he said; he had decided to be a bachelor and was perfectly satisfied.

Now we might expect, from the cases cited last month, that his dreams would reveal the fact that he was still unconsciously craving the girl's affection, and that this hidden want was the cause of his trouble.

And they did. But they also revealed a craving far deeper than that. They revealed that in his unconscious mind *he had never grown up at all;* he was still longing to be back in his mother's arms!

It did not take the physician long to find this out, nor was the patient long in perceiving it for himself.

Even men who look like this may be suffering from "infantile homesickness."

That point was the point at which his "cure" began. When he once realized and admitted the cause of his trouble, the trouble began to disappear. But here we want to dwell for a moment on that cause.

This young man had always been a "mama's boy," and he was a mama's boy still, *in his unconscious mind*, although his mother had been dead for twelve years. Whenever the real world, which is hard and merciless, demanded courage and fortitude of this young man, his immediate instinct was to "run home to mother." That was the unconscious desire which was causing his trouble. That was the reason for his shyness, his insufficiency, his loss of confidence. He simply could not face life without the apron-string in his hand. He suffered from "chronic acute infantile homesickness," and nothing could cure him except to go back and begin over again and *grow up*.

You see, his disappointment in love was only the incident which caused his malady to become acute. His desire for that girl, when it was disappointed and repressed, delved down into his unconscious mind and revived those deeper unconscious desires which he had brought with him out of infancy. And *they* were the underlying cause of his trouble.

Freud thinks that this is practically always the case. He thinks that virtually all mental and nervous diseases have their deepest origin in the childhood of the patient. They can appear only in people who have failed to manage properly the business of growing up.

People of neurotic constitution are just people who have never broken away, in the depth of their hearts, from the family situation. They are still dominated in all that they do and feel by a repressed love, or a repressed hate, toward mother, or father, or nurse, or sister, or brother—a passion which possessed them when they were little children. What we call a "nervous" person is a grown-up infant.

Take, for instance, the typical old maid. I do not mean by an old maid a woman who deliberately decides not to marry, because she does not find a real mate, or because she wishes to do, or to be, something else. That is her own business. I mean a woman (*or a man!*) who does not marry because she just can't. She gets right up to the brink of it, and then some inner resistances come into play, and she begins to hesitate, and criticize, and see little imperfections, and things get clumsy, and finally the whole proposition grows to seem like an impossible dream, and she finds herself alone and not happy. She tries to "bluff it out," but only succeeds in growing sharp and bitter and everlastingly fastidious. That is what I mean by an old maid.

And the trouble with her, according to Freud, is that she carries in the deep parts of her mind, and perhaps in the unknown parts of it, a vision of an "ideal man," which is in reality just the image of her father or brother as he appeared to her childhood's fancy—an image of perfection. It is that unreal and altogether impossible image that she is in love with. She is in love with a phantom. And she can not tear herself from that infantile phantom and accept the imperfect offerings of the real world, no matter how urgent they are and no matter how much even she herself consciously wishes that she could.

Freud's followers have emphasized the fact that we *all* carry in our unconscious minds these infantile attachments. We are all more or less dominated in our activities and our choices throughout life by a mother-image, or a father-image, or what Jung calls a "family complex" of some sort. And so we are any of us likely, in case of heart-break or excessive repression, to have our energy turn inward and occupy itself with

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SHE'S A TYPICAL "OLD MAID." SHE REALLY LOVES HIM BUT SHE CAN'T MAKE UP HER MIND TO TAKE HIM. WHY? IN HER "UNCONSCIOUS" THERE IS A VISION OF AN "IDEAL MAN," AND THIS VISION IS REALLY JUST AN INFANTILE IMAGE OF HER FATHER OR HER BROTHER.

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these old passions of childhood, to our utter undoing as grown-up and efficient human beings.

Some of us, however, are more liable to this than others—namely, those who were excessively sensitive children and were too closely adored, or too hideously nagged, by one or another of our immediate family.

Dr. Jung describes the case of two sisters who fell in love at the same time and under equally auspicious circumstances; but when it came to the question of marriage one of them took the plunge and lived a happy life with her lover, while the other, after a scene of tears and hysterical fright, provoking anger in him, was finally carried away to a health resort, irritable, depressed, jealous of her sister, and suffering from a nervous intestinal trouble.

Why did Sir Issac Newton forget his dinner?

In process of curing her of this trouble Dr. Jung learned that she had been an excessively sensitive child, the favorite of her parents, and that she had always had a peculiarly passionate attachment to her father. It was this "father image" which, dwelling still in her unconscious mind, absorbed all her power of loving and made her recoil, in spite of herself, from the natural course of life which her sister pursued.

But Freud proves the existence of repressed desires in many ways besides curing nervous invalids. A thousand little *every-day* symptoms or "peculiarities," as we call them in people who are not sick, reveal the pressure of these unconscious passions. Absent-mindedness, laziness, forgetfulness, awkwardness, stuttering, biting one's nails, losing things, slips of the tongue, slips of the pen—all these and others are in many cases attributable to passionate wishes of which one is totally unconscious.

There are two kinds of absent-mindedness. One is the absent-mindedness of the thinker, the poet, the mathematician. His mind *seems* to us to be absent simply because it is giving its attention to abstract ideas or to visions that we are not aware of.

Sir Isaac Newton, they say, invited a man to dinner, and then became so absorbed in his work that he forgot all about it. The man came and ate his dinner alone and departed. When Sir Isaac came to, and wandered into the dining-room to see if his own dinner was ready, he saw the empty dishes there, concluded he must have had dinner himself, and went back to work again. That kind of absent-mindedness is nothing more than good mental concentration.

But there is another kind of absent-mindedness which produces nothing. It is the kind that arises when a person's attention has turned inward and has gone to occupying itself with some fantasy, some day-dream, in the unconscious mind. We say of such a person: "He is not there at all." And that is a perfectly true and scientific way of describing his condition. He is not there, or, at least, "he is not *all* there," simply because a part of him has retreated into his own past and is living out, in imagination, some remembered longing that was never fulfilled.

And just as there are two kinds of absent-mindedness, so there are two kinds of laziness. There is the natural inertia which is often an accompaniment of good health and good eating, a tendency to sit in the sun and do nothing, which we inherit straight from our savage ancestors. Dr. Jung calls it "primitive indolence." It can be overcome, when occasion demands, by a vigorous determination.

But there is another indolence which is actually morbid, a neurotic indolence, the indolence of the man whose energy is flowing inward, animating repressed desires and expending itself in imaginary realizations of those desires in the unconscious mind.

Excessive boredom is another every-day symptom of the activity of repressed desires. These people who are just so *blasé* and sophisticated that nothing in the world arouses their interest—the real trouble with them is that their interest is all occupied with some doll-fancy—that has got stuck in their unconscious minds!

"I can not remember your name—just wait a minute!" How often we hear that! And some of us are offended and some of us think it is absurd to be offended. Well, according to Freud, the first are instinctively right about it. When you can not recall a name that you "ought to remember," it is a sign either that unconsciously you wish to injure or reject the person whose name you have forgotten, or else that this person *is associated in your mind with something you do not want to think of*. If his

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name should come to mind, that repressed thought would come with it, and so you can not fish up either of them.

Says Freud: "When I analyze those cases of name-forgetting which have occurred in myself, I find almost regularly that the name withheld shows some relation to a theme which concerns my own person and which is apt to provoke in me strong and painful emotions."

Among other examples, he tells how he could not remember the name of an inn near which he had spent seven summers, and that when he finally heard the name it proved to be the same as that of a rival physician, who practises his own specialty in Vienna. This name touched his professional jealousy.

Freud made a study also of the cases in which he had forgotten to call on patients when a call was due, and he found that the great majority of them had happened when the patient was one whom he treated *gratis!* I suspect that most of us, if we could achieve the refreshing personal candor with which Freud writes his scientific books, would have similar tales to tell.

A young man gives the following mysterious case of forgetting:

"Several years ago there were some misunderstandings between me and my wife. I found her cold, and though I fully appreciated her excellent qualities, we lived together without showing any tenderness for each other. One day, on her return from a walk, she gave me a book which she had bought because she thought it would interest me. I thanked her for this "attention," promised to read the book, put it away, and did not find it again. Months passed, during which I occasionally remembered the lost book, and tried in vain to find it.

"About six months later my beloved mother, who was not living with us, became ill. My wife left home to nurse her. My mother's condition became serious and gave my wife the opportunity to show her best side. One evening I returned home full of enthusiasm over what she had accomplished, and feeling very grateful to her. I stepped to my desk and, without definite intention but with the certainty of a somnambulist, I opened a certain drawer, and in the very top of it I found the long missing, mislaid book."

In popular opinion it is a "bad omen" if the bride loses her wedding-ring, and we laugh at the superstition. But Freud's psychology quite accords with this opinion. If she loses it five or six times, if she loses it down the sewer-pipe, or such a matter as that, the outlook is certainly dark for her married life. It is not dark because the Fates, or any other supernatural powers, take that manner of indicating what the future is to be, but because her own *repressed feelings* about her husband find expression in that apparently accidental act.

So it is with some others of the signs and superstitions which command popular belief. Many of them are absurd, because they imagine that a power *outside* of us is telling us what it is going to do to us; but others of them are wise because they call attention to the warnings of the power *inside* of us—our unconscious self—and tell us what *that* is going to do.

"The Roman who gave up an important undertaking because he sighted an ill-omened flock of birds was only relatively right," says Freud, "his action was consistent with his principles. But if he withdrew from an undertaking because he had stumbled on his threshold, he was absolutely superior to us unbelievers. He was a better psychologist than we. For his stumbling demonstrated to him the existence of a *doubt*, an internal counter-current, the force of which could weaken the power of his intention at the moment of its execution. For only by concentrating all psychic forces on the desired aim can one be assured of perfect success.

Freud thinks that such "accidents" as falling downstairs are often really intentional.

It may have been foolish for the *first* person to say that spilling salt between you, or giving you a knife, is a sign that your friendship with some one is going to be severed. But since that idea has become a popular one, it is not at all unlikely

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that an unconscious ill-will may take that means of expressing itself. You spilled the salt *accidentally*, so far as your conscious knowledge goes. But did some hidden motive guide your hand?

A young married woman, who had had an unsatisfactory love-affair with another man two years before she was married, found herself and her husband at table with that man a short while after. The man's name was Bob, and he had a dog named Dick. The dog came wandering around the table and put his muzzle in the young woman's lap.

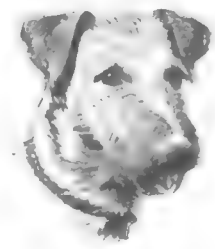
"Go away, *Bob;* I don't want you!" she cried.

The dog obeyed and wandered round the table again, but finally came back; and "Go away, *Bob;* I don't want you!" she repeated, with equal emphasis upon the *man's* name.

Now to identify the man with his dog, and at the same time to cry "Go away—I don't want you!" at him is quite obviously a way of expressing exactly what the inner mind of that young woman most likely wanted to express. Yet she was entirely unconscious of the slip.

Dr. Brill reports an amusing incident in which a repressed resentment found expression through a slip of the tongue:

"A wealthy but not very generous host invited his friends for an evening dance. Everything went well until about eleventhirty, when there was an intermission, presumably for supper. To the great disappointment of most of the guests there was no supper. Instead, they were regaled with thin sandwiches and lemonade. As it was close to election day the conversation centered on the different candidates; and as the discussion grew warmer one of the guests, an ardent admirer of the Progressive party candidate, remarked to the host: 'You may say what you please about Teddy, but there is one thing—he can always be relied upon; he always gives you a square meal'—wishing to say "square deal."



When a lady calls a dog by his master's name, what does it signify?

Freud cites as an example of slips of the pen the famous case of the "Wicked Bible," published in London in 1631, in which the word "not" was left out of the Seventh Commandment. That the printer satisfied some repressed wish of his own by means of this slip, was the implied opinion of the court of law, which is said to have fined him two thousand pounds for his offense.

Those who find this explanation of every-day slips and accidents difficult to accept will be still more astonished to know that Freud believes that there are frequently unconscious motives in such trivial things as biting one's own tongue, falling down and bumping oneself, dodging back and forth in front of a person one wishes to pass on the street, etc. Freud even thinks that "accidental" suicides are frequently accidental only to the conscious mind and that they fulfil the deepest longing of the unconscious.

The existence of these unconscious motives is most convincingly demonstrated perhaps by the "Association Test" devised by Dr. Jung. He devised this experiment as an aid to the diagnosis of neurotic patients. It is another method—besides dream interpretation—for finding out what is in the unconscious mind; and it is a method which any two people can employ at any time. They will find it is an enjoyable entertainment, if nothing more.

A list of words is read off, one at a time, by the physician. As soon as each word is pronounced, the patient speaks the first other word that comes into his mind. The original words are chosen rather carefully, as being ones likely to call out by association the kind of ideas that people usually repress. The length of time which passes before the patient responds is noted. The nature of the response is also noted. If any one response is long delayed, its nature is noted with especial care; because it is assumed that the delay indicates a resistance—an effort to dodge—a repressed "complex," as the psychologists call it.

Here is an example taken from an analysis by Dr. Ernest Jones, Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Toronto. The "reaction-times" are measured in fifths of a second; and if an answer is delayed for three or four seconds, Dr. Jones calls it a "disturbed reaction."

"Stimulus-word"	"Reaction-word"	"Reaction-time"
black	dress	10
wind	window	8
bare	baby	24
turn	go	9
cup	saucer	6
raise	sister	12

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A MAN EXPECTED HIS HOST TO PROVIDE A REAL SUPPER. THE HOST PROVIDED ONLY LIGHT REFRESHMENTS. THE MAN BEGAN TO TALK ABOUT ROOSEVELT AND THE SQUARE DEAL. "ROOSEVELT," SAID HE, "AT LEAST ALWAYS GIVES YOU A SQUARE *MEAL*."

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rub	knee	9
food	eat	7
boy	girl	9
copper	toes	13
talk	talkative	12
paper	write	8
green	grass	6
ball	play	15
mother	sister	22
white	dress	11
rich	poor	7
jump	run	7
cold	gold	11
post	box	11
nut	shell	9
roof	house	7
sister	child	14
blood	water	17
bed	cot	10
lace	dress	12

"Several significant complexes," says Dr. Jones, "are revealed in this case. The least important is one dealing with the patient's personal appearance, 'a vanity-complex.' The stimulus words 'black,' 'white,' and 'lace,' all evoke 'dress' as a reaction word. The curious association 'raise—store' became explicable by the patient's remarking that 'Ray's' was the name of the shop where she bought her clothes.

"In the same connection may be mentioned the equally curious association, 'copper—toes,' which referred to an old threat of her mother's to put copper toes on her boots if she persisted in being such a tomboy and wearing out her things so recklessly. The patient was a good example of the common type of girls who exchange (at the time of puberty) a careless indifference toward dress for an exaggerated preoccupation with it. 'Talk—talkative,' referred to another group of complaints that her mother had in regard to her. . . .

"Finally is to be noted the disturbed reaction to the stimulus-word 'blood.' As may be guessed, this touched on some family complex, and the nature of this complex might be inferred from the evidence of the exaggerated effect upon her of her mother's reproof, as shown by her responses to 'copper' and to 'talk.' She had had a number of quarrels with her mother, whom she secretly hated, and was debating with herself whether she should permanently break with her family. To the word 'blood' she replied 'water,' and this thought of the saying 'blood is thicker than water' indicates the nature of the sentiment that had restrained her."

Psycho analysts have some advice for parents whose boys want to fight.

Through the avenue of this examination Dr. Jones succeeded finally in diagnosing the mental cause of a persistent and annoying "tic," or twitching of the muscles, from which the young woman had suffered for six years.

She secretly hated her mother, he tells us. And that brings us again to the heart of Freud's contribution to our Wisdom of Life.

For better or worse, the attitude which little children develop toward their parents and immediate family is, after heredity, the chief influence in determining their choices in after-life, in determining the trend of their character, in determining their attitude to the world.

We have seen cases in which persons could not fall in love because of an unconscious infatuation with the father's or mother's memory. And we may add that when people do fall in love and live happily together there is frequently a strong resemblance in each one to the dearest parent of the other. This is but one of the ways in which the unconscious survival of infantile passions influences our experience of life.

That this influence should not be oppressive and deforming, that it should not retard but accelerate and gladden the growth of an individual, must be the ideal of parents in educating their children.

It is too early to say, in any detail, what changes Freud's discoveries will bring into the science of education. He offers to education a new subject for investigation rather than a new set of principles. Yet I am prepared to guess at two or three things that *a wise physician*, taught by Psycho-analysis, might say to a mother who asked his advice in bringing up her child.

He would say, in the first place: "Do not try to *stifle* and *ignore* the untoward impulses. Take those impulses and direct them toward *better objects*."

For instance, I have a friend in Montclair, New Jersey, who has a boy who is continually "spoiling for a fight." He can't get through a day happily without licking somebody or getting licked, it doesn't

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matter which. Now if my friend were as foolish as a great many mothers are, she would just cry, "You mustn't, you mustn't, you mustn't!" until the boy learned to regard himself as incorrigibly "bad," and his mother as an unspeakable bore. He would start in trying to love and hate his mother at the same time, which is a devastating thing; and besides, he would go right on fighting.

A wise mother will not be too much disturbed at these evidences that her boy is a healthy and vigorous man-cub, but she will see to it that such a boy has abundant opportunity to play games *that contain the element of conflict.* And a wise city will see to it that all its boys have abundant space and facilities for such games.

"And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Matthew 10 36

Then as the boy grows older he will be led to *lift that fighting instinct still higher up,* and he will find activities of real social or professional value which contain the element of fight. There is fighting enough to be done. Too few boys are born with the fight in them. And too few of the boys that *are* born that way ever get this fighting blood trained to the service of man.

This process of lifting animal instincts up into a socially, or professionally, or artistically, creative sphere, instead of merely repressing them, Freud calls "sublimation." Freud has no end of technical terms and long-tailed Latin catchwords in his psychology, and it has been a pleasure to leave most of them out of these articles. But that word "sublimation" stays in!

When impulses to do unacceptable things are merely *repressed,* then they stick in the unconscious mind and make trouble. But when they are given an outlet, when they are lifted up, when they are *sublimated* into some kindred activity that *is* acceptable, then they do *not* remain in the unconscious and there is *no* trouble.

Another thing that I think a wise psychologist would say to an asking mother is this:

"Don't be afraid to turn your child loose. Send him out on his own. Don't think, because he sits tight and imitates you, that he is growing up. You're not a paragon; and, even if you were, you're not the *kind* of a paragon he wants to be.

"He wants to be himself, an individual; and in order to be that he has got to get out from under the shadow of your soul. He must lose you for a while, in order to find himself and the world.

"Most parents sit on their children.

"Get off!"

Education must be thought of as a kind of *emancipation;* and then we shall not meet so many neurotic and semi-neurotic people. We shall not meet so many people who have no color and no character of their own, foredoomed to failure because they are trying to meet a man's reality with a baby's soul.

I often think in this connection of those bitter-true words of the prophet Micah, quoted by Jesus in the Gospel of Matthew: "And a man's foes shall be they of his own household."

Something of the danger of that "chronic infantile homesickness" which unconsciously besets so many otherwise effective adult people must have been in the mind that uttered those words.

And parents who realize that truth, who take care to let their children grow away from them, independent and individual, are doing the real service both to their children and to their race.

We go on record—you won't read a better love story this summer than

in THE AUGUST EVERYBODY'S

"THE FAIRY PRINCESS"

by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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THE INN WAS CALLED THE "RAILROAD INN, BY J. P. SHELLEY." THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY WE HAD A GLIMPSE OF MINE HOST, A GIGANTIC MAN, ALL IMMENSE AND RUGGED ANGLES, WORKING OVER A HEAVY OLD SHOE, WHILE HIS WIFE AND A GIRL LOOKED ON, BOSSING THE JOB.

Here is another of Hallet's stories—the young world-wanderer who has a brand-new kind of yarn to tell, in a new and humorous way. Mr. Kerfoot introduced him to you two months ago. You'll meet him again in another number or so.

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Southampton Bill and the Siren

by

RICHARD MATTHEWS HALLET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

MY OLD road partner, Frank Hyde, was a man who let destiny take him by the hand and lead him like a little child. Every day, rain or shine, he made a new move in that perilous game known to him as tickling the Grim Destroyer in the ribs. But this great, kindly braggart, who used the seven oceans for spittoons, could never plan his life ten minutes in advance. At dawn he knew not where he would be or whether he would be, come sundown. He shifted his occupation as carelessly as his hat—his famous rimless ruin of a derby hat, under which he bristled like a vast Turk, amiable, inquisitive, and out of jail.

A hairy gorilla, lean in the hip, flat in the back, heavy in the fist, thick in the neck, straight in the eye—by turns ponderous as a bull and lightning-quick as a death-adder. But he was handsome, too. Ah, man dear, the fatal Roman beauty of his nose, and the cruel jut of his bearded chin. This immense sundowner had stamped himself vainly, like a mirage, glowing green over a thirsty desert, in the hearts of many women. And Bill, poor old Southampton Bill, who used to travel with us, worried himself about this beauty, because it seemed to him that no woman could resist it. Bill knew that story of the siren voices, and he knew the character of sirens. Ah, perilous and bleak, this threat of sirens in the path of dusty swagmen.

Bill was a small, trailing man, who limped a little. He had that painful hobble of the veteran swagman. A man might judge from his brow and his blunt nose that it would be his nature to worry and contrive and look ahead. He had worked at one time in a British gun-making plant, and he was afraid that in his sleep the secret might escape him whose flight would be the ruin of the world. Poor old Bill. I reckon he was long ago numbered among the shadows and the memories.

Without warning, one day, we were shipwrecked. A hidden snag tore the bottom out of our hand-made punt, and flung us into the Murrumbidgee. The ship's cat escaped, clinging to a slimy snag; aside from this, we sank with all on board, like an ocean liner, and saved nothing—nothing to speak of, among our loose tools, save a fry-pan, in Bill's hand. Bill did our cooking, and he would naturally seek out the pan.

Man, oh man! we sat on the bank, and heard Bill knuckling the fry-pan, and cracking his big toe like a web-footed animal. He was wet. We were all wet. We had no chart to prick and no plan to follow. Frank had a dry match still behind his ear. He lit a fire; and presently the little cat came fawning on us in the firelight, leering at us intimately; but, perceiving us to be barefooted, bareheaded, disaster-shaken men, it wandered off among the dead logs and rabbit hutches, and we saw no more of it. But we had ten shillings imprisoned in a tobacco-box—the Welcome Nugget was its name; and Frank was cheerful.

"No, Bill," he said, "this ain't a

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He clung to that fry pan.

circumstance. It ain't a humpbacked little circumstance, I tell you, Bill."

A red sun was going down behind the gum-trees. "Wot *is* a circumstance?" inquired Bill.

"Why, these here little silver men, makin' music," said Frank, shaking the Welcome Nugget toward the town, which was beginning to glimmer already in the east.

You know how all sorrow can be drowned by the lights of even a strange town—and ten shillings. And old Frank craved linen under his bones whenever he smelt town.

The name of this town was Gundah. It was a railroad town, composed of shacks of stringy bark; and the inn was called the "Railroad Inn, by J. P. Shelley."

Through the open doorway we had a glimpse of mine host, a gigantic man, all immense and rugged angles, working over a heavy old shoe, while his wife and a girl looked on, bossing the job.

We approached, and spoke of lodgings.

"Where's your purse?" shrilled Mrs. Shelley. J. P. hardly looked at us, and the girl had disappeared.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" murmured Frank.

His voice was gentle and manly and persuasive, but more wonderful yet were the faces of the florins in the Welcome Nugget.

The lady led us through the bar and through a courtyard to a brick chamber—an annex to the inn; and here we washed each other behind the ears, performing further those acts of lovingkindness which mark men of the road when they come under an alien roof.

"Did you see the parson?" said Frank.

"'Im in the green 'at?" inquired Bill.

"Ay, Bill. And did you see the girl behind the bar?"

"Bli' me, no." Bill put his vision in peril on slight grounds. He now laid a scroll-like mosaic of hair on his narrow forehead and resumed his coat. "No charnce," he said cryptically, and peered at Frank.

"You mean on account of that big yellow brute that was growing to one end of the bar?"

"'E's proper 'andsome," said Bill, half to himself.

"Not so musty," returned my old partner.

As we went through the bar-room he was jingling the Welcome Nugget. But the parson—him in the green hat—was waiting for us on the porch beyond the bar. This porch faced the courtyard, in the center of which stood a great canvas-covered wagon. From the stable came the restless pounding of a heavy horse.

"Who is the owner of that prairie-schooner?" inquired Frank.

"It belongs to the duke there," said the parson, twinkling. "There—sh—there he is."

The duke was no other than the big yellow brute already noted. Big and bold and sulky, with yellow hair and a beard of Viking's red beginning to creep out, he stood lowering on the door-sill, neither in nor out, giving ear to no man. If he lacked something of my partner's strength, he was even handsomer. He was a Victorian cockie, or roving farmer, it appeared; one of these fellows who plant north and south, according to the season. He was now due in the south, and yet he lingered.

"He's courting Queenie Shelley," said the parson, tittering. "The grass is growing under his wagon, and not one word to her yet. Strange, isn't it? Not one word."

Light from the tap-room suddenly fell on the face of the tall Victorian who was courting Queenie Shelley. He had that sort of sullen, smoldering beauty, not made use of, that touches women strongly. His attitude proclaimed the proud man unwilling to confess the softness of love. He mused darkly, with mystery and romance thrown about him like a mantle.

"The country hereabout is undulating, but I reckon she can roll still," said Frank, looking at the wagon. "Yes, she would roll," he said, watching the Victorian.

"'Eavy wagon," said Southampton Bill deterringly.

To this nobody replied, and Frank walked past the Victorian into the bar. Turning there, he looked back, and inquired of him, "Will you drink?"

Man dear, that splendid towhead shook his head. He wouldn't drink. Red-lipped, yellow-haired, silent, he had no vices.

"Him? He's saving his money," said Queenie Shelley sweetly. She stroked the tap-handles of blue and white china with plump hands.

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"Ya-as?" said Frank, with that caressing interrogative sparkle of his eye that had before now saved him situations. "Well, name your poison, gentlemen."

Bill and I and one other had come in, leaving the parson on the wooden bench outside. Beer foamed in the pewter, but the Victorian, leaning in the door, seemed unaffected.

My partner, tapering his nose over the delectable foam, neatly wrapped a cigarette paper around the head of a match—an old Montana trick. You know they can delay even flame in Montana. He scratched the match and threw it on the bar, like a challenge, directly under the Victorian's nose.

In the silence the girl's eyes covertly flickered toward that son of a duke, imploringly, as if to beg him not to make mistakes. In vain: slow puzzlement overspread his face; and he stared at the splinter of wood wrapped in tissue-paper. "Scratch again, mate," he said.

My partner's fingers had now slowly rolled for him a cigarette which his eyes had not seen. And man, oh man, those calculating eyes! Still turning them luminously on the Victorian, he wetted the cigarette and set it in his teeth. Then, slowly still, he lifted the masked match, and with his little finger flicked the tissue from its end. The match burst into flame, and the Victorian was put to rout. The sudden flashing of that match, against all probability, was like a red gleam along a battle-front, and gave a profound moral advantage to my partner. He lit his cigarette and drank.

The girl sniffed scornfully. "That's no kind of a patent," she cried.

"Ain't they something I can help you do, like washing dishes?" said old Frank gently.

Then it was that Southampton Bill made a lamentable noise in his throat, and we retreated.

Old Bill and I saw that our partner had been taken from us. This was the siren voice against which our lack of charm had armed us, without the need for wool in our ears. We were soured men; and we knew the rush of this unmistakable ardent something that robbed us of mates; that came from beyond the stars, and in a breath, in a foolish sigh, a flexed arm, a look averted, sapped them of their strength of the road, and wilted them at the knees.

We saw that old Frank was going to cling like a rusty bolt.

"Wot's the use?" said Bill, when we three were again in our chamber of whitewashed brick. "'Ere you are, hable seaman, sojer, God knows wot orl, no swag, no 'ome, nothink. Wot's the use?"

"Why, King Bill," says Frank, "you was young once yourself. Holy Mackinaw, don't act like a snail creeping away from a funeral. Bill, we will get you a job in the morning."

"Wot about the road?"

"It's all dust and no drink."

In the morning jobs were scarce, but we found one for Bill, helping a carpenter. We bought him shoes and dungarees and he promised us that we should live in clover, if there was any power in wages.

Man alive, it was wonderful weather in that yellow country. On taking leave of Bill, we went barefooted back to Shelley's inn, smoking and basking in the sunshine. When we turned the water-tank, we saw the Victorian sitting on the blue pole of his wagon, and sulking, and on the settle outside the dining-room windows Queenie Shelley paring potatoes. She was a white-skinned girl, with glossy black hair and level eyes and faintly glowing cheeks. She was as plump as a partridge, as smooth as a vase — a very companionable young woman.

She was a stormy petrel of a woman.

"It will roll, duke or no duke," said my partner under his breath and sagging his head toward the wagon. Then he fetched up his mustache into spires and advanced on his sweet enemy.

The Victorian, a hundred feet away, sat on his pole and glared up the road like a barbarian held captive. How could any man expect a girl to grow fond of him at that long range?

Old Frank knew a trick worth two of the Victorian's. He had laid siege before. He knew when to sparkle and when to sober up; and he knew when to press on, and when to fall back and "get her to inquirin'." Old Bill and I wouldn't have

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HE LIT A FIRE; AND PRESENTLY THE LITTLE CAT CAME FAWNING ON US IN THE FIRELIGHT, LEERING AT US INTIMATELY.

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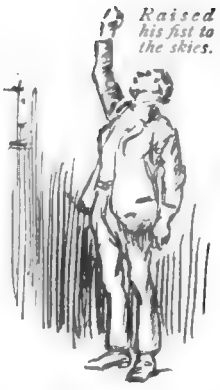

given two whoops in the pit of flame for the chances of that Victorian; but the thought of leaving our partner there, in the midst of his establishment, was sore. It was forlorn business watching the decline and fall of a great man—one who had juggled the earth under his feet.

So while Bill was helping the carpenter daytimes, he would be thinking; and thinking always wore him down, wore him to a nubbin. And while Bill was thinking, we stuck fast by Shelley's inn. But every morning there would be the sun shining pink on the top of the Victorian's wagon in the yard.

And our partner had sworn that it would roll.

One night the shadow of that big yellow brute fell on me, as I leaned across the bar, talking to Shelley about his wheat crop. We all fell silent, as people will in the face of silence; and just beyond a yellow wooden slide in the wall we heard dishes rattling and then a gurgling and giggling; and then old Frank's voice purring.

Old Bill came padding in from his day with the carpenter. We stood listening. Man, oh man, it troubled us all to hear the musical voice of that traveling man out back, complaining of parboiled fingers. You know what the state of a grown man's mind has to be before he volunteers to wash dishes for a girl.

Poor old Bill raised his sawdusted fist to the skies, but the Victorian said nothing whatever, only presenting his splendid tawny front to the flaming sunset, and sliding his lean hands inside his belt. He glared up the road as if he saw some one coming a great way off.

"He ain't a duke's son, no more than what you are," were the words of Queenie that caught us. But the tall Victorian was as silent as a new-made grave.

We heard old Frank telling her the sad story of his life. He had been driven out to roam by the perfidy of woman. Queenie's soft voice made answer that a woman's best friends were men, every time—every time. A sound of dishes. His proud father had told him never again to darken the doors of that ancestral mansion which was situated at Newport, Rhode Island. Had she heard of Newport, Rhode Island? She had not. He described those palaces of brick and marble, fronted by lawns where a set of shrubs in tubs would cost a million dollars. He spoke of shell paths, cedars of Lebanon, and turf whose green had been deepened by two centuries of foggy England; and he alluded to those famous women who never wore the same dress twice. These women, he averred, he had seen bathing, at a distance from the sun-tipped towers of the cottages, on that beach where the good God's common people couldn't bathe. Why? Because gold dust had been sprinkled on that beach to make it sparkle—and think of the wealth a man could carry away between his toes, if he could walk across there with wet feet!

"Don't get—powdery," said Queenie.

Can you imagine it? Man dear, that tall Victorian stood in the door as heavy as somber gold in the original rock, and gave no sign.

But old Bill, who had stolen away, came back now, knuckling the fry-pan which he had saved out of the wreck. He borrowed of Mrs. Shelley a bit of rag, and fell to polishing the pan. Then Frank strode out, glowing, with a stiff smile ambushed there under his mustache, the ends of which were pointed up fine and spire-like—good proof he had been telling yarns.

Well, sir, when his eye fell on the big, lounging frame of that Victorian, with the shock of red gold hair and the Viking's beard creeping out farther, then it was a case of the black chin against the red.

"I reckon you will be going into Victoria now any time," says Frank.

"Do you so?" says the Victorian. He was able to make words unimportant in the face of that wonderful speculative silence of his.

"Ya-as," says old Frank, slow and warlike. "You ain't having no luck at this camp."

"No?" says the Victorian; and, man, he wouldn't shift so much as his feet, but kept leaning in the door.

"No," says Frank, surging closer, with a movement in his shoulders that was the ghost of a western ocean roll. "And by the holy hoke, stranger, I don't like that wagon of yours drawed acrost my window. I don't get no sun, mornings."

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Man dear, old Bill and I began to circle round. Frank was good-natured, we knew that; and he was kindly toward rivals who would talk; but his neck had thickened over this business of having the yellow profile of that Victorian hanging in the offing—and hearing nothing from it.

"He will have to yap or scrap, one of these days, King Dick," he had said to me.

But the Victorian would neither yap nor scrap. He said literally nothing, only with his hands loose in his belt he looked contemptuously up the road. Then at length he did think of something to say.

"Silence is golden," he said calmly.

Old Frank was solemn. "I will stake out a claim on you then," he said.

He laid his coat over the back of a chair. But while he was stroking down the hair on his forearms, Queenie Shelley stole upon him and put her arms about him.

Old Frank let himself be held. "Don't," she cried softly. "Don't hurt him!"

"I will spoil his face," said old Frank between his teeth.

"Promise me you won't," she whispered. "Promise me you won't lift a hand."

"Why, no, ma'am," says old Frank. "No, ma'am—certainly not."

She unwound herself cautiously, but still her eyes were fixed on him; and he lifted a hand to his mustache.

"You was afraid I would get busted up, maybe," he murmured. "I can take care of myself, I reckon."

"Remember," cried Queenie Shelley, and ran back into the kitchen.

And all the time that Victorian had stood like a rock, with his shoulder-blades laid against the door-panel. He had a remarkable nerve, man. He was beautiful, and it seemed to make no difference to him. He was a non-combatant, a queer boy, a Quaker, and he wouldn't shift bone nor sinew to save his face from ruin.

We wrestled old Frank back into the brick chamber.

"I tell you, it will roll," he roared, shaking his fist at the wagon.

But it wouldn't roll. It stood in the courtyard with the pole down, and weeds came up under it and tickled the axles. Almost any time day or night that Victorian could be found hanging about it, smoking, and watching the guinea-hens. It would have been a good point of vantage for watching Queenie Shelley, for she sat on the wooden settle whenever she could; but the Victorian never looked that way—not fair and square. He gloomed up the road, as if he figured something of interest would sooner or later heave up in the middle of that roll of dust and rocks. But there was little traffic on that road.

At length Bill drew a pay-day from the carpenter. That night he joined me in front of the inn, and led me into the shadow of the water-tank. "Listen," he hissed.

We heard the sound of voices: "Well, ya-as, I am a traveler——"

This was the voice of our partner, and it was interrupted by a noise from the Victorian's wagon. That fellow was moving the iron junk he had with him. He could hear what was being said over there in the dark.

"Ya-as, I have shifted scenery under my heels."

Old Frank was telling her that old yarn of how he changed his job every time he took a drink. Driven out by woman, he had got a job as foreman of a lumber-camp in Michigan. In this capacity he had gone to Grand Rapids, and he had gone over the rapids too. And when he woke up he was a cow-puncher in Wyoming.

"My sorrows!" uttered Queenie. "Didn't you remember nothing in between?"

Nothing. He had as good as recovered his innocence. He learned to pour leather with that outfit; he kept sober, too, and finally he could cut steak with the best of them gazabos. But, alas! he had been sent to Leavenworth with a bunch of steers, and he woke up in the army.

"I am just that doggoned careless," we heard him say to Queenie. "I got nicked up something fierce with Woodsy in the Philippines."

Silence. We looked through the crack between the inn wall and the water-tank. We saw vaguely that our partner was rolling up his sleeve and showing her the nick in his elbow.

Then he told her softly that he had killed seventeen men before breakfast with a baseball bat to avenge the death of a friend. That was in Company C, and was matter of record.

And while we watched she got off the bench and, reaching up, plucked for him a green bulb of passion-fruit from the vine overhanging. Man, she was a fine-looking girl with her white, plump arm stretched up, wrenching at the fruit.

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There was a sound of loose iron falling in the Victorian's exasperating wagon.

"Do you reckon he is getting ready to leave?" said Frank.

"Oh, no," replied the girl. "He's cleaning out to make room for father's wheat. He's going to take it to the railroad, you know."

"That will take up his mind," said Frank.

"I wonder at a man like you traveling," she murmured.

"Well, the road ain't no good," came the voice of our partner. "A man gets up and walks a patch, and lays down again. A feller might as well be a ole man kangaroo."

He would neither yap nor scrap.

"Don't you never miss your snowy bed?" pursued Queenie.

"Well, yes," said our partner, "I do."

Southampton Bill's face crooked round to look into mine. It was overspread with a grin, ghastly in the starshine, to hear news of that snowy bed.

"I wonder at a man like you traveling with that feller Bill," she went on. "I don't like his eyes."

"Why, Bill is all right," said our partner, "but he has seen the world and he is sorry."

Bill put his elbow into my ribs, and we came out from behind the water-tank. The moon was shining on the Victorian's great wagon, which Frank had said would roll; and those two, half lost in shadow, eyed us with shameless and studious languorousness.

"How's it go, Bill?" said Frank, in the idle voice of a man who cares not how things go.

"Oh, champion, champion," said Bill politely. "'Ow's yerself?"

"Finer'n frog-hair," said old Frank, far down in his throat; and we could see that he was comfortable, deep in around his soul.

As Bill stood his ground, Queenie inquired: "Ain't nothing you want under lock and key, is they?"

Southampton Bill said blandly: "I got a stiffish sum 'ere. Wot would you hadvise?"

"Put it under the pillow," she mocked him. "You keep it out of sight of the magpies, and you're all right."

Southampton Bill pointed his blunt nose at the inert figure of old Frank. "It ain't magpies as frightens me," he said without ceremony. With a shade of truculence he added: "No charnce. It's other li'l birds."

That little man would never leave a ship until the main truck was under water. At a late hour he urged our partner toward the bar and invited him to drink. Frank shook himself together then, and said that he would drink till the little birds toppled off the bushes and the sharks came up on dry land. He was going to drink till the horny little toads we knowed about would shed cold tears, and the green apples fell off the tall trees where God had made them grow. And he made tearful reference to his snowy bed.

At this hour of the night the Victorian was nowhere to be seen. He was sleeping in his wagon, under which the grass was growing.

So old Frank saw what his ancestors had seen; and at an early hour Bill and I moved him into our brick chamber, and tapped him with a bed-slat. After which we listened at his heart.

"Would you say 'e seen things?" whispered Bill to me. I thought he had.

Bill stroked his chin. "'Old on," he said. He made a foray, returning with an armful of wild orchids.

He took from the pocket of his bleached shirt a small leather pouch, and out of this a ring which he slid on old Frank's little finger. After that he snuffed the candle.

Man dear, I was young, and I trusted Southampton Bill. And I was ashamed to confess my ignorance of the meaning of all that.

I slept late. When I awoke Bill was shaving. Old Frank had just put his feet to the floor, too, and was reaching for papers and tobacco, when he noticed the ring on his little finger. At the same time he saw the orchids on the floor.

"Holy Mackinaw, King Dick," he said. "I have put in a peculiar night. . . . My God, ain't nothing gone wrong, has they?" He held up his fist, on which the ring glinted.

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Old Bill turned with uplifted razor. "Why, bli' me," he said, "you had orter know, Frank."

"Hanswoggle me if I do."

"Don't you remember nothing of what took place?" urged Bill. "Carn't you figger back to where we was all crowdin' round and throwin' the little flowers?"

"By the comical Christian, no," said Frank.

"You mind the parson, though? 'Im in the green 'at?"

Old Frank laid Southampton Bill on the floor among the orchids. "What have I done, Bill?" he roared.

"W'y," said Bill, stretched on the bricks, and still calm, "you 'ave tied a blarsted knot with your tongue as you carn't untie with your teeth. You're 'itched, that's 'ow. Wot's 'er nyme again? Queenie."

Our partner put out one burly hand against those whitewashed bricks. "King Dick," says he, as pale as a drowned fish, "tell him it ain't so."

Southampton Bill lay like a log with his knees heaved up and said nothing; but I put my trust in him. I was young, and I saw that he was a navigator.

"It's like Bill says," I answered mournfully.

"Wot could you hexpect," said Bill, continuing to shave, "wot with the booze an orl? W'y, Frank, you 'ave woke up on a new job again."

"I been shanghaied aboard this hooker," said old Frank hoarsely. "It can't be no proper marriage, Bill. Why, you are a sea-lawyer—ain't it reasonable to suppose it ain't no proper marriage?"

Old Bill, with his face in the bowl, only gurgled gleefully, and reached blindly for the towel.

It was hard to persuade our partner of his predicament. Old Bill kept inquiring monotonously: "Wot's wrong with the girl any road? Ain't she orl you could arsk for? W'y, w'en you was single, you 'ung to 'er like a clove 'itch."

"Holy Mack, it's the principle of the thing," said Frank. "A man can't get married in his sleep. It ain't legal. I will bet my old white-bellied, ham-strung mustang it ain't legal."

We cautioned him to go slow in talking about the law, but Frank took us into his confidence and said he was going to smoke. He was going to make a narrow streak for Melbourne and get aboard a ship. It was one thing, he said, to talk to a girl, and it was another thing to tie to her.

"Why, did you boys think I would leave you to hoof it on alone?" he moaned, sorrowful-eyed. And Bill and I said, not really, we hadn't. Bill further said that smoking out would make a bloodhound matter of it, and hadn't he any consideration for his mates, bloodhounds being unable to make moral distinctions, or words to that effect.

"Now 'ere," says Bill, further, "you want to jump your wife, blessing 'er pretty little eyelash."

Old Frank said he would eat her little heart steaming on a platter.

"Then you lay low an' leave it to Bill. You pound your ear, an' let your mates 'eave the lead. It's shallow soundings proper."

We got him to lie low and left him watching the flies on the ceiling and fingering his ring. He was a cowed man.

It was a fine morning in the courtyard, blazing like a blue diamond; and away off we could see the untraveled bush, smoky green. Man alive, it was alluring. The wind fluttered in our ears like silk. Ah, but old Bill and I were all ready to hump swag again.

The Victorian was sitting on the pole of his wagon carving a stick; and on the wooden bench outside the dining-room the girl was shelling peas into a basin.

"Where's your mate?" she asked us.

How are girls able to look at people with these unmoved or demurely questioning faces, after an adventure—seeming to reflect from clear eyes the secret villainies of men unworthy of them? In a breath they detach themselves from the implications of romance, becoming cool, orderly, and unsuspected. I myself have seen this.

"Mate's in bed," said Bill hoarsely, knuckling the fry-pan. He clung to that fry-pan. "He's not too good," he went on. Arching his thumb toward the room we had just left, he said darkly: "Don't go near tha' there, I'm arskin' you."

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Mystified, she glanced at the stolid Victorian, who shone resplendent yellow in the clear sun. But she kept on shelling peas.

Southampton Bill went into the bar and raised the fry-pan in one shaking hand. He moistened his lips. His face now had a ghastly tinge, and sweat actually glistened at the end of his nose. Without a word said, he produced a sinking at the pit of that innkeeper's stomach. Yes, sir, he suggested the shadowy embrace of horror. I grew cold myself.

"We done wrong to take it," he muttered. "I said at the time we done wrong."

The innkeeper glared, holding an empty glass in his hand.

"We turned to and sanded it," said Bill, "but we'd orter have knowed that ain't enough. I wanted to boil it out; but 'e wouldn't 'ave it so. No, 'e says. Gaw' bli' me. A lit'le sand will do champion, 'e says."

Bill's voice was choked by a terrible pity, by the desperate sympathy you would naturally have for a man who had been overtaken by his fate.

"What's the matter, man?" says Shelley, in a whisper.

Old Bill swallowed hard, and then he tapped the gloomy skillet. "We took it along out of a man's tent wot 'ad died of smallpox," he muttered. "We didn't see no 'arm. Bli' me, wot was us pore coves to do!"

The glass in Shelley's fist shivered into bits. "Good God!" he cried. "He's not down?"

He made a dumb motion toward the annex, and old Bill nodded sorrowfully.

"First aw'y 'e was flushed in 'is sleep, and then this 'ere rash come under 'is ribs, and 'e corfs a bit, and I seen 'ow it was."

Man, oh man, old Bill was terrifying! We could read doom in his eyes, and we were chilled through and through.

"You wait. You wait here," said Shelley tremulously.

He brought his wife. That plump woman bore down on us with her hair hanging and her cheeks creased from a night's sleep. She shrieked: "You get out and you take your mate with you!"

"Heasy said," moaned old Bill. "Heasy said, my lass, with 'im flat on 'is blarsted back. Come and 'ave a luk." He rolled limpid eyes; but Mrs. Shelley had no mind to have a look.

"Lasten," he hissed.

"I'll set fire to the house," she screamed. "I'll burn him up."

"Well, 'old on," said Bill. "Don't get 'eated."

He made a gentle motion in the air with the pan. Shelley and his wife shrank away from it. Old Bill bore the thing in front of him like a magician's wand. "I'll 'ave 'im out," he muttered. "I'll 'ave my pore ole pardner out come nightfall."

He whispered in Shelley's ear. "Yes, yes," said Shelley.

"An' mind you," said Bill, "not a bloomin' word about his disease, or you'll orl be 'erded in together. Not a word to 'er."

Bill jerked his thumb toward the courtyard where Queenie sat shelling peas.

"No, not a word. My crimson oath," said Shelley devoutly.

"She's 'arf in love with 'eem," said Bill solemnly. "She'd fight to go to 'eem."

"It's a lie," shrilled Mrs. Shelley. "She's in love with the other one."

"No charnce," said Southampton Bill.

"Much you know," said Mrs. Shelley. She was a stormy petrel of a woman, with blue-black eyes. Her pale lip was worn where she had given it so many times to Shelley.

"Take no charnces," said Bill in return. "Mum's the word."

"Yes, yes," said Shelley. "You go ahead the way you say."

Bill and I walked out into the court again.

"What's wrong with *him* then?" said Queenie Shelley, nodding toward the brick chamber.

"'E 'as these dreams," Bill answered earnestly. "'E 'as the 'orrors. Larst night if he didn't dream 'e wos standing up and being married."

"Did he now?" said Queenie Shelley. "Who to?"

"Arsk 'eem," said Bill gloomily.

She lifted her shoulders, and peas rattled in the basin. "That ain't no swaggie's dream," she said shortly. Then I saw that her eye fell on the Victorian, who was still bestriding the pole of his wagon, and glowering at the guinea-hens.

"Well, we'll 'ump it on," said Bill.

"Hump it then," said Queenie.

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All that day we sat with our partner trying to lighten his sorrow; and Bill was holding his narrow head in his hands in the interests of thought. He was wearing himself down to the original nubbin over this problem. Old Frank lay on his cot twirling his mustache and snorting through his nose. And so the sun went down.

"Lay low," says Bill then, hearing a sound of wheels. The Victorian was backing his wagon up to the wheat.

He ran out and returned with a couple of mud-encrusted wheat-bags. "Get the swag rolled," he whispered. Already a blue light was coming into the room. We could hear the horses of the Victorian jingling in harness, and the bags of wheat falling into his wagon.

"He'll go back to the house when he's loaded," said Bill. "That's our charnce."

"So he's rolling, is he?" cried old Frank.

"Ay," said Bill, "'e's loading this w'eat of Shelley's for the track, and arter that 'e'll roll."

He drew thread and square needle from his pocket and sewed the wheat bags together. Old Frank and I began to roll swag.

"In two packs," says Bill.

"How's that, Bill?"

"W'y, becos you're traveling part way with the cockie," says Bill.

So then Bill bit off his thread, and explained that Frank was to be shoved up on top of the load of wheat, sewed in those bags; and then Bill and I were to follow, and pitch the wheat to the train for the cockie and so ease our partner down. Once moving on the rails and we were safe.

"We will be 'umping swag as mild as ever," said Bill.

Man, oh man, it was hard for old Frank to agree to go out of town in that cockie's wagon, toes up, and sewed into a couple of wheat bags—after having told people it would roll, the way he had, proud and certain sure.

"Holy Mackinaw!" he said. "Bill, ain't the' no other way?"

Bill shook his head, and ripped out the bottom of one of the bags. "Slide in," he said.

"Doggone her little lily-white," moaned our agonized partner. He looked again through the opened window. The faint starshine on his fierce face showed him twisting his mustache.

"Slide," says Bill, holding the bag open.

"You had orter thought of this before."

"Sacred cat," murmured our partner, and wormed his body into the sack.

Old Bill took half a dozen over-and-over stitches, and drew the ears of the bag tight with the skill of a professional miller. He sighed and snapped the twine.

"'Ell of a long bag, but it will parse in the dark," he said, and brought in a board.

"Bill," says Frank, through the burlap, "why, Bill, this is a darned foolish patent. Ain't it possible to walk? Why can't I smoke on two legs?"

"'Ounds," said Southampton Bill. "'Ounds would pick up the scent. Bli' me, I know this country, I do."

Man, oh man, he wanted to make the consequences of this game of love harrowing to old Frank for all time. But more than that, he was afraid of sirens. He had contrived this bag against another meeting between our partner and the Shelley girl. Irony of the road! Old Frank was bound, he thought, and he was running away; but if he found that he was free, then he would stay to be bound.

Southampton Bill swung the door open gently. "Hist. Orl quiet. Now, heasy, heasy, lad."

We rolled our partner on to the plank and carried him over to the Victorian's wagon.

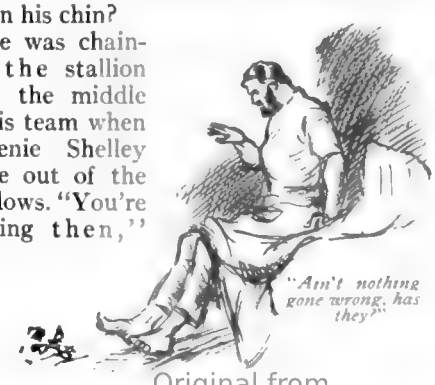
"Ho, Julia. Oh, square the man's yard! Heh. Heh."

We heaved him up on the wheat, and threw the plank under the wagon. "Why, Bill," said old Frank, "you done that like a sailor."

"Ay," said Bill lugubriously.

The Victorian was just then coming out of the house. In the moonlight he was as pale as a prince, and what woman in the Colonies could have resisted that dark dimple in his chin?

He was chaining the stallion into the middle of his team when Queenie Shelley came out of the shadows. "You're a-going then,"



"Ain't nothing gone wrong, has they?"

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MAN, SHE WAS A FINE-LOOKING GIRL, WITH HER WHITE, PLUMP ARM STRETCHED UP, WRENCHING AT THE FRUIT.

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said she in a thin voice, as if he had whirled her off her feet.

"Yes," said the Victorian sulkily.

"And not a word said, if you had your way, I suppose?"

Old Bill whistled low and dusted his hands; but the Victorian looked obstinately up the road.

"Mooning again," cried Queenie Shelley. "Oh." She broke off. Bill looked sorrowfully at the sack containing our partner. This was no language for a wife.

"Wait," said the Victorian in a deep voice. He drew his hat far down over his eyes, and again slid his hands inside his belt. "You want to come?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said Queenie Shelley, gasping.

The Victorian stood as still as a tower, watching the moonlit road. "Here's the parson coming," he said. "You get ready to be married."

"I am ready," said Queenie Shelley.

Old Bill began to drum on the fry-pan with his knuckles and bend haunted eyes on the limp sack containing the body of our partner.

But there was no motion in that bag.

While the parson was marrying them, old Bill stole round and had a sober word with Shelley, telling him that our partner had objected to going out with the Victorian and was still in his chamber, slightly improved. Bill and I were going down to help the Victorian unload his wheat, but Shelley was not to suppose that we were abandoning our partner. No, we would never leave old Frank behind.

The marriage made, Queenie Shelley kissed her parents and mounted to the place beside her husband. Then they rolled.

She sat high, crooning to the Victorian with her head on his shoulder, while the light of the moon fell powder-white on the wagon-top. The heavy wheels turned slowly, and Bill and I were keeping up.

"Why are those men coming up behind?" she said sharply, raising her head from that wide shoulder.

"They're helping unload wheat," answered the Victorian.

We heard as in a trance the voices of that mystifying couple, above the creaking of the wagon and the sound of hoofs.

"I don't hold with these swaggies," she was saying. "My cousin Grace married one of 'em, and away he went in a year's time. He hadn't no more regard for a wife than he would for a piece of furniture. Not so much."

"I thought you were thick with this one," said the Victorian.

"Him?" returned his wife. "Now don't get powdery about him. I seen he was queer the first day, the way he lit that match. Him and his gold beaches."

Bill and I looked aloft and could see no movement. We sorrowed for our partner.

"You was lookin' out for him pretty sly, though."

"Of course I was," came the softer voice. "There he was, putting up his mauleys, and suppose you had killed him, where would we have been?"

The Victorian was easily persuaded. He uttered a satisfied sound and sent the reins whirling out.

"I fancy you don't know much about women, any road, dearie," she said. "What's that noise? I believe a bag dropped off."

The Victorian drew up his team. "Anything go?" he called.

"Nothink," shouted Southampton Bill in a great voice.

The Victorian swung round and let out his team again.

But something had gone. Old Frank had gone—into the ditch—with his bag. He ripped his way out of it and shook his black head. "King Bill," he roared, "you have been tickling the Grim Destroyer in the ribs ever since we drawed out of Shelley's inn."

"Ay?" said Bill.

"By the piper that played before Paul," said Frank, "I will say something in her ear yet."

Yes, sir, old Frank was framing up a private word for that girl, and digging in his toes to overtake her, when old Bill clutched his arm, and sagged him back. We saw that cloud of dust spiraling in the moonshine over the remote Juggernaut whose rumbling we still heard. Then we saw—old Bill and Frank and I—we saw something strange and curious sink over the rim of the world there, beyond the gum-trees and the Southern Cross. We saw what had no name, and is no more than a wraith eternally dissolving in horizon mists: the thing

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that forces the war-cry to the lips of your impenitent adventurer.

"Let 'er go, lad," panted old Bill, hanging on. "Haul round—port tack."

"I will—spoil him yet," muttered old Frank. But though he shook Bill off, yet he stood in the middle of the road, with hanging arms.

"Wot did 'e s'y?" implored Bill. "What wos golden? Silence. Silence wos. Bli' me—luk there—wot silence is——"

"What's it to me, Bill?"

"W'y, it's the road," said Bill simply.

"The road," says old Frank, half whispering it. "Why, Bill—you said that like a lover."

"It does us champion—champion."

I swear to you, it was with the consoling gesture of a lover that he picked his swag from the ground and shuffled the soles of his feet against the metal of that road. Men had worked in chains, blazing days numberless, to lay this road down for him, and was Bill ungrateful? No, he thanked God, and all these monarchies and commonwealths, for what he had in prospect.

"Slack-twisted, damned road," said Frank. "Why, Bill, I could pick it up in loops and strangle you."

"Golden, silence is," murmured Bill.

The radiance of his face smote our gigantic partner. "Was I married, Bill?"

"No charnce," said Bill happily. "'Ere, 'ump your swag."

Man dear, we stared down the road, and wind whistled in our ears. The thunder of the Victorian's wheels had died away; the crown of dust had been whirled into the shadows of this night, already growing still and frosty.

"You done right, Bill," said Frank.

"Ay, right—we're right as rain," said Bill absently. He, too, glared over a crest into the wilderness, which lay as if surprised by that dusty serpent of a road. Did we still hear a pounding of hoofs from that huge stallion surging forward in the midst of the team, and bearing behind him a piece of tragic allurement against which Southampton Bill and I had been so nearly powerless? We had come free, but the truth is, she had not contrived against us.

"The old 'ooman was right," Bill said lightheartedly. "She 'adn't no mind to you, matey."

"You done right," said old Frank again. "I hadn't upset all my bag of tricks into her lap yet. Why, in another day I would have had that there Victorian there backed into his corner sparring for wind. Why, partners, I seen that first day when I was leanin' over the bar, I seen——"

"Heasy, heasy, lad."

"Silence," murmured Bill. "Golden, that's wot it is."

"All right," said old Frank. "Have it that way. You know best, Bill. You have saw the world. . . . You have saw too much, I reckon, and it has curled your tongue. But they is one thing——"

He was sorting swag. "Ay?"

"Yes, and I can prove it," said Frank in a rising voice. "About that beach. I can prove that that there beach there is gold all through."

"'Bout ship," said Bill. With his limping gait of a bruised cave-man he led the way.

"Don't you believe it, Bill?" boomed old Frank, overtaking him.

"'Ave it so," said Bill bitterly. "You 'ave it so. I 'ope I don't slip nothink worse w'en I tork in my sleep."

"Talk in your sleep!" bellowed Frank. My poor partner flashed on the little man as unholy red as artillery in action. "Why, Holy Mackinaw, you ain't *important* enough to talk in your sleep, Bill. Why, what you have knowed in your time about gun-making you could have ast a wagtail, and it would have told you, let alone the British Government. Why, Bill, you don't talk in your sleep, you cry in your sleep. Yes, sir, you cry like a wrinkled little kid, thinkin' how ornery you are."

"*Ay?*" says Bill, hopping on one foot with rage. "Bli' me, I'm a single man, whatever, and single I stay, without keepin' my mates awake orl night, thinkin'."

"You may be single, Bill, but what girl has ever been took aback by you heavin' your topsails up? Why, I could laugh hearty to think of you in a gaff-topsail hat."

"Larf, then," says Bill. "Larf and spoil yer fyce. I spent too much time thinkin' it was beautiful already."

"I tell you I hadn't broke out all my bag of tricks——"

Man, oh man, we were on the wallaby

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again, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, going by leaps and bounds, for such is the nature of the wallaby. It was for this that we had foregone the privilege of putting our feet under cradles, and waking up in the same place eternally to the task of explaining our incompetence and our shiftlessness to loving women. We went forward, yelling back and forth bitterly, all sail set, and the course laid for that shifting miracle, that beacon more withering than doubt or deviltry of man, deeper behind its sparkle than eye of woman—that remote beam shot for an instant in our faces out of the purple east, showing a pathway into the unknown—the unknowable.

"Golden, silence is," said old Southampton Bill.

Then they rolled.

SHADE

by

THEODOSIA GARRISON

THE kindliest thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the beat
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done,
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And whoso rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"I WOULDN'T o' had no trouble wif de constable ner nobody," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "if it hadn't been foh woman's love ob dress."

"What has dress got to do with it?" asked the jailer.

"Well, my womenfolks, dey wahn't satisfied wid eatin' de mos' ob de chicken. Dey had to go an' put de feathers in deir hats an' p'rade 'em as circum-circumstanshial ebidence."

Senator Tillman was arguing on the tariff with a congressman.

"You know I never boast," his opponent began.

"Never boast? Splendid!" said Senator Tillman; and he added quietly, "No wonder you brag about it!"

"Waiter, what kind of fish have you to-day?" asked a sportsman in a Western restaurant.

"Oh," was the reply, "we have all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, graylings, sea bass, weakfish, kingfish, perch——"

"Oh, pshaw!" yawned the customer. "I'm dead tired of those common fishes. Ain't you got any new kind of fish to-day—some kind I never ate before?"

"Well," said the waiter slowly, "the whiffletits are very good this morning, sir."

"Whiffletits! What in blue blazes is a whiffletit?"

"Why," replied the waiter, smiling, "don't a fish-sharp like you know what a whiffletit is? They're common out here."

"Where do you get them?" queried the customer.

"Well, you see," explained the waiter, "the whiffletit lives only in circular lakes. You find a circular lake, sir, and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an auger and bore a hole in the water, and bait it by putting a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it makes him swell up so he can't get back down the hole."

"Well," said the customer, "what then?"

"Why," replied the waiter, as he filled a glass with water, "you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Would you like an order of them, sir?"

In the days of Henry Clay, a Kentucky farmer sent a servant to Lexington with a note for the president of a certain bank. When the man returned he said to his master:

"I met Marse Henry Clay in the bank and had a conversation with him."

"Indeed! And on what topic did you and Mr. Clay converse?' inquired the master with interest.

The darky removed his hat and made a sweeping bow. . . . "Says Mr. Clay to me." . . . And another very low bow. "And I the same to Mr. Clay."

Young Mrs. Scott was attending her first ball-game. The home team was doing well that day, and for a time she patiently endured her husband's transports and his brief explanations. But when, amid the cheering, howling crowd he sprang upon the seat, waved his new straw hat three times around his head, and almost shattered it on the fat man in front, Mrs. Scott exclaimed:

"What on earth's the matter, John?"

"Why, dearie," he answered, as soon as he

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could get his breath, "didn't you see the fielder catch that ball?"

"Of course," said young Mrs. Scott disgustedly. "I thought that was what he was out there for."

During a concert tour of the late Theodore Thomas and his celebrated orchestra one of the musicians died, and the following telegram was dispatched to his parents:

"John Blank died suddenly to-day. Advise by wire as to disposition."

In a few hours the answer was received: "We are heartbroken; his disposition was a roving one."

"Wal," sighed Cyrus Browne, a genuine Rhode Island farmer, as he entered the house, "Jed Hopkins wants me to be pall-bearer agin to his wife's funeral."

"Wal, wot be yer hesitatin' about?" rejoined his soul mate.

"It's this way, Melissa. Y'know when Jed's fust wife died he asked me to be a pall-bearer, an' I did. Then his second wife died, an' I wuz pall-bearer fur her. An' then he married Deacon Wall's widow, an' she died, an' I wuz the same agin. An' now—wal, I don't like to be all the time acceptin' favors without bein' able to return 'em."

"Do you like children?" queried the prospective mistress.

"Do yez expect ter get a Roosevelt fer five dollars a week?" replied the applicant.

"The hesitating, *Hamlet* type of man had best keep out of finance," said Mr. Lawson at a recent dinner. "I had a boyhood friend of the type I mean—a fellow named Grimes. He was a falterer, a doubter of the most exaggerated sort.

"One evening I stopped to call on him and found him in a deep study, bent over a white waistcoat lying on a table.

"'Hello, Grimes,' I said. 'What's the trouble?'

"'This waistcoat,' he replied, holding the garment up to view. 'It's too dirty to wear, and not dirty enough to send to the laundry. I don't know what to do about it!'"

A number of raw recruits were being drilled for the army in England recently, and an old couple whose son was among them had gone to watch.

"Isn't it a grand sight, pa?" murmured the old lady. "And just look: they're every one of them out of step but our son John!"

A well-known New Jersey doctor was playing golf with a well-known New Jersey minister.

"Well, what are we playing for?" asked the doctor.

"Why, it's rather out of my line to put up anything," replied the minister.

"Well," insisted the doctor, "we ought to play for something; so I'll put up a pill and you put up a prayer."

"Speaking of our submarines," said the orator at a National Security League meeting, "it's another case of Daniels in the Bryan's den."

Sandy had an eye for beauty, but he married Tina purely because he knew she would make him a good wife.

His cousin, who had never seen the bride, met him in Glasgow not long after the marriage. "I suppose Tina is a handsome lass?" he said. "I ken ye've gude taste, Sandy."

"Aweel," said the bridegroom, cautiously, "she's the Lord's handiwork, Tammas; I'm no' prepared to say she is His masterpiece."

A cockney was standing on the station of a village out of London when a "meat train" dashed past and shot into a tunnel.

"My heye!" exclaimed the cockney, "what a bloody smash if that thing had 'a' missed that 'ole."

"Do animals possess the sentiment of affection?" asked the teacher of small Margaret.

"Yes, ma'am, almost always."

"Correct," said the teacher. Turning to young Harold: "And now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man?"

With but a slight pause the little fellow answered: "Woman."

A Southern Congressman was in New York on an allowance of twenty dollars a day. A friend found him living in a fine hotel, and said: "Well, John, pretty big snap for you up here, isn't it, with twenty dollars per diem allowance?"

"Forget it," was the answer. "In this town a per diem per day isn't worth a per noctem per night."

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THE STRAIGHT STUFF ABOUT THOSE DANBURY HATTERS AND ABOUT BOYCOTTING

IT IS ridiculous for any labor leader to claim that the Danbury Hat Case is a wrenching or a twisting of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law to the special disadvantage of labor.

The Sherman Anti-Trust Law *does* apply to Labor; and the Sherman Anti-Trust Law *does* forbid boycotting; and the hatters of Danbury *did* boycott. That's all there is of that. And the facts might just as well be admitted candidly by both sides.

Nevertheless it might also just as well be admitted by both sides that the boycott question is not dead. This Danbury case did not settle it. It is going to be a big question in American business and in American politics for a long time to come.

Let us see how the Danbury case came about.

The hatters have always been a pugnacious lot. They started a boycott in New York in 1833—more than eighty years ago. And their present union is one of the strongest in the country. When it got into trouble with the Loewe firm at Danbury in 1902 there were eighty-two important hat factories in the United States, and the union had unionized seventy of them. Nothing feeble about that union!

An interesting point about it is that the trade is a very unhealthy one. Mercury is used in the factories, and, further, there is a great deal of fetid steam. Large numbers of hatters get mercurial poisoning, which is a frightful disease, and large numbers of them perish from tuberculosis of the lungs.

Another interesting point is that the union is a "craft" union. That is, it is based on *skill*.

It differs in this respect from unions like the United Mine Workers. The United Mine Workers are what is called an "industrial union." An "industrial union" takes in everybody in the industry, skilled and unskilled, workers working at the special craft of the industry, and then all other workers, too—carpenters, teamsters, sweepers—everybody.

But the Hatter's Union is for hatters—just hatters. And its members, in the midst of the deadly mercury and steam of their occupation, have a special field of knowledge, which most other people are content to let them keep.

The result is that the unionized hat factories have short hours and high wages. They are among this country's most highly fortified strongholds of successful working-class power.

It was in July, 1902, that the Loewe firm at Danbury, Connecticut, said an absolute "no" to the idea of the "closed shop." It would employ non-union hatters if it wanted to. So the strike began.

The Loewe firm claimed that it won that

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strike. But it also claimed that in the course of the next few years it lost eighty thousand dollars' worth of business through the intrigues and machinations and conspiracies set on foot by one hundred and eighty-six emphatic and aggressive union hatters resident in Danbury.

That was the boycott. It was conducted with marvelous ability. Special "organizers" were hired. They went out after Loewe's trade. That is, they went out after that part of it which depended on union favor.

They urged unionists all over the country not to patronize stores in which Loewe's hats were sold. And they told retail hat stores to stop selling Loewe's hats or else abandon all hope of having unionists among their customers.

They did this by advertising as well as by speaking. And they did it so well that when the Loewe firm went into the Federal court it was able to show piteous wounds through which eighty thousand dollars' worth of business had already flowed away.

At this point a cry of legal indignation went up from unionists of all sorts all over the country. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law was being *stretched* to include Labor, and it was being *stretched* to include boycotting. We repeat that this cry has no justification whatsoever.

It is an historical fact, recorded and undeniable, that when Congress was passing the Sherman Law it was asked, over and over again, to adopt an amendment excluding Labor. It refused. And therefore the Federal courts have held, from the very beginning, that the Sherman Law covers Labor and Capital both.

Next, as for boycotting, the courts have *invariably* regarded boycotting as one of the most grievous sins that could be committed against the Sherman Law; *and they have applied this rule not only to boycotts operated by Labor, but—and much more frequently—to boycotts operated by Capital.*

Listen, for example, to the sad experiences of the members of the Eastern Retail Lumber Dealers' Association.

These gentlemen were engaged in retailing lumber to ultimate consumers of lumber. They began to be greatly injured in their businesses by certain manufacturers of lumber who, instead of selling to ultimate consumers *through* the retail dealers, began to sell to ultimate consumers *direct*—through mail orders.

The retailer was then in this position: He was buying his lumber from a certain manufacturer and giving him his trade, and yet that manufacturer had himself gone into the retail business and had become a business competitor of the retailer.

And the retailer said to himself: "Why should I buy my lumber from a competitor of mine? If any manufacturer wants to sell direct to ultimate consumers, let him. But I will buy *my* lumber from some other manufacturer."

Accordingly the retail lumber dealers, through the secretary of their organization, began to make a list. This list gave the names of manufacturers who had elected to sell to consumers direct.

And this list was simply circulated among the retail dealers. It contained no arguments, it contained no threats. It left every retail dealer free to do what he pleased. It simply gave him a *trade fact.* It gave him the names of manufacturers who were also retailers.

The Government of the United States did not wait for any manufacturer to sue the members of the Eastern Retail Lumber Dealers' Association. It brought suit against the Association on its own account.

And the Supreme Court of the United States found the Association guilty—extremely and totally guilty. And the members of the Association were enjoined forever from getting their minds together, through a list, on the subject of manufacturers with whom they did not wish to trade.

Similar decisions have been made by the Federal courts in numerous cases affecting business men. And the result has been a complete change in the character and policy of large numbers of business men's organizations.

So we think we are well within the truth when we say that the Supreme Court has been absolutely impartial toward Labor and toward Capital in this matter. The Sherman Law is against boycotting, no matter by whom it is done.

In the Loewe case the Government—the Department of Justice—did not intervene. The Loewe case is a private case. It is a suit for private damages brought by the

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Loewe firm against certain *individuals*—against those 186 active Danbury hatters.

The firm succeeded in proving, several times, in the course of twelve years of litigation, that its damages were eighty thousand dollars. In such cases the Sherman Act multiplies the damages by three, as a penalty. And those 186 hatters must now let the officers of the law dig a quarter of a million of dollars out of them—out of their homes and bank accounts—if they can.

It has a rather sentimental ending—this grim law case; for the behavior of the 186 hatters is just now tinged with a certain heroism.

They applaud the decision of the American Federation of Labor not to come to their aid. They applaud the similar decision by their own national union. They understand that it would be very unwise for unions to open their common treasuries to the payment of boycott damages. If it were done in one case, it would have to be done in other cases. And then any little foolish group of unionists could start a boycott and fall back on the union treasury to pay for it.

Therefore the 186 hatters of Danbury will let the judgment for a quarter of a million of dollars go to execution against their own worldly possessions and will not squeal for official help.

So much for the present. As for the future, there are several reasons why the boycott question will revive and thrive.

First. The new Clayton Law, passed by the last Congress, has words in it about boycotting. Some people say that those words will make boycotting legal, for Labor. Some say they won't. But there is no doubt that Labor will commit boycotts and then try the Clayton Law out in the courts. (The Loewe case, starting back in 1903, had to be decided under the Sherman Law alone.)

Second. There were a great many business men who went to the last Congress and asked for a few words legalizing boycotting by Capital—that is, legalizing the kind of list which the Retail Lumber Dealers used. They were not so strong, politically, as Labor, and they failed to get *their* few words. But they still want them—and want them badly.

Third. The labor legislation of the United States usually follows and duplicates the labor legislation of Great Britain. And in Great Britain, under the Trade Disputes Act of 1906, boycotting by Labor has become (in the opinion of most authorities) finally and completely lawful.

No, the Danbury case doesn't settle it. It is only the end of one chapter in the middle of the book.

PLANS FOR A WORLD CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS IN A WORLD AT WAR

THERE is a great plan on foot for a World Conference of Christian Bodies. Because of the War. If it goes through it will be one of the most magnificent events in the history of Christianity.

One of the principal promoters of it is Dr. Manning, rector of Trinity Parish, Episcopalian, New York City.

Time and place not yet fixed. But it is claimed that all American Protestant denominations will take part in it. And the Church of England. And the English denominations outside the Church of England.

Further, the idea has been commended by periodicals under the control of Roman Catholics and of Russian Orthodox Catholics.

It is not a novelty that the English Church and the Russian Church should confer. Several years ago there were unofficial conversations between representatives of those two churches.

But it would be a stupendous novelty that Roman Catholics and Russian Orthodox Catholics should meet with Protestants in any real way—that is, in any way that would lead toward common action.

The World Conference will take time to arrange itself. Meanwhile there is a more immediate plan for a Conference of American Religious Bodies next fall.

For this conference, too, there is Catholic support. Certain Catholic priests have already exchanged views with certain Protestant ministers about it.

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And the suggestion for this American Conference comes at a most opportune time. That is, it comes at a time when the idea of Church Unity in the United States is most certainly in need of a spur. That idea has been going backward recently, instead of forward.

The last national meeting of Episcopalians looked with disfavor at Dr. Manning's proposals for interdenominational action in such matters as marriage. The last national meeting of Presbyterians looked with disfavor at interdenominational theology as practised and taught at Union Seminary. The Men and Religion Movement, which brought the denominations together in a common revivalist effort, has lost its swing. And the various committees energetically appointed some years back by the various denominations to work for Church Unity are producing very little work and not even much talk.

It is clearly time for the Church Unity idea to make itself felt again. And we venture to suggest that possibly it ought to be a Church Peace idea rather than a Church Unity idea. The churches can have peace between themselves even if they can't have unity.

The unity idea has proved fruitless in many fields.

For instance, in business, it was expected ten years ago that the small units were going to be absorbed into the big ones and finally into the one Biggest One. To-day, on the contrary, business units are coming to be more numerous rather than fewer. But they are abandoning cut-throat competition. They are learning to live in fairness, in peace.

In the same way, it used to be thought that the small nations would be absorbed into a unity with the large ones. Quite to the contrary now. And if the Allies win this war, there will be more small nations than ever.

May there not be a similar development in religions? Might not the denominations abandon all hope of unity and yet also abandon all cut-throat competition, and then even cooperate with one another in matters which are not hopelessly theological?

In China to-day there are universities at Peking and at Nanking. They are governed by boards on which many denominations are officially represented, including, for instance, the Methodists and Presbyterians and Baptists and Disciples.

These denominations aren't trying, each of them, to run a university to make converts. And they are cooperating in a non-theological humanitarian work. Yet each of them remains intact for the special spiritual communion of its members.

Isn't there a chance that Unity is a dream and that the real future is Diversity with Peace?

SALANDRA! ANOTHER INNOCENT PROFESSOR IN POLITICS AND "THE HONEST MAN OF ITALY"

ITALY wasn't simply haggling and dickering. Italy, before she could join the Allies, had to get a certain thing done. And the man who put that certain thing across the line was Salandra—"The Honest Man of Italy" and Italy's own Woodrow Wilson.

It is true that Salandra is as plump as Wilson is spare, and it is true, further, that Salandra's eye is gay rather than Presbyterian. But those are details.

Salandra, like Wilson, is a lawyer. And Salandra, like Wilson, used to be a professor. And they taught just about the same thing. Wilson taught government. Salandra taught "public law." In the University of Rome.

Salandra's mind has more branches and sidings in it than Wilson's. Salandra has written on business problems—extensively. That fitted him to be minister of finance in the Italian cabinet and minister of agriculture and minister of the interior.

And Salandra has even written on sociological subjects such as divorce—a whole book on "Divorce in Italy."

But the main track of both minds is the same and has run to the same terminal.

Salandra first became known as a scholarly

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supporter of "things-more-or-less-as-they-are."

And then, amazingly like Wilson, he managed to melt himself and remold himself into a champion of the progressive elements —into a "people's boss."

If you once understand how he did it, honorably, patriotically, you will understand how Italy came into this war.

For thirty years Italy had faced south, toward Africa. For thirty years she had forgotten her "unredeemed" sons in Austria and had spent her time redeeming and annexing Somalis and Abyssinians and Afars and Danakils and Berbers.

Why did she do it? Fashion. Cost her lots of money. Did mighty little for her. But she had to have "colonies." And it was that frantic illusion about "colonies" that forced her to forget her "unredeemed" sons. Thus:

Her enemy in Africa in the eighties of the last century was France. Therefore Italy threw herself into an alliance with Austria. But, having done so, she had to put the lid on all talk about the Austrian Italians.

If the Austrians checked the use of the Italian language in the Italian communities in Austria, let the newspapers make as little of it as possible! If the Austrians, in every other way, tried to remake the Austrian Italians into Austrian Germans or Austrian Slavs, let the newspapers again make as little of it as possible! Let it not become common talk in Italy!

When Crispi was Prime Minister there was a certain breakfast party. It was at the town of Udine, near the Austrian frontier. It was attended by a certain member of Crispi's cabinet. There was a young man present who made a very patriotic speech. In the course of it he waved his hand toward the Austrian frontier and said that it did not yet correspond to the real line between Italians and Austrians. The member of Crispi's cabinet did not rebuke the young man. Nor did he praise him. He sat silent. Crispi expelled him from the cabinet.

Mazzini and Garibaldi, with their cries for complete Italian unity, were dead. Their ideals were kept close-cropped on their graves by the official hand of the Italian Government. A generation was growing up which was held, officially and sternly, with its face toward Africa and its back toward the Alps.

In the meantime another thing was happening. German money was pouring into Italy. Perfectly legitimately. For investment. Italy was being remade into an industrial country with a Big Business. And that Big Business was linked to the Teuton.

And was it also in favor of expansion into Africa? Every Big Business is. That is one of its missions.

But this Big Business, being Teuton, was also anxious to keep Italy thinking about Africa, because it didn't want it to think about the Italians who were being de-Italianized by the Teutons in Austria.

Therefore Italy was held toward Africa by a double pressure—the Triple Alliance and Teuton money.

Giolitti was the last Italian Prime Minister who stood pat on this proposition. He carried the Italian flag forward in Tripoli.

But there had arisen, among the Italians, a power greater than Teuton money. And this power was progressivism and radicalism and anarchism and syndicalism and socialism and every other variety of anti-colonial, anti-imperialistic, anti-shed-your-blood-on-foreign-strands-for-Big-Business agitation known to man.

The African policy began to grow unpopular. And Teuton Big Business began to grow unpopular. And the lid began to rise on the "unredeemed" sons in Austria.

It was Salandra who took that lid right off. That is why he is called the Honest Man. He let the people know, in full, about their fellow-Italians in the Austrian-Italian districts.

He began doing this, as Prime Minister, as successor to Giolitti, before the war. He kept on doing it after the war began. And he couldn't declare war till he had got it all done. He couldn't declare war till the people knew the whole truth and turned on the government and *forced* it to keep Salandra in—and *forced* it to keep Giolitti out—and *forced* it to declare war.

European diplomats call it Salandra's "Appeal to the Street." It was merely "pitiless publicity." He let the journalists report all the woes of the "unredeemed" sons and he let the poets sing them.

And it was Giolitti himself who had made Salandra Prime Minister!

There happened to be a big strike coming on. Giolitti put Salandra up to take the blow of that strike. Salandra had amiable leanings toward sentimental conversational

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radicalism, but was really quite safe and sane. And a professor!

There lives in the American state of New Jersey a certain stand-patter named James Smith, Jr. He, as boss of the state, made a certain professor governor.

We can see Giolitti and James Smith, Jr., meeting. "Salandra," says Giolitti. "Wilson," says Smith. And they sit in sobby silence grieving over the geographical extent of the vice of ingratitude.

AMERICANS IN CHINA SAY THAT THE JAPANESE ARE BANGING THE OPEN DOOR SHUT

IN THE year 1905 we sent into Manchuria, from the United States, more than 3,000,000 pieces of cotton cloth. In 1913 we sent only about 400,000.

A decade ago our annual exports to Manchuria amounted to some $20,000,000. Now they amount to only about $3,000,000.

Japan is "paramount" in Manchuria. But she agreed to maintain the "Open Door" in Manchuria. Manchuria is *not* part of Japan. It has *not* been annexed. It is Chinese soil. And Japan agreed to keep it open to all nations on equal terms. Then why does our trade there fall off?

In China there is an organization called the American Association of China. It is composed of American business men doing business in China. Last year this organization issued a certain official statement about Manchuria. It described the trade methods of Japan in Manchuria; and it ended by saying that those methods "constitute a most serious violation of the Open Door principle on which the whole diplomacy of the United States in China is based."

There is an American magazine in China called the *Far Eastern Review*. Its editor is George Bronson Rea. Mr. Rea has said: "The door that was opened by the diplomacy of John Hay has been closed in our faces; and Japan has taken over the guardianship of a closed preserve."

Such is the general charge. What are the particular charges—the actual instances of unfairness? When you analyze them, you see that most of them grow out of this:

The American business man trades in China as an individual. The Japanese business man trades there as part of a national commercial-*and*-political trading-*system*.

For instance, the Japanese business men, through their system, calculate the value of their whole combined national trade with Manchuria and then pay the Chinese taxes on that trade in one lump in advance. And the Government of Japan has persuaded the Government of China to grant a considerable discount on all taxes paid in that way. But the American business men have no "system" and *can't* pay their taxes in that way.

Again, a lot of Japanese goods go into Manchuria through the Japanese territory of Corea. American goods don't. There are import duties to be paid on all goods going into Manchuria from anywhere. The Government of Japan overlooks nothing. It persuades the Government of China to grant a discount of *one-third* on all import duties paid on all goods going into Manchuria from *Corea*. Clever!

Again, it is said to be hard for a foreigner, European or Asiatic, to buy land in Manchuria. But the political part of the Japanese system has bought land for military purposes and has then sold that land to the commercial part of the system for warehouses.

All these charges (and there are a great many more of them) reveal the steady sympathetic association between Japan as a government and the Japanese as traders. It is a German system, enlarged and improved.

As a final instance, we may mention the Japanese steamship lines which carry private Japanese merchandise to Manchuria. These steamship lines are not only subsidized generously by the Government of Japan, but are actually owned in large part by high Government officials, including the Mikado, who is an important capitalist, just as William of Germany is.

Suppose that Mr. Astor were President of the United States. And suppose that Mr. Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, and Mr. Dollar, of the Dollar

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steamship lines, were members of his cabinet and were popular political party leaders. You would expect Washington to be hot for a bigger export trade. Tokio *is*.

We can't adopt the Japanese system. But, if we are going to stay alive in Manchuria, we must devise some kind of system of our own—a system with a public punch in it.

Trading against Japan, like trading against Germany, is not a mere problem of merchandising. It is a problem also of statesmanship. It has a Washington end. And if Washington won't work at it, we can't win at it, now or ever.

TROLLEYING IN A ST. PAUL PULLMAN ACROSS THE GREAT CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

ON JANUARY 1, 1918, you will be able to step into a Pullman and travel 440 miles without ever seeing the smoke of a steam locomotive.

You will be able to do this on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. You will start at Harlowton in Montana. You will finish at Avery in Idaho.

Five busy waterfalls will help you do it. They belong to the Montana Power Company. They will be turning five batteries of generators to produce electric power to be sent flowing into the wires strung along above your car.

Thus will be borne out the prophecy made many years ago by that distinguished inventor of electric-locomotive methods, Mr. H. Ward Leonard. He said that electric railway transportation would win its first really big triumphs in *mountain* regions. Would that he could have lived to smile at the railway people as they then smiled at him!

The track from Harlowton to Avery runs across four mountain ranges. It reaches at one point a height of more than 6,000 feet.

It surmounts the main mountain barrier between the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast—the Great Continental Divide.

The reason for using electricity in such a country is *power—speed!* You want to *move* your traffic, and you want to move it in big *masses*. The steam locomotive is simply too weak and too slow.

The biggest steam locomotive on the St. Paul road weighs about 140 tons. There are grades on that road where the ascent is some fifty feet to the mile. You want to move, say, a freight train of sixty cars—2,500 tons. Hitch three of those steam locomotives to it. Start them up that grade. They will go about ten miles an hour.

But take one—not three, *one*—of the new electric locomotives. It weighs 250 tons. It is drawing its power from a wire charged at 3,000 volts. The ordinary trolley-wire for street-car transportation is charged at about 600 volts. This railway electric wire has a voltage five times greater. Hitch your electric locomotive to your 2,500-ton train. Start it up that grade. And it will sing along at *sixteen* miles an hour. A most considerable difference.

And there are some incidental advantages.

A steam locomotive has to be inspected and have the fire dumped and the fire-box cleaned out and one thing and another done to it every little while. The electric locomotives will run 2,000 miles without any serious attentions whatsoever from mechanics and hostlers and other such roundhouse functionaries.

Also, the electric locomotives will get along without brakes.

When they go down-hill, their motors will themselves check the speed of the train as desired. And those motors will then work as *generators*, too. They will *make* electricity and send it back up into the wires over the track. It is estimated that a train going down-hill at thirty miles an hour will produce enough electric power to pull a similar train *up*-hill at half that speed.

In the meantime the Norfolk and Western is just completing its electrification of one of its divisions in the Alleghanies, in West Virginia—especially for heavy freight purposes. And if the St. Paul is pleased with its electrification from Harlowton to Avery it will then electrify from Avery on to the Pacific Coast. Its total electrification will then be more than 800 miles!

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COAGULIN AND POLYVALENT AND OTHER MEDICAL MARVELS IN THIS WAR

LOTS of medical things and surgical things have been brought out by this war—invented by it or else put to the first big test by it. Here's a small list of them:

Coagulin. It was invented by Theodor Kocher of Berne in Switzerland. He won a Nobel Prize in 1912. You are wounded. The Red Cross man takes a small quantity of a white powder and applies it to your wound. You stop bleeding instantly. Kocher's coagulin has given you a chance to stay alive till you can reach the hospital.

In the hospital they look for the piece of shrapnel in you by means of a telephone receiver which ticks or clicks whenever the piece of shrapnel is touched by the probe.

Then the big electromagnet is applied to you and the piece of shrapnel begins to come out, mysteriously dodging your arteries and your principal nerves on its way.

Perhaps your neighbor in the next cot has a wound which is threatening to gangrene. When the Germans were in France in 1870 that man would have died. But the germ of gangrene has been worked at by two physicians of the American ambulance service; and they have made a gangrene serum which may save him.

And the germ of *gaseous* gangrene has been found now, too. It is the most horrifying form of gangrene. Its germ has been found by Dr. Weinberg of Paris. Perhaps there will be a serum for it soon. But, even if there isn't, the doctors are making big progress against gaseous gangrene, anyway, by keeping the wound wide open and flooding it with oxygen.

Lockjaw is another old military enemy against which historic victories are now being won. Dr. Doyen of Paris reports that four out of every five cases have been yielding to a certain serum.

If, after all, you have to be operated on, you will be surprised to find that the first man to go at you is not a surgeon, but a dentist, in all cases involving the lower part of the head. A regular, ordinary dentist. And it is largely because of him that the surgeon may be able to make your face look as if you'd never seen a war at all.

In the operation itself you may owe much to the new antiseptic—Polyvalent. It was discovered by Professors La Chainechaud and Vallée. It does not weaken the tissues, as the older antiseptics did, and so delay healing. Because of it you may be back in the trenches again several weeks or months sooner than in former wars.

And when you go back you can carry in your system a vaccine against cholera and a vaccine against typhoid fever and a vaccine against typhus. For the first time you can be protected against all those three special "Diseases of the Camp."

And, as an ambulance man said to us last spring:

"If war is murder, I'm as guilty as anybody. I help the army to fight. And that's what I went there for. I put 'em back into the trenches alive instead of into their graves dead. Other things being equal, the side which has the best medical service will spend the least time being sick and the most time killing the human beings in the trenches opposite. I know that. That's why I go under fire."

ELIHU ROOT—CHAPLAIN

THE Constitutional Convention of the State of New York had met for business on May 5. The chaplain, unexpectedly, was absent. Elihu Root was presiding. He bowed his head and offered a prayer which is worth eternal perpetuation. Brief, lofty in spirit, simple as daily life, it searches out all the qualities supremely needed by the leaders of our public life and invokes them for us, reverently, beautifully:

"Almighty God, we pray Thee to guide our deliberations this day. Make us humble, sincere, devoted to the public service. Make us wise, considerate of the feelings and the opinions and the rights of others. Make us effective and useful for the advancement of Thy cause of peace and justice and liberty in the world. For Christ's sake. Amen."

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